

School Edition

THE WORKS  
OF  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON  
POET LAUREATE

*IN FOUR PARTS*

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# ENOCH ARDEN

## AND OTHER POEMS

### ENOCH ARDEN

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands,  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster, then a moulder'd church, and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill,  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish burrows, and a hazelwood,  
By autumn mutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the wrecks and lumber of the shore,  
Hired coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up  
driven,  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, duly left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cavern in beneath the cliff  
In this the children play'd at keeping house  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress, but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week  
'This is my house and this my little wife'  
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn  
about'  
When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch stronger made

Was master then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless woe of tears,  
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both  
But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either first his heart  
On that one girl, and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence, and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him,  
But she loved Enoch, tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hound all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not beat the  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch Likewise had he serv'd a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor, and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
From the dire sweep of the down strumming seas  
And ill men look'd upon him favourably  
And ere he touch'd his one and twentieth May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home

- For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
The narrow street that clamber'd toward  
the mill

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,

Went nutting to the hazels Philip stay'd  
(His father lying sick and needing him)  
An hour behind, but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood  
began

To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face

All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burn'd as on an altar Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom,  
Then, as their faces diew together,  
groan'd,

And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood,  
There, while the rest were loud in merry making,

Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past

Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart

✓ So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,

And merrily ran the years, seven happy yeais,

Seven happy yeais of health and competence,

And mutual love and honourable toil,  
With children, first a daughter In him  
woke,

With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish

To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing up  
Than his had been, or hers , a wish re  
new'd,

When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes,

While Enoch was abord on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward, for in truth  
Enoch's white house, and Enoch's ocean-spoil

In ocean smelling osier, and his face,  
Rough redd'n'd with a thousand winter gales,

Not only to the muket-cross were known,  
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
Far as the portal warding lion whelp,  
And peacock yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
Whose Friday fair was Enoch's minister  
ing

Then came a change, as all things, human change

Ten milcs to northward of the narrow port  
Open'd a huge haven thither used  
Enoch at times to go by land or sea,  
And once when there, and clambering on  
a mast

In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell

A limb was broken when they lifted him,

And while he ly recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one  
Another hand crept too across her brest  
Taking her blood and then the arm full,

Altho' a grave and stand God frowning man,

Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom  
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
To see his children leading ev'ryone  
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,  
And her, he loved, a beggar then he play'd

'Save them from this, whatever comes to me'

And while he pray'd, the master of that ship

Enoch had serv'd in, hearing his mischance,

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,

Reporting of his vessel China bound,  
And wanting yet a boatswain Would he go?

There yet were many weeks before she  
sul'd,  
Sul'd from this port Would Enoch  
have the place?  
And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer

So now that shadow of mischance  
appear'd  
No graver than is when some little cloud  
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
And isles a light in the offing yet the  
wife—  
When he was gone—the children—what  
to do?  
Then Enoch lay long pondering on his  
plans,  
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her  
well—  
How many a rough sea had he weather'd  
in her!  
He knew her, as a horseman knows his  
horse—  
And yet to sell her—then with what she  
brought  
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth  
in trade  
With all that seamen needed or then  
wives—  
So straight she keep the house while he  
was gone  
Should he not trade himself out yonder?  
go  
This voyage more than once? yet twice  
or thrice—  
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead in easier life,  
Hive all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his  
own

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all  
Then moving homeward came on Annie  
pilc,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest born  
Forwad she stately with a happy cry,  
And hid the feeble infant in his arms,  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his  
limbs,

Appraised his weight and fondled father  
like,  
But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke

Then first since Enoch's golden ring  
had gut  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go  
He not for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain,  
So grieved held his will, and bore it thro'

For Enoch parted with his old sea  
friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set  
his hand  
To fit then little streetward sitting room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and  
stores  
So all dry long till Enoch's list at home,  
Shaking then pearly cabin, hammer and  
ax,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to  
her  
Her own death scaffold rising, shrill'd  
and ring,  
Till this was ended, and his cruel  
hand,—  
The space was narrow,—having order'd  
all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, prised,  
and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the  
list,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn,

And Enoch siced this morning of suc  
well  
Brightly and boldly All his Annie's sons,  
She, is his Annie's, were a thought to  
him  
Yet Enoch is a brave God fearing man  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,

Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
Whatever came to him and then he said  
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us  
Keep a clean health and a clear fix for me,  
For I'll be back, my gal, before you  
know it'

Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and  
he,'

This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—  
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
And make him merry, when I come home  
again

Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go'

Hum running on thus hopefully she  
heard,  
And almost hoped herself, but when he  
turn'd

The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she  
heard,

Heard and not heard him, as the village  
gal,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the  
spring,

Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you  
are wise,  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon you face no more'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look  
on yours  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's  
glass,  
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your  
fears'

But when the last of those last moments  
came,  
'Annie, my gal, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again

Keep everything shipshape, for I must go  
And few no more for me, or if you like  
Cast all your cares on God, that anchor  
holds

Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is His He made it'

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping  
wife,

And kiss'd his wonder stricken little ones,  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Anne would have raised him  
Enoch said

'Wake him not, let him sleep, how  
should the child

Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his  
cot

But Annie from her baby's forehead clift  
A tiny curl, and gave it this he kept  
Thro' all his future, but now hastily  
caught

His bundle, waved his hand, and went  
his way

She when the day, that Enoch  
mention'd, came,

Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain perhaps  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye,  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous,  
She saw him not and while he stood on  
deck

Waving, the moment und the vessel past

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sun  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for  
him,

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his  
grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But threw not in her voice, not being bid  
To bate, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch  
say?'

For more than once, in days of difficulty

And piessure, had she sold her wares for less  
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold  
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it, and thus,  
 Expectant of that news which never came,  
 Gun'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
 And lived a life of silent melancholy

Now the third child was sickly boyn and grew  
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
 With all a mothair's care nevertheless,  
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,  
 Or thro' the want of whut it needed most,  
 Or meuns to pay the voice who best could tell  
 What most it needed—howso'e'er it was,  
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
 The little innocent soul flitted away

In that same week when Annie buried it,  
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for hei peace  
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
 Smote him, is having kept aloof so long  
 'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see hei now,  
 May be some little comfort,' therefore went,

Past thro' the solituy room in front,  
 Paused for a moment at an inner doo'r,  
 Then struck it thrice, und, no one opening,  
 Enter'd, but Annie, seated with her guef,  
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
 Cued not to look on my human face,  
 But turn'd hei own toward the wall and wept

Then Philip standing up said falteringly  
 'Annie, I came to ask i favou'r of you'

He spoke, the passion in hei moun'd reply

'Favou'r from one so sad and so forloin  
 As I am ! half abash'd him, yet unash'd,  
 His bashfulness und tenderness it wu,  
 He set himself beside hei, saying to hei

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
 Enoch, your husband I have ever said  
 You chose the best among us—a strong man  
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'  
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the where withal  
 To give his babes a better bringing up  
 Than his had been, or yours that was his wish  
 Ard if he come again, vext will he be  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste So, Annie, now—  
 Have we not known each other all our lives?  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him und his children not to say me nay—  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will,  
 Annie—for I am rich and well to-do  
 Now let me put the boy und girl to school  
 This is the favou'r that I came to ask '

Then Annie with hei brows against the wall  
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face,  
 I seem so foolish and so broken down  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down,  
 And now I think your kindness breaks  
 me down ,  
 But Enoch livs , that is borne in on me  
 He will repay you money can be repud,  
 Not kindness such as yours '

And Philip ask'd  
 'Then you will let me, Annie ?'

There she turn'd,  
 She rose, und lift hei swimming eyes upon  
 him,

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
And past into the little garth beyond  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,  
And bought them needful books, and everyway,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs, and tho' for Annie's sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom ciost her threshold, yet he sent  
Gifts by the childien, garden herbs and fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,  
Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
With some pretext of fineness in the meil  
To save the offence of charitable, flou  
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind  
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
Out of full heat and boundless gratitude  
Light on a broken word to thank him with  
But Philip was her children's all in all,  
From distant corners of the street they ran  
To greet his hearty welcome heartily,  
Loids of his house and of his mill were they,  
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him  
And call'd him Father Philip Philip gain'd  
As Enoch lost, for Enoch seem'd to them  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the fair end of an avenue,

Going we know not where and so ten yeus,  
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came

It chanced one evening Annie's children long d  
To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
And Annie would go with them, then they begg'd  
For Father Philip (is they call'd him) too  
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,  
Blanch'd with his mill, they found, and saying to him  
'Come with us Father Philip' he denied,  
But when the childien pluck'd at him to go,  
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
For was not Annie with them? and they went

But after scaling half the wenry down,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To further towuid the hollow, all'ru force  
Fulld her, and sighing, 'Let me rest she said  
So Philip rested with her well content,  
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
Down thro' the whitening brack made a plunge  
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
Then twyny clustcis, crying to each other  
And calling, here and there, about the wood

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
Her presence, and remember'd onc drunk hour  
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
He cleft into the shadow at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen,  
Annie,  
How many they are down yonder in the  
wood  
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a  
word  
'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon her  
hands,  
At which, as with a kind of angel in him,  
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship  
was lost'  
No more of that! why should you kill  
yourselves  
And make them orphans quite?' And  
Annie said  
'I thought not of it but—I know not  
why—  
These voices make me feel so solitary'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer  
spoke  
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho' I know not when it first came  
there,  
I know that it will out at last O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living, well then—let me  
— speak  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so  
quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have  
you know—  
I wish you for my wife I fain would  
prove  
A father to your children I do think  
They love me as a father I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine  
own,  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God  
grants  
To any of his creatures Think upon it  
For I am well to-do—no kin, no cue,  
No burthen, save my cue for you and  
yours

And we have known each other all our  
lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you  
know'

Then answer'd Annie, tenderly she  
spoke  
'You have been as God's good angel in  
our house  
God bless you for it, God reward you for  
it,  
Philip, with something happier than myself  
Can one love twice? can you be ever  
loved  
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?  
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved  
A little after Enoch' 'O' she cried,  
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a  
while  
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not  
come—  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year  
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said  
'Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little' 'Nay' she  
cried  
'I am bound you have my promise—in  
a year  
Will you not bide your year as I bide  
mine?'  
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my  
year'

Here both were mute, till Philip glanc-  
ing up  
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen dry  
Pars from the Danish barrow overheard,  
Then fearing night and chill for Annie,  
rose  
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the  
wood  
Up came the children laden with their  
spoils  
Then all descended to the post, and there  
At Annie's door he paused and gave his  
hand,  
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to  
you,

That was your hour of weakness I was wrong,  
I am always bound to you, but you are free'  
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound'

She spoke, and in one moment as it were,  
While yet she went about her household w'ys,

Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
And there he stood once more before her face,

Claiming her promise 'Is it a yea?' she ask'd

'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again  
Come out and see' But she—she put him off—

So much to look to—such a change—a month—

Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—

A month—no more Then Philip with his eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drun� ard's hand,  
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time'

And Annie could have wept for pity of him,

And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce believable excuse,  
Tiring his truth and his long-suffrance,  
Till half another year had slept away

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle

with her,  
Some that she but held off to draw him on,  
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,

And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly

Would hint at worse in either His own son  
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish,  
But evermore the daughter priest upon him  
To wed the man so dear to all of them  
And lift the household out of poverty,  
And Philip's rosy face contrasting grew  
Cuewoin and wan, and all these things fell on her  
Sharp as reproach

At 1<sup>st</sup> one night it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?' Then compass'd round by the blind will of night

Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,

Started from bed, and struck herself a light,

Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
'Under the palm-tree' That was nothing to her

No meaning there she closed the Book and slept

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun  
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy,  
he is singing'

Hosanna in the highest yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms

Whereof the happy people showing cried  
"Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,

Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him

'There is no reason why we should not wed'

'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,

So you will wed me, let it be at once'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,

Merrily rang the bells and they were wed  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart  
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,

She knew not whence, a whisper on her ear,  
She knew not what, nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone  
What all'd her then, that e'er she enter'd,  
often

Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,  
Fearing to enter Philip thought he knew  
Such doubts and fears were common to  
her state,  
Being with child but when her child was born,

Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
Then the new mother came about her heart,  
Then her good Philip was her all in all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly died

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd

The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook

And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unspent  
She slept across the summer of the world,  
Then after a long tumble 'bout the Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world again,  
The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven

There Enoch trid for himself, and bought

Quaint monsters for the marl et of those times,

A gilded dragon, also, for the babes

Less lucky her home voyagè at first indeed

Thro' many a fur sea circle, day by day,  
Scaice rocking, her full busted figure-head  
Stared o'er the nippie feathering from her bows

Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,

Then biffling, a long course of them, and last

Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens

Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others Half the night,  
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,

These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea

No want was there of human sustenance, Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots,

Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame  
There in a seaward gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,  
Half hut, half native cavern So the three,

Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,

Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a five years' death in life

They could not leave him After he was gone,

The two remaining found a fallen stem ,  
And Enoch's comrade, curseless of himself,  
Inc-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell Sun stricken, and that other liv'd alone  
In those two deaths he reid God's wun  
ing 'wait '

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns

And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,

The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvulus

That coil'd around the stately stem, and ran

Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glow  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw , but whut he fain had seen

He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl,  
The league long roller thundering on the  
reef,

The moving whisper of huge trees that  
branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivellet to the wave,  
As down the shooe he ranged, on all day  
long

Sat often in the seaward-gazing goig,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a soul  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into sculet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices,  
The blaze upon the waters to the east,  
The blaze upon his island overhead,  
The blaze upon the waters to the west,  
Then the great stars that globed them  
selves in Heaven,

The hollower bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no soul

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to  
watch,  
So still, the golden lizuid on him prused,  
A phantom made of many phantoms  
moved  
Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, things and places,  
known

Far in a darker isle beyond the line,  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small  
house,

The climbing street, the mill, the leafy  
lanes,

The peacock yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
The house he drove, the boat he sold, the  
chill

November dawns and dewy glooming  
downs,

The gentle shower, the smell of dying  
leaves,

And the low moan of leaden-colou'd seas

Once likewise, in the ringing of his  
ears,  
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bell's,

Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started  
up  
Shuddering, and when the benighted  
hateful isle

Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being every-  
where

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem  
all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude

Thus over Enoch's euly silverying head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and  
went

Year after year His hopes to see his own  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely  
doom

Came suddenly to an end Another ship  
(she wanted water) blown by bristling  
winds,

Like the Good Fortune, from her destined  
course,  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where  
she lay

For since the nite had seen it early dawn  
Across a brief on the mist wreathen isle  
The silent witer slipping from the hill,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away  
In such of stram or fount, and till at the  
shores

With clamour Downward from his  
mountain goig  
Stept the long hair'd long bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely  
clad,

Muttering and mumbling, idiothike it  
seem'd,

With inarticulate rage, and making signs,  
They knew not what and yet he led the  
way

To where the rivulets of sweet water run  
And even as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long bounden  
tongue

Was loscn'd, till he made them under-  
stand,

Whom, when their casks were fill'd they  
took aboard

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,

Scarce credited at first but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it  
And clothes they gave him and free passage home,  
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook

His isolation from him None of these  
Came from his country, or could answer him,  
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know

And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
The vessel scarce sea-worthy, but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath

Of England, blown across her ghostly wall  
And that same morning officets and men  
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it  
Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
Evn in that hubom whence he sul'd before

There Enoch spoke no word to my one,  
But homewrd—home—whit home? he had  
he a home?  
His home, he walk'd Bright was that  
afternoon,  
Sunny but chill, till drawn thro' either  
chasm,  
Where either hiven opcn d on the deeps,  
Roll'd a sea haze and whlm'd the world  
in gray,

Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And lsf but narrow bieidh to lsf and  
right

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pastureage  
On the nigh naled tree the robin piped  
Disconsolite, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it  
down.  
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom,  
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist blotted light  
Flared on him, and he came upon the place

Then down the long street having slowly  
stolen,  
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
Where Annie lived and loved him, and  
his babes  
In those far off seven happy years were  
born,  
But finding neither light nor murmu there  
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle)  
crept  
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead  
to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow whuf he  
went,  
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
A front of timber crost antiquity,  
So prop, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
He thought it must have gone, but he  
was gone  
Who kept it, and his widow Mum  
Lane,  
With duly dwindling profits held the  
house,  
A haunt of brawling scimen once, but now  
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men  
There Enoch rested silent many dsys

But Mum Lane was good and gairious,  
Nor let him be, but often bickering in,  
Told him, with other annals of the port,  
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so  
bow'd,  
So broken—all the story of his house  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consnt, and marriage, and the  
buth  
Of Philip's child and oer his counte-  
nance  
No shadow past, nor motion any oer,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the  
tilc  
Less than the teller only when she closed  
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and  
lost'

He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost,'  
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face  
again,  
'If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy.' So the  
thought  
Haunted and harrass'd him, and drove  
him forth,

At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill  
There he sat down gazing on all below,  
There did a thousand memories roll upon  
him,  
Unspeakeable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far blazing from the rear of Philip's  
house,  
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the  
street,  
The latest house to lindward, but be-  
hind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the  
waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and  
wall'd  
And in it thrave an ancient eavieen,  
A yewtree, and 'll round it run a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and  
stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew, and  
thence  
That which he better might have shunn'd,  
if grieves  
Like his have wrose or better, Enoch  
saw

For cups and silver on the burnish'd  
board  
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the  
heath  
And on the right hand of the heath he  
saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,

Stout, rosy, with his babe across his  
knees,  
And o'er her second father stoopt a gun,  
A late but a losier Annie Lee,  
Fair hair'd and tall, and from her lifted  
hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who rea'd his creasy  
aims,  
Caught it and ever miss'd it, and they  
laugh'd,  
And on the left hand of the heath he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her  
babe,  
But turning now and then to spark with  
him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and  
strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for  
he smiled

Now when the devil man come to life  
beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the  
babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the  
happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's  
love,—  
Then he, tho' Muriel Lane had told him  
all,  
Because things seen are mightier than  
things heard,  
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch,  
and fear'd  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of  
doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the  
heath

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grise under  
foot,  
And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be  
found,

Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste

And there he would have knelt, but  
that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and  
pray'd

' Too hard to bear ! why did they take  
me thence ?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know  
Help me not to break in upon her peace  
My children too ! must I not speak to  
these ?

They know me not I should betray  
myself  
Never No father's kiss for me—the gulf  
So like her mother, and the boy, my  
son !

There speech and thought and nature  
Mild a little,  
And he lay tranced, but when he rose  
and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he  
went

Beating it in upon his weeny brain,  
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
' Not to tell her, never to let her know ,

He was not all unhappy His resolve  
Upbore him, and sum suith, and even  
more

Prayer from a living source within the  
will,  
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul ' This muller's  
wife '

He said to Miniam ' that you spoke about,  
Has she no son that her first husband  
lives ?'

' Ay, ay, poor soul ' said Miniam, ' fear  
now !'

If you could tell her you had seen him  
dead,

Why, that would be her comfort,' and  
he thought

' After the Lord has call'd me she shall  
know,

I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,  
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live  
Almost to all things could he turn his  
hand

Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or  
help'd

At lading and unlading the tall baiks,  
That brought the stunted commerce of  
those days,

Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself  
Yet since he did but labour for himself,  
Work without hope, there was not life  
in it

Whereby the man could live, and as the  
year

Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had return'd, a languor  
came

Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Wakening the man, till he could do no  
more,

But kept the house, his chan, and last his  
bed

And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully  
For sure no gladher does the stranded  
wreck.

See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life  
approach

To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of  
all

For this that dawning gleam'd a kind  
lier hope

On Enoch thinking ' after I am gone,  
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last '  
He call'd aloud for Miniam Lane and said  
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead '

'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk!  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round'  
'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book'  
And on the book, half frightened, Miriam swo're  
Then Enoch roll'd his gray eyes upon her,  
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'  
'Know him' she said 'I knew him far away  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street,  
Held his head high, and caud for no man, he'  
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her,  
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live,  
I am the man' At which the woman give  
A half incredulous, half hysterical cry  
'You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he w'st a foot  
Higher than you be' Enoch said ag'un  
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am,  
My grief and solitude have broken me,  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
Who married—but that name has twice  
been changed—  
I married her who mairied Philip Ray  
Sit, listen' Then he told her of his voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
And how he kept it As the woman heard,  
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,  
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly  
To rush abroad all round the little hiven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes,  
But awed and promise-bounden she forbo're,  
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go!  
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words, but then replied

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die  
Sit down again, mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak I change  
you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her,  
Save for the bri' between us, loving her  
As when she luid her head beside my own  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my last breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for  
her  
And tell my son that I died blessing him  
And say to Philip that I blest him too,  
He never meant us any thing but good  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
I am then father, but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after life  
And now there is but one of all my blood  
Who will embrace me in the world to be  
This hair is his she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have boine it with me all these years  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave,  
But now my mind is changed, for I will see him,  
My babe in bliss wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he'  
He ceased, and Minnie Lane  
Made such a voluble unswl promising ill,  
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
She promised  
Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
And Minnie watch'd and dozed at intervals,

Their came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms  
abroad  
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved,' and so fell back and spoke  
no more

So past the strong heroic soul awry  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costher funeral

## THE BROOK

HERE, by this brook, we parted, I to the  
East

And he for Italy—too late—too late  
One whom the strong sons of the world  
despise,  
For lucy ihyms to him were scrip and  
shue,  
And mellow meties more than cert for  
cent,  
Nor could he understand how money  
biceds,  
Thought it a dead thing, yet himself  
could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that  
was  
Old he lived! In our schoolbooks we  
say,  
Of those that held their heads above the  
crowd,  
They flourish'd then or then, but life in  
him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only  
touch'd  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of  
green,  
And nothing perfect yet the brook he  
loved,  
For which, in branding summers of  
Bengal,  
Or ev'n the sweet half English Neilgherry  
in  
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
Prattling the primrose fruicies of the boy,  
To me that loved him, for 'O brook,'  
he says,

'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his  
ihyme,  
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why  
not? replies

I come from haunts of coot and hen,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bucket down a valley  
By thunty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges  
Till last by Philip's fum I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever!

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite  
worn out,  
Travelling to Naples There is Dainley  
bridge,  
It has more ivy, there the river, and there  
Stands Philip's fum where brook and  
river meet

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I bubble on the pebbles  
With many a curv my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow weed and mallow  
I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever!

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook  
or bird,  
Old Philip, all about the fields you caught  
His weary drylong chumping, like the dry  
High elbow'd grigs that leap in summer  
grass

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grigling,  
And here and there a formy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbink  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever

'O darling Katie Willows, his one  
child'

A maiden of our century, yet most meek,  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not  
coarse,

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand,  
Her eyes a bashful azue, and her hue  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the  
shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good  
turn,  
Her and her far off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart  
with her

For here I came, twenty years back—the  
week

Before I parted with poor Edmund, clost  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins  
then,

Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyondit, where the waters marry—clost,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate The  
gate,

Half parted from a weak and scolding  
hinge,

Stuck, and he clamour'd from a cas-  
ement, "Run"

To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
"Run, Katie!" Katie never ran she  
moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine  
bowes,

A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
Flesh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon

'What was it? less of sentiment than  
sense  
Had Katie, not illiterate, nor of those  
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
And nursed by mealy mouth'd philan-  
thropies,  
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the  
Deed

'She told me She and James had  
quarrell'd Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said,  
no curse,  
James had no cause but when I prest  
the cause,

I learnt that James had flickering je-  
alousies

Which anger'd her Who anger'd James?  
I said

But Katie snitch'd her eyes at once from  
mine,

And sketching with her slender pointed  
foot

Some figure like a wizard pentagram  
On gruden gravl, let my querly press  
Unclum'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
If James were coming "Coming ev'ry  
day,"

She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,  
But evermore her father came across  
With some long-winded tale, and biol  
him shoot,  
And James departed verl with him and  
her "

How could I help her? "Would I—was  
it wrong?"

(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace  
Of sweet seventeen subdued me 'fore she  
spoke)

"O would I take her father for one hour,  
For onchalf-hour, and let him talk to me!"  
And even while she spoke, I saw what  
James

Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow  
sweet

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!  
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out  
To show the firm full willingly he roe.  
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling  
lanes

Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went  
He praised his land, his horses, his  
machines,

He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs,  
his dogs,

He praised his hens, his geese, his guine  
hens,

His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
Approved him, bowing at their own  
deserts  
Then from the plaintive mother's tent he  
took.  
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming  
each,  
And naming those, his friends, for whom  
they were  
Then crost the common into Dainley  
chase  
To show Sir Arthur's deer In copse  
and fern  
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and  
said  
"That was the four year-old I sold the  
Squire"  
And there he told a long long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at  
grass,  
And how it was the thing his daughter  
wash'd,  
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price he  
ask'd,  
And how the bailiff swore that he was  
and,  
But he stood firm, and so the matter  
hung,  
He gave them nine and five days after  
that  
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd something  
more,  
But he stood firm, and so the matter  
hung,  
He knew the man, the colt would fetch  
its price,  
He gave them nine and how by chance  
at last  
(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)  
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew  
him in,  
And there he mellow'd all his heart with  
ale,  
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand

'Then, while I breathed in sight of  
haven, he,  
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,  
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,  
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the  
Jilt,  
Ardaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
And with me Philip, talking still, and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling  
sun,  
And following our own shadows thrice  
as long  
As when they follow'd us from Philip's  
door,  
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet con  
tent  
Resisen in Katie's eyes, and all things  
well  
  
I steal by lawns and grassy plot,  
I slide by hawth covers,  
I move the sweet forget me not  
That grow for happy loves  
  
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my swimming swallows  
I make the netted number dance  
Against my sandy shallows  
  
I murmur under moon and stars  
In brimly wilderness,  
I linger by my shingly bank,  
I loiter round my cresses,  
  
And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever  
  
Yes, men may come and go, and these  
are gone,  
All gone My dearest brother, Edmund,  
sleeps,  
Not by the well known stream and rustic  
spue,  
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
Of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace and he,  
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of  
words  
Remains the lean P W on his tomb

I scraped the lichen from it Katie walks  
By the long wash of Australasian seas  
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
And breathes in converse seasons All  
we gone'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
In the long hedge, and rolling in his  
mind  
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the  
brook.

A tonsured head in middle age foilorn,  
Mused, and was mute On a sudden a  
low breath  
Of tender air made tremble in the  
hedge  
The fragile bindweed bells and buoyant  
rings,  
And he look'd up There stood a maiden  
near,  
Waiting to pass In much amaze he  
stared  
On eyes a bluish azure, and on hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the  
shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit with  
in  
Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you  
from the farm?'  
'Yes' answer'd she 'Pray stay a little  
pardon me,  
What do they call you?' 'Katie' 'That  
were strange  
What surname?' 'Willows' 'No'  
'That is my name'  
'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self  
perplex,  
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd,  
till he  
Laugh'd also, but as one before he  
wakes,  
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in  
his dream  
Then looking at her, 'Too happy, fresh  
and fair,  
Too flesh and fair in our sad world's best  
bloom,  
To be the ghost of one who bore your  
name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago'

'Have you not heard?' said Katie,  
'we came back  
We bought the farm we tenanted before  
Am I so like her? so they said on board  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come  
with me  
My brother James is in the harvest field  
But she—you will be welcome—O, come  
in'

### AYLMER'S FIELD

1793

DUST are our flames, and gilded dust,  
our pride  
Looks only for a moment whole and  
sound,  
Like that long buried body of the king,  
Found lying with his arms and ornaments,  
Which at a touch of light, in air of  
heaven,  
Slipt into ashes, and was found no more

Here is a story which in rougher shape  
Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I  
saw  
Sunning himself in a waste field alone—  
Old, and a mass of memories—who had  
lived,  
Long since, a bygone Rector of the place,  
And been himself a put of what he told

SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty  
man,  
The county God—in whose capacious  
hall,  
Hung with a hundred shields, the family  
tree  
Sprang from the midrift of a prostrate  
king—  
Whose bliving wyvern weathercock'd the  
spire,  
Stood from his walls and wing'd his entry  
gates  
And swang besides on many a windy  
sign—  
Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head

Saw from his windows nothing save his own—  
What loverer of his own had he than her,  
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved  
As heuless and not hear regrettfully?  
But 'he that marries her marries her name'  
This fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife,  
His wife a faded beauty of the Births,  
Inspid as the Queen upon a card,  
Her all of thought and bearing hardly more  
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun

A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,  
Little about it stirring save a brook !  
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel  
The same old rut would deepen year by year,  
Where almost all the village had one name,  
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall  
And Averill Averill at the Rectory  
Himself over, so that Rectory and Hall,  
Bind in immemorial intimacy,  
Were open to each other, tho' to dream  
That Love could bind them closer well  
had made  
The hour han of the Baronet bustle up  
With horoir, worse than had he heard  
his priest  
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men  
Daughters of God, so sleepy was the land

And might not Averill, had he will'd it so,  
Somewhere beneath his own low range  
of roofs,  
Have also set his many shieldeed tree ?  
There was an Aylmer Averill mariage once  
When the red rose was redder than itself,  
And York's white rose is red as Lancasters,

With wounded peace which each had  
puck'd to death  
'Not proven' Averill said, or laughingly  
'Some other race of Averills' — prov'n  
or no,  
What cared he? what, if other or the same?  
He lean'd not on his fathes but himself  
But Leolin, his brother, living oft  
With Averill, and a year or two before  
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away  
By one low voice to one dear neighbour-hood,  
Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim  
A distant kinship to the gracious blood  
That shook the heart of Edith hearing him

Sanguine he was a but less vivid hue  
Than of that islet in the chestnut bloom  
Flamed in his cheek, and eager eyes, that still  
Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,  
Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold,  
I heir best and brightest, when they dwelt  
on heirs,  
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,  
But subject to the season or the mood,  
Shone like a mystic star between the less  
And greater glory varying to and fro,  
We know not whencefore, bounteously  
mild,  
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch  
I hinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,  
A joyous to dilate, is toward the light  
And these had been together from the first  
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after,  
her  
So much the boy forsworn, but when his date  
Doubled her own, for want of phymates,  
he  
(Since Averill was a dead and a half  
His elder, and then parents underground)  
Had lost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd

His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt  
Against the rush of the air in the pone  
swing,  
Made blossom ball or daisy chain, ar-  
ranged  
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it  
green  
In living letters, told her fairy tales,  
Show'd her the fairy footings on the  
grass,  
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,  
The petty maiestail forest, fairy pines,  
Or from the tiny pitted target blew  
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd  
All at one mark, all hitting make be  
lieves  
For Edith and himself or else he forged,  
But that was later, boyish histories  
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon,  
wrech,  
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true  
love  
Crown'd after trial, sketches rude and  
faint,  
But where a passion yet unboun perhaps  
Lay hidden as the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale  
And thus together, save for college times  
Or Temple eaten terms, a couple, sur  
As ever painter painted, poet sang,  
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded,  
grew  
And more and more, the maiden woman-  
grown,  
He wasted hours with Averill, there,  
when first  
The tented winter-field was broken up  
Into that phalanx of the summer spears  
That soon should wear the garland, there  
again  
When buri and bine were grither'd,  
lastly there  
At Christmas, ever welcome at the Hall,  
On whose dull sameness his full tide of  
youth  
Broke with a phosphorescence charming  
even  
My lady, and the Baronet yet had lud  
No bar between them, dull and self  
involved,

Tall and erect, but bending from his  
height  
With half-allowing smiles for all the  
world,  
And mighty courteous in the main—his  
pride  
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—  
He, like in Aylmer in his Aylacism,  
Would care no more for Leolin's walking  
with her  
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when  
they run  
To loose him at the stables, for he rose  
Twofooted at the limit of his chain,  
Roaring to make a thud and how should  
Love,  
Whom the cross lightnings of foul chance  
met eyes  
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow  
Such dear familiarities of down?  
Seldom, but when he does, Master of all  
  
So these young hearts not knowing that  
they loved,  
Not she at least, nor conscious of a bri  
Between them, nor by plight or broken  
ring  
Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,  
Wunder'd it will, and oft recompensed  
By Averill his, a brother, love, that  
hung  
With wings of brooding shelter o'er her  
peace,  
Might have been other, save for I colin's—  
Who knows? but so they wander'd, hour  
by hour  
Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and  
drank  
The magic cup that filled itself uncw  
  
A whisper half reveal'd her to herself  
For out beyond her lodges, where the  
brook  
Vocal, with here and there a silence, run  
By sallowy rims, arose the labourers'  
homcs,  
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls  
That dimpling died into each other, huts  
At random scatter'd, each a nest in  
bloom

Her art, her hand, her counseal all had wrought  
 About them heie was one that, summer blanch'd,  
 Was parcel bearded with the traveller's joy  
 In Autumn, parcel ivy clad , and here  
 The warm blue breathings of a hidden heath  
 Broke from a bower of vine and honey-suckle  
 One look'd all rosethee, and another wore  
 A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars  
 This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers  
 About it , this, a milky-way on earth,  
 Like visions in the Noithern dreamer's heavens,  
 A lily avenue climbing to the dooys ,  
 One, almost to the matin-hunted eaves  
 A summer burial deep in hollyhocks ,  
 Each, its own charm , and Edith's everywhere ,  
 And Edith ever visitant with him,  
 He but less loved than Edith, of his poor  
 For she—so lowly lovely and so loving,  
 Queenly responsive when the loyal hand  
 Rose from the chy it woik'd in as she past,  
 Not sowing hedgegrow texts and passing by,  
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height  
 That makes the lowest hit it, but a voice  
 Of comfort and an open hand of help,  
 A splendid presence flattering the poor  
 roots  
 Reveid us theirs, but kindlier than their selves  
 To wiling wife or wailing infancy  
 Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored ,  
 Ife, loved for hei and for himself A crisp  
 Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,  
 A childly way with children, and a laugh  
 Ringing like proven golden come to true,  
 Were no false passport to tht cosy realm,  
 Where once with Leolin at hei side the gun,

Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth  
 The tender pink five beaded baby soles,  
 Heard the good mother softly whisper  
 'Bless,  
 God bless 'em marriages are made in Heaven '  
 A flash of semi-jealousy clea' d it to her  
 My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced  
 With half a score of swarthy faces carrie  
 His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly,  
 Seal'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair ,  
 Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,  
 Tho' seeming boastful so when first he dash'd  
 Into the chronicle of a deedful day,  
 Sir Aylmer hal' forgot his lazy smile  
 Of pation 'Good ' my lady's kinsman ' good '  
 My lady with her fingers interlock'd,  
 And iotitory thumbs on silk'en knees,  
 Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear  
 To listen unware, they flitted off,  
 Busying themselvcs about the flowcage  
 Thit stood from out a stiff biocade in which,  
 The meteor of a splendid season, she,  
 Once with this kinsman, ah so long ago,  
 Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days  
 But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him  
 Snatch'd tho' the perilous passes of his life  
 Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye,  
 Hilted him with a momentary hilt  
 Wife hunting, as the rumour ran, was he  
 I know not, for he spoke not, only showeid  
 His oriental gifts on everyone  
 And most on Edith like a storm he cume,  
 And shook the house, and like a storm he went  
 Among the gifts he left hei (possibly  
 He flow'd and wab'd uncertain, to return

When others had been tested) there was  
one,  
A dagger, in nich sheath with jewels on it  
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd  
itself  
Fine as ice feins on January panes  
Made by a breath I know not whence  
at first,  
Nor of what race, the woik, but as he told  
The story, storming a hill foit of thieves  
He got it, for their captain aftei fight,  
His comadiates having fought them last  
below,  
Was climbing up the valley, at whom  
he shot  
Down from the beetling crag to which he  
clung  
Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,  
This dagger with him, which when now  
admired  
By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,  
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her

And Leolin, coming after he w is gone,  
Lost over all her presents petulantly  
And when she show'd the wealthy scab  
bard, stying  
'Look what a lovely picce of workman  
ship !'  
Slight was his answer 'Well—I care not  
for it '  
Then playing with the blade he pick'd  
his hand,  
'A gracious gift to give a lady, this !'  
'But would it be more gracious' ask'd  
the girl  
'Were I to give this gift of his to one  
That is no lady?' 'Gracious? No'said he  
'Me?—but I cared not for it O pardon  
me,  
I seem to be ungraciousness itself'  
'Take it' she added sweetly, 'tho' his  
gift,  
For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,  
I care not for it either,' and he said  
'Why then I love it ' but Sir Aylmer  
past,  
And neither loved nor liked the thing he  
heard

The next day came a neigbour  
Blues and reds  
They talk'd of blues were sure of it, he  
thought  
Then of the latest fox—where started—  
kill'd  
In such a bottom ' Peter had the brush,  
My Peter, first ' and did Sir Aylmer know  
That great pock pitten fellow had been  
caught ?  
Then made his pleasure echo, hand to  
hand,  
And rolling as it were the substance of it  
Between his palms a moment up and  
down—  
'The buds were warm, the buds were  
warm upon him ,  
We have him now ' and had Sir Aylmer  
heaid—  
Nay, but he must—the land w is ringing  
of it—  
This blacksmith border muringe—one  
they knew—  
Raw from the nursery—who could trust  
a child ?  
That cursed France with her egulities !  
And did Sir Aylmer (diseientially  
With newing chur and lowe'd accent)  
think—  
For people till'd—that it w is w hollyw is  
So let that handsome fellow Averill will  
So freely with his daughter ' people  
talk'd—  
The boy might get a notion into him ,  
The girl might be entangled ere she knew  
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly susiening  
spoke  
'The girl and boy, Sir, know their differ-  
ences !'  
'Good,' said his friend, 'but watch !'  
and he, 'Enough,  
More than enough, Sir ' I can guud my  
own '  
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer  
watch'd  
Pale, for on her the thunders of the  
house  
Had fallen first, w is Edith that same  
night ,

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough  
piece  
Of early rigid colour, under which  
Withdrawing by the counter door to that  
Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon  
him  
A piteous glance, and vanish'd He, as  
one  
Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,  
And pelted with outrageous epithets,  
Turning beheld the Powers of the House  
On either side the hearth, indignant,  
her,  
Cooling her false cheek with a featherfan,  
Him, gluing, by his own stale devil  
spur'd,  
And, like a beast haid ridden, breathing  
hard  
'Ungenerous, dishonourable, base,  
Presumptuous' trusted as he was with  
her,  
The sole succeeder to their wealth, then  
lands,  
The last remaining pillar of their house,  
The one transmitter of their ancient name,  
The child! 'Our child!' 'Our  
heiress!' 'Ours!' for still,  
Like echoes from beyond a hollow, cumb'  
Her sick'nes iteration Last he said,  
'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to  
make  
I swear you shall not make them out of  
mine  
Now inasmuch as you have practised on  
her,  
Perplexed her, made her half forget herself,  
Swerve from her duty to herself and us—  
Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,  
Fair as we track ourselves—I say that  
this—  
Else I withdraw favour and countenance  
From you and yours for ever—shall you  
do  
Sir, when you see her—but you shall not  
see her—  
No, you shall write, and not to her, but  
me  
And you shall say that having spoken  
with me,  
And after look'd into yourself, you find

That you meant nothing—as indeed you  
know  
That you meant nothing Such a match  
as this!  
Impossible, prodigious! These were  
words,  
As meted by his measure of himself,  
Arguing boundless forbearance after  
which,  
And Leolin's horror stricken answer, 'I  
So foul a tutor to myself and her,  
Never oh never,' for about as long  
As the wind hover hangs in balance,  
paused  
Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm  
within,  
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and  
crying  
'Boy, should I find you by my doors  
again,  
My men shall lash you from them like a  
dog,  
Hence!' with a sudden execration drove  
The footstool from before him, and rose,  
So, stammering 'scoundrel' out of teeth  
that ground  
As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still  
Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man  
Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood  
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face  
Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but  
now,  
Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,  
Vext with unwoothy madness, and do  
fond'd  
Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye  
That watch'd him, till he heard the  
ponderous door  
Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the  
land,  
Went Leolin, then, his passions all in  
flood  
And masters of his motion, furiously  
Down thro' the bright lawns to his  
brother's ran,  
And foam'd twixt his heart at Averill's  
ear  
Whom Averill solaced as he might,  
amazed

The man was his, had been his father's,  
    fiend  
He must have seen, himself had seen it  
    long,  
He must have known, himself had known  
    besides,  
He never yet had set his daughter forth  
Here in the woman markets of the west,  
Where our Caucasians let themselves be  
    sold  
Some one, he thought, had slander'd  
    Leolin to him  
'Brother, for I have loved you more as  
    son  
Than brother, let me tell you I myself—  
What is then pretty saying? jilted, is it?  
Jilted I was I say it for your peace  
Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the  
    shame  
The woman should have borne, humili-  
    ated,  
I lived for yeus a stunted sunless life,  
Till after our good parents past away  
Watching your growth, I seem'd agun to  
    grow  
Leolin, I almost sin in envying you  
The very whitest lamb in all my fold  
Loves you I know her the worst  
thought she has  
Is whiter even than her pretty hand  
She must prove true soi, brother, when  
two fight  
The strongest wins, and truth and love  
are strength,  
And you are happy let hei parents be'

But Leolin cried out the moie upon  
them—  
Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress,  
wealth,  
Their wealth, their heiress' wealth  
enough was theirs  
For twenty matches Were he loid of  
this,  
Why twenty boys and girls should marry  
on it,  
And forty blest ones bless him, and him  
self  
Be wealthy stil, ay wealthier He be  
lieved

This filthy marriage hindering Mummon  
made  
The filiol of the cities nature ciost  
Was mother of the foul adulteries  
That saturate soul with body Name,  
too ' name,  
Then ancient name' they might be  
proud, its worth  
Was being Edith's Ah how pale she  
had look'd  
Duling, to-night! they must have rated  
her  
Beyond all tolerance These old pheasant  
lords,  
These putridge breeders of a thousand  
yeus,  
Who had maled' in them thousands,  
doing nothing  
Since Egbeit—why, the greater then  
disgrace!  
Fall back upon a name! rest, not in that!  
Not *hup* a noble, make it nobla? fools,  
With such vantage ground for noblise,  
He had known a man, a quintessence of  
man,  
The life of all—who madly loved—and he,  
Thwaited by one of these old fithai fools,  
Had noted his life out, and made in end  
He would not do it! his sweet fire and  
faith  
Hold him from that but he had powers,  
he knew it  
Back would he to his studies, make a name,  
Name, fortune too the world should ring  
of him  
To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their  
gaves  
Chancellor, or what is greatest would he  
be—  
'O brother, I am grieved to levn your  
grief—  
Give me my fling, and let me say my say'  
At which, like one that sees his own  
excess,  
And easily forgives it as his own  
He laugh'd, and then was mute, but  
presently  
Wept like a storm and honest Averill  
seeing

How low his brother's mood had fallen,  
fetch'd  
His richest beeswing from a binn reserved  
For banquets, praised the waning red, and  
told  
The vintage—when *this Aylmer* came of  
age—  
Then drank and past it, till at length the  
two,  
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed  
That much allowance must be made for  
men  
After an angry dream this kindlier glow  
Faded with moaning, but his purpose held

Yet once by night again the lovers met,  
A perilous meeting under the tall pines  
That darken'd all the northward of hei  
Hill  
Him, to her meek and modest bosom priest  
In agony, she promised that no force,  
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter hei  
He, passionately hopefuller, would go,  
Labour for his own Edith, and return  
In such a sunlight of prosperity  
He should not be rejected 'Write to  
me'  
They lov'd me, and because I love then  
child  
They hate me there is war between us,  
dear,  
Which breaks all bonds but ours, we  
must remain  
Sacred to one another' So they talk'd,  
Poor children, for their comfort the wind  
blow,  
The rain of heaven, and then own bitter  
tears,  
Teus, and the careless rain of heaven,  
mixt  
Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other  
Indarkness, and above them roar'd the pine

So Leolin went, and as we task ou-  
selves  
To learn a language known but smatter-  
ingly  
In phrases here and there at random,  
toil'd

Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
Thru' wilderness of single instances,  
Thio' which a few, by wit or fortune led,  
May beat a pathway out to wealth and  
fame  
The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's  
room,  
Lightning of the howl, the pun, the  
scandalous tale,—  
Old scandals buried now seven decades deep  
In other scandals that have lived and died,  
And left the living scandal that shall die—  
We're dead to him already, bent as he was  
To make disproof of scorn, and strong in  
hopes,  
And prodigal of all brain labour he,  
Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,  
Except when for a breathing while at eve,  
Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran  
Beside the river-bank, and then indeed  
Harder the times were, and the hands of  
power  
Were bloodier, and the accoording hearts  
of men  
Seem'd harder too but the soft river  
breeze,  
Which fann'd the gardens of that raval rose  
Yet stigrant in a heart remembering  
His former talks with Edith, on him  
brought  
Fu punch'd in his rushings to and fro,  
After his books, to flush his blood with  
air,  
Then to his books again My lady's  
cousin,  
Half sickening of his pension'd afternoon,  
Drove in upon the student once or twice,  
Run a Malayn amuck against the times,  
Had golden hopes for France and all  
mankind,  
Answer'd all queries touching those at  
home  
With a hewed shoulder and a saucy smile,  
And fain had haled him out into the  
world,  
And and him there his ne'er friend  
would say  
'Screw not the choid too sharply lest it  
snap'

Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth,  
From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,  
Kissing his vows upon it like a knight  
And wrinkled benches often talk'd of him  
Approvingly, and prophesied his rise  
For heart, I think, help'd head her letters too,  
Tho' far between, and coming fitfully  
Like broken music, written as she found  
On made occasion, being strictly watch'd,  
Chain'd him th'o' every labyrinth till he saw  
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,  
Her worldly wise begetters, plagued them selves  
To sell her, those good parents, for her good  
Whatever eldest born of rank or wealth  
Might lie within their compass, him they lured  
Into their net made pleasant by the bruts  
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo  
So month by month the noise about their doors,  
And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made  
The nightly wiles of their innocent hare  
Falter before he took it All in vain  
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd  
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit  
So often, that the folly taking wings  
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind  
With rumour, and became in other fields  
A mockery to the yeomen over ale,  
And laughter to their lords but those at home,  
As hunters round a hunted creature draw  
The cordon close and closer toward the death,  
Narrow'd her goings out and comings in,  
Forbad her first the house of Averill,  
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,  
Last from her own home-circle of the poor

They bair'd her yet she bore it yet her cheek  
Kept colour wondrous! but, O mystery!  
What amulet diew her down to that old oak,  
So old, that twenty years before, a pair  
Falling hid let upper the brand of John—  
Once giovelike, each huge arm a tree,  
but now  
The broken base of a black tower, a cave  
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing sprig  
There the manor, and lord too curiously  
Raking in that millennial touchwood dust  
Found for himself a bitter treasure trove,  
Burst his own wyvern on the scull, and rend  
Withing a letter from his child, for which  
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,  
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,  
But scared with threats of jail and halter  
gave  
To him that fluster'd his poor prurish wits  
The letter which he brought, and swore  
besides  
To play their go between as heretofore  
Nor let them know themselves betray'd,  
and then,  
Soul stricken at their kindness to him,  
went  
Hating his own lean heart and miserable  
Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream  
The fether panting woke, and oft, as dawn  
Aroused the black republic on his arms,  
Sweeping the fiethly from the fierce  
blush'd  
Th'o' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,  
Seized it, took home, and to my lady,—  
who made  
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,  
Listless in ill despondence,—rend, and tore,  
As if the living passion symbol'd there  
Were living nerves to feel the rent, and burnt,  
Now chafing at his own great self defied,  
Now striking on huge stumbling blocks of scorn

In babyisms, and dear diminutives  
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary  
Of such a love as like a chidden child,  
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last  
Hopeless of answer then tho' Averill wrote  
And bad him with good heart sustain  
himself—

All would be well—the lover heeded not,  
But passionately restless came and went,  
And rustling once at night about the place,  
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,  
Raging return'd nor was it well for her  
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,  
Watch'd even there, and one was set to  
watch

The watch'd, and Sir Aylmer watch'd  
them all,  
Yet littier from his readings once  
indeed,  
Warm'd with his wins, or taking pride  
in her,  
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly  
Not knowing what possess'd him that  
one kiss

Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth,  
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,  
Seem'd hope's returning rose and then  
ensued

A Martin's summer of his faded love,  
Or dead by kindness, after this  
He seldom crost his child without a sneeze,  
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimo  
nies

Never onc kindly smile, one kindly word  
So that the gentle creature shut from all  
Her charitable use, and face to face  
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost  
Nor greatly crurd to lose, her hold on life  
Last, some low fever ringing round to spy  
The weakness of a people or a house,  
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or  
men,

Or almost all that is, hating the hunt—  
Save Christ as we believe him—found the  
gul

And flung her down upon a couch of fire,  
Whic careless of the household fireneus,  
And crying upon the name of I colin,  
She, and with her the race of Aylmer,  
past

Star to star vibrates light may soul  
to soul  
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?  
So,—from afar,—touch as at once? or  
why  
That night, that moment, when she named  
his name,  
Did the keen shriek 'Yes love, yes, Edith,  
yes,'  
Shuill, till the comrade of his chambers  
woke,  
And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,  
With a weird bright eye, sweating and  
trembling,  
His hair as it were crackling into flames,  
His body half flung forward in pursuit,  
And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a  
flyer  
Nor knew he wherefore he had made the  
cry,  
And being much besool'd and idiotized  
By the rough amity of the other, sank  
As into sleep again The second day,  
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,  
A breaker of the bitter news from home,  
Found a dead man, a letter edged with  
death  
Beside him, and the dagger which himself  
Gave Edith, reddn'd with no bandit's  
blood  
'From Edith' was englaven on the blade

Then Averill went and gazed upon his  
death  
And when he came again, his flock be  
lieved—  
Beholding how the years which are not  
Time's  
Had blasted him—that many thousand  
days  
Were clipt by horio from his term of life  
Yet the sad mother, for the second death  
Screa touch'd her tho' that nearness of  
the first,  
And being used to find her pastor texts,  
Sent to the horrow'd brother, praying  
him  
To speak before the people of her child,  
And fit the Sabbath Darkly that day  
rose

Autumn's mock sunshine of the fisted woods  
Was all the life of it, for hid on these,  
A birthless bough of low folded heaven,  
Stifled and chill'd it once, but every roof  
Sent out a listener many too had known  
Edith 'mong the hamlets round, and since  
The parents' hushness and the hapless loves  
And double death were widely mourn'd,  
left  
Their own gray tower, or plain faced tabernacle,  
To hear him, all in mourning these, and those  
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove  
Or kerchief, while the church,—one night, except  
For greenish glimmerings thro' the lincets,  
—made  
Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd  
Above them, with his hopes in either grave

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,  
His face magnetic to the hand from which  
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labour'd  
thro'  
His brief playw<sup>i</sup> piude, gave the w<sup>i</sup> c  
'Behold,  
Your house is left unto you desolate!  
But lapsed into so long a pruse agun  
As half amazed half frightened 'll his flock  
Then from his height and loneliness of  
grief  
Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart  
Against the desolations of the world

Never since our bad earth became one sea,  
Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,  
And all but those who knew the living God—  
Light that were left to make a puny world—

When since hid flood, fire, earthquake,  
thunder, wrought  
Such waste and havock is the idolatries,  
Which from the low light of mortality  
Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of  
Heavens,  
And worship their own darkness in the Highest?  
'Gash thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Br<sup>i</sup>,  
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,  
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God  
Then came a Lord in no wise like to Br<sup>i</sup>  
The tribe shall lead the lion Surely now  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose  
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts!—  
No course and blackish God of revenge  
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—  
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves  
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,  
And heaps of living gold that duly grow,  
And title scrolls and gorgeous heraldic,  
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God  
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him, for thine  
Fuses richly, in fine linen, not a hair  
Ruffled upon the sc<sup>i</sup> rfskin, even while  
The deathless ruler of thy dying house  
Is wounded to the death that cannot die,  
And tho' thou numberest with the follower,  
Of One who cried, "I leave all and follow me"  
Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,  
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,  
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,  
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,  
Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,  
Count the more base idolater of the two  
Crueller is not passing thro' the fine Bodies, but souls—the children's—tho' the smoke

The blight of low desnes—darkening  
thine own

To thine own likeness, or if one of these,  
Thy better born unhappily from thee,  
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and  
fair—

Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one  
By those who most have cause to sorrow  
for her—

Fourer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,  
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!" she  
seem'd,

Who entering fill'd the house with sudden  
light

For so mine own was brighten'd where  
indeed

The roof so lowly but that beam of  
Heaven

Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway,  
whose the babe

Too raged to be fondled on her lip,  
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child  
of shame

The common care whom no one cared  
for, leapt

To greet her, wringing his forgotten heart,  
As with the mother he had never known,  
In gambols, for her fresh and innocent  
eyes

Hid such a stu of moaning in them blue,  
I hat all neglected places of the field  
Broke into nature's music when they saw  
her

Low was her voice, but won mysterious  
way

Thro' the seal'd eau to which a louder  
one

Was all but silence—fice of arms her  
hand—

The hand that robed your cottage walls  
with flowers

Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones,  
How often placed upon the sick man's  
brow

Cool'd it, or hid his feverous pillow  
smooth?

Ifad you one sorrow and she shud it  
not?

One burthen and she would not lighten it?

One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?  
Or when some heat of difference sparkled  
out,

How sweetly would she glide between  
you wraths,  
And steal you from each other! for she  
wilk'd

Weaving the light yoke of that Lord of  
love,

Who still'd the rolling wave of Gilee!  
And one—of him I was not bid to  
speak—

Was always with her, whom you also  
knew

Him too you loved, for he was worthy  
love

And these had been together from the  
first,

They might have been together till the  
last

Friends, this frul bark of ours, when  
sorely tried,

May weck itself without the pilot's guilt,  
Without the captain's knowledge hope  
with me

Whose shame is that, if he went hence  
with shame?

No mne the fault, if losing both of these  
I cry to vacant chrus and widow'd wall,  
"My house is left unto me desolute!"

While thus he spoke, his heuers wept,  
but some,

Sons of the glebe, with othei frowns than  
those

That knit themselves for summer shadow,  
scowl'd

At their great lord He, when it seem'd  
he saw

No pale sheet lightnings from afar, but  
folk'd

Of the near storm, and aiming at his  
head,

Sit anger churm'd from sorrow, soldier  
like,

Erect but when the preacher's cadence  
flow'd

Sustaining thro' all the gentle tribulations  
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd  
his face,

Paled at a sudden twitch of his noon  
mouth,  
And 'O pray God that he hold up' she  
thought  
'O! surely I shall shame myself and him '  
  
 'Nor yours the blame—for who beside  
your hearths  
Can take her place—if echoing me you  
cry  
"Our house is left unto us desolate"?  
But thou, O thou that killst, hadst thou  
known,  
O thou that stonest, hadst thou under-  
stood  
The things belonging to thy peace and  
ours'  
Is there no prophet but the voice that  
calls  
Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Re-  
pent"?  
Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
Who down to those that saunter in the  
broad  
Cries "Come up hither," as a prophet to  
us?  
Is there no stoning stife with flint and  
rock?  
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—  
No desolation but by sword and fire?  
Yes, as your moaning witness, and my-  
self  
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss  
Give me your prayers, for he is past your  
prayers,  
Not past the living fount of pity in  
Heaven  
But I that thought myself long suffering,  
meek,  
Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the  
words  
Have twisted back upon themselves, and  
mean  
Vileness, we are grown so proud—I  
wish'd my voice  
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—  
Sent like the twelve divided concubine  
To inflame the tribes but there—out  
yonder—earth

Lightens from her own central Hell—O  
there  
The red fiuit of an old idolatry—  
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so  
fast,  
They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
The land all shambles—naked marriages  
Flash from the bridge, and ever murder'd  
Fiance,  
By shores that darken with the gathering  
wolf,  
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea  
Is this a time to madden madness then?  
Was this a time for these to flout their  
pride?  
My Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense  
as those  
Which hid the Highest from the people's  
eyes  
Ere the great death, shroud this great sin  
from all!  
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass  
it  
Or rather pray for those and pity them,  
Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd,  
bring  
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the  
grave—  
Who broke the bond which they desired  
to break,  
Which else had linked them free with  
times to come—  
Who wove coarse webs to snare her  
purity,  
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's  
good—  
Poor souls, and knew not what they did,  
but sat  
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's  
death!  
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?  
Have not our love and reverence lost  
them but?  
Will not another take their heritage?  
Will there be children's laughter in their  
hall  
For ever and for ever, or one stone  
I left on another, or is it a light thing  
That I, their guest, their host, their  
ancient friend,

I made by these the last of all my race,  
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as  
cried

Christ eie His agony to those that swole  
Not by the temple but the gold, and made  
Then own traditions God, and slew the  
Lord,

And left their memories a world's curse—  
“Behold,  
Your house is left unto you desolate”?

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no  
more

Long since her heut had beat remorse  
lessly,  
Her cramp't up sorow pun'd hei, and a  
sense

Of meanness in her unresisting life  
Then then eyes vext hei, for on enteung  
He had cast the curtains of their seat  
aside—

Black velvet of the costliest—she herself  
Had seen to that fain hid she closed  
them now,

Yet daied not stir to do it, only near'd  
Her husband inch by inch, but when she  
lud,

Wiflike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd  
His face with the other, and it once, as  
falls

A creeper when the prop is broken, fell  
The woman shrieking at his feet, and  
swoon'd

Then her own people bore along the nave  
Her pendent hands, and nnow meagre  
face

Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty  
years

And her the Lord of all the landscape  
round

Ev'n to its last houizon, and of ill  
Who peer'd it him so keenly, follow'd  
out

Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle  
Reel'd, as a footsoie or in crowded  
ways

Stumbling across the mulket to his death,  
Unpitied, for he groped as blind, and  
seem'd

Always about to fall, grasping the pcws

And oaken finials till he touch'd the  
door,  
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot  
stood,  
Stode from the porch, tall and erect  
again

But nevermore did either pass the gate  
Save under pall with bearers In one  
month,

This' weary and yet ever wearier housis,  
The childless mother went to seek hei  
child,

And when he felt the silence of his house  
About him, and the change and not the  
change,

And those fixt eyes of painted ancestois  
Staring for ever from the gilded walls  
On him their last descendant, his own  
head.

Began to droop, to fall, the man became  
Imbecile, his one wold was ‘desolate,’  
Dead for two years before his death was  
he,

But when the second Christmas came,  
escaped

His keepers, and the silence which he felt,  
To find a deeper in the nnow gloom  
By wife and child, noi wanted at his  
end

The dark retinue reverencing death  
At golden thresholds, noi from tender  
hearts,

And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd  
race,

Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave  
Then the great Hall was wholly bioken  
down,

And the broad woodland parcell'd into  
farms,

And where the two contrived then  
daughter's good,

Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made  
his run,

The hedgehog underneath the plantain  
borcs,

The rabbit fondles his own humbless face,  
The slow worm creeps, and the thin  
weasel there

Follows the mouse, and all is open field

## SEA DREAMS

A CITY cleik, but gently born and bred,  
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan  
child—  
One babe was theirs, a Maignet, three  
years old  
They, thinking that her clear germander  
eye  
Droopt in the giant factoried city gloom,  
Came, with a month's leave given them,  
to the sea  
For which his gains were dock'd, however  
small  
Smull were his gams, and huid his work,  
besides,  
Then slender household fortunes (for the  
man  
Had risk'd his little) like the little thurst,  
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep  
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
Would darken, as he cursed his credulous  
ness,  
And that one unctuous mouth which lured  
him, rogue,  
To buy strange shaines in some Peruvian  
mine  
Now seaward bound for health they gain'd  
a coast,  
All sand and cliff and deep inrunning cove,  
At close of day, slept, woke, and went  
the next,  
The Sabbath, pious variers from the  
church,  
To chapel, whre a heated pulpiteer,  
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
Announced the coming doom, and ful  
minated  
Against the scarlet woman and her creed,  
For sideways up he swung his arms, and  
shriek'd  
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he  
held  
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
Were that great Angel, 'Thus with  
violence  
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea,  
Then comes the close' The gentle  
hearted wife

Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world,  
He at his own but when the woryl storm  
Had ended, forth they came and picid  
the shore,  
Ran in and out the long sea-framing coves,  
Drank the huge sur, and sw, but scuse  
believed  
(The sootflake of so many a summer still  
Clung to their fancies) that they sw, the sea  
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on  
cliff,  
I ngering about the thy my promontories,  
Till all the sails were dail en'd in the west,  
And losed in the east then homeward and  
to bed  
Whre she, who kept a tender Christian  
hope,  
Haunting a holy text and still to that  
Returning, is the bird returns, at night,  
'Let not the sun go down upon your  
wrath,'  
Said, 'Love, forgive him' but he did not  
spark,  
And silenced by that silence by the wife,  
Remembering her dear Lord who died for  
all,  
And musing on the little lives of men,  
And how they mur this little by their scuds  
  
But while the two were sleeping, a full  
tide  
Rose with ground swell, which, on the  
foremost rocks  
Touching, upjetted in spouts of wild sea  
smoke,  
And sculed in sheets of wrisful foam, and  
fell  
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
Heard thro' the living rou At this the  
babe,  
Their Maignet cradled near them, wail'd  
and woke  
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
'A wicck, a wicck!' then turn'd, and  
groaning said,  
'Forgive! How many will say, "for  
give," and find  
A sort of absolution in the sound'

To hate a little longer ! No, the sin  
That neither God nor man can well forgive,  
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once  
Is it so true that second thoughts are best ?  
Not first, and third, which ate a ripe first ?  
Too ripe, too late ! they come too late  
for us  
Ah love, there surely lives in man und-  
bcast  
Something divine to wain them of their  
foes  
And such a sense, when first I fronted him,  
Sud, " Trust him not," but after, when  
I came  
To know him more, I lost it, knew him  
less,  
Fought with what seem'd my own un  
charity,  
Sat at his table, drank his costly wines  
Made more and more allowance for his  
talk,  
Went further, fool ! and trusted him with  
all,  
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
Of dust and deskwork there is no such  
mine,  
None, but i gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,  
Not makin' Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea  
oars  
Ruin a fewful night !

'Not fearful, fan,'  
Said the good wise, 'if every star in  
heaven  
Can make it fan you do but let the tide  
Lead you all down?'

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd  
Of such a tide swelling tow'rd the land,  
And I from out the boundless out<sup>er</sup> deep  
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one  
Of those dark caves that run beneath the  
cliffs.

I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
Bore thro' the wave, and I was heaved  
upon it  
In darkness then I saw one lovely star  
I auge and auge "What a world," I  
thought,

"To live in!" but in moving on I found  
Only the landward exit of the cave,  
Bright with the sun upon the stream  
beyond

And here the night light flickering in my  
eyes  
Awoke me,

'That was then your dream,' she said,  
'Not sad, but sweet'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,  
'And mused upon it, dusting up the  
steam

In fancy, till I slept agen, and pieced  
The broken vision, so I dream'd that still  
The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
And that the woman walk'd upon the  
bunk.

I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her  
of it.

"It came," she said, "by working in the mines."

O then to ask her of my shives, I thought,  
And aske d, but not i word, she shook  
her head

And then the motion of the current ceased,  
And there was rolling thunder, and we  
reach'd

A mountain, like a will of briars and  
thorns,  
But she with her strong feet up the steep

But she with her strong feet up the steep  
hill  
Trod out a path I follow'd, and at top  
She pointed seaward thare a fleet of  
gloss.

That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
I hat not one moment ceased to thunder,

In sunshine right across its track they lay,  
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
Or what seem'd gold and I was glad at  
    bit

To think that in our often ransack'd world  
Still so much gold was left, and then I  
    feard  
Lest the gay navy there should splinter  
    on it,  
And fearing waved my arm to warn them  
    off,  
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
(I thought I could have died to save it)  
    near'd,  
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and  
    vanish'd, and I woke,  
I heard the clash so clearly Now I see  
My dream was Life, the woman honest  
    Work,  
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort  
    him,  
'You raised you aim, you tumbled down  
    and broke  
The glass with little Margaret's medicine  
    in it,  
And, breaking that, you made and broke  
    your dream  
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband,  
    'yesterday'  
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
That which I ask'd the woman in my  
    dream  
Like her, he shook his head "Show me  
    the books!"  
He dodged me with a long and loose  
    account  
"The books, the books!" but he, he could  
    not wait,  
Bound on a matter he of life and death  
When the great Books (see Daniel seven  
    and ten)  
Were open'd, I should find he meant me  
    well,  
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze  
All over with the fat affectionate smile  
That makes the widow lean "My dearest  
    friend,  
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,"  
said he,

"And all things work together for the good  
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him  
    —last  
Grip't my hand hard, and with God bless  
    you went  
I stood like one that had received a blow  
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
A curse in his God bless—you then my  
    eyes  
Pursued him down the street, and far  
    away,  
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple sliding knee  
  
'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said  
    the good wife,  
'So are we all but do not call him, love,  
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved,  
    forgive  
His gain is loss, for he that wrongs his  
    friend  
Wrong himself more, and ever bears  
    about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd  
And that dings down his list then comes  
    what comes  
Hereafter and he meant, he said he  
    meant,  
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you  
    well'  
  
"With all his conscience and one eye  
    askew"—  
Love, let me quote these lines, that you  
    may lean  
A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
Too often, in that silent court of yours—  
"With all his conscience and one eye  
    askew,  
So false, he partly took himself for true,  
Whose pious talk, when most his heart  
    was dry,  
Made wet the crusty crowfoot round his  
    eye,  
Who, never naming God except for fun,  
So never took that useful name in vain,

Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,  
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool,  
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
And snake like slimed his victim ere he goaded,  
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest Aising, did his holy oily best,  
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
To spread the Word by which himself had thriven"  
How like you this old satire?"

'Nay,' she said,  
'I loathe it he had never kindly heart,  
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,  
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it  
But will you hear my dream, for I had one  
That altogether went to music? Still  
It awed me'

Then she told it, having dream'd  
Of that same coast

—But round the North, a light,  
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapour, lay,  
And ever in it a low musical note  
Swell'd up and died, and, as it swell'd,  
a ridge  
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still  
Grew with the growing note, and when  
the note  
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on  
those cliffs  
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as  
that  
Living within the belt) wherby she saw  
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no  
more,  
But huge cathedral fronts of every rge,  
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,  
One after one and then the great ridge  
drew,  
Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
And past into the belt and swell'd again  
Slowly to music ever when it broke  
The statues, king or snt, or founder fell,

Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin  
left  
Came men and women in dark clusters  
round,  
Some crying, 'Set them up they shall  
not fall'  
And others, 'Let them lie, for they have  
fall'n'  
And still they strove and wrangled and  
she grieved  
In her strange dream, she knew not why,  
to find  
Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
With that sweet note, and ever as then  
shrieks  
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave  
Returning, while none mark'd it, on the  
crowd  
Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd  
their eyes  
Gluing, and passionate looks, and swept  
away  
The men of flesh and blood, and men of  
stone,  
To the waste deeps together

'Then I fixt  
My wistful eyes on two full images,  
Both crown'd with stars and high among  
the stars,—  
The Virgin Mother standing with her  
child  
High up on one of those dark minister  
fronts—  
Till she began to totter, and the child  
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
Which mixt with little Murguct's, and I  
woke,  
And my dream awed me — well—but  
what are dreams?  
Yours came but from the breaking of a  
glass,  
And mine but from the crying of a  
child'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's  
tow, and his,  
Our Bonerges with his thic us of doom,  
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonisms  
(Altho' I grant but little music there)

Went both to make your dream but if  
there were  
A music harmonizing our wild cries,  
Sphere music such as that you dream'd  
about,  
Why, that would make our passions far  
too like  
The discords dear to the musician No—  
One shriek of hate would jai all the hymns  
of heaven  
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
With nothing but the Devil !'

" "True" indeed !  
One of our town, but later by an hour  
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on  
the shore,  
While you were running down the sands,  
and made  
The dimpled flounce of the sea furbelow  
flap,  
Good man, to please the child She  
brought strange news  
Why were you silent when I spoke to-  
night ?  
I had set my heart on your forgiving him  
Before you knew We must forgive the  
dead '

'Dead ! who is dead ?'

'The man your eye pursued  
A little after you had parted with him,  
He suddenly dropt dead of heart disease ,'  
'Dead ? he ? of heart disease ? what heart  
had he  
To die of ? dead !'

'Ah, dearest, if there be  
A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
And if he did that wrong you charge him  
with,  
His angel broke his heart But your  
rough voice  
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child  
again  
Sleep, little birdie, sleep ! will she not  
sleep  
Without her "little birdie" ? well then,  
sleep,  
And I will sing you "birdie"'

Saying this,  
The woman half turn'd round from him  
she loved,  
Left him one hand, and reaching thro'  
the night  
Her other, found (for it was close be-  
side)  
And half embraced the basket cradle  
head  
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant  
bough  
That moving moves the nest and nestling,  
sway'd  
The cradle, while she sang this baby song

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day ?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronge,  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies awy

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day ?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly awy  
Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronge  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly awy

'She sleeps let us too, let all evil,  
sleep  
He also sleeps—another sleep than  
ours  
He can do no more wrong forgive him,  
dear,  
And I shall sleep the sounder !'

Then the man,  
'His deeds yet live, the woist is yet to  
come  
Yet let you sleep for this one night be  
sound  
I do forgive him !'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,  
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they  
slept

## LUCRETIUS

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found  
Her master cold, for when the morning  
flush

Of passion and the first embrace had died  
Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the  
less,

Yet often when the woman heard his foot  
Return from pacings in the field, and ran  
To greet him with a kiss, the master took  
Small notice, or austerity, for—his mind  
Half buried in some weightier argument,  
Or fancy, borne perhaps upon the rise  
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past  
To turn and ponder those three hundred  
scrolls

Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine  
She brook'd it not, but wrathful, petulant,  
Dreaming some rival, sought and found  
a witch

Who brew'd the philtre which had power,  
they said,  
To lead an errant passion home again  
And this, at times, she mingled with his  
drink,

And this destroy'd him, for the wicked  
broth

Confused the chemic labour of the blood,  
And tickling the brute brain within the  
man's

Made havock among those tender cells,  
and check'd

His power to shape he loathed himself,  
and once

After a tempest woke upon a morn  
That mock'd him with returning calm,  
and cried

' Storm in the night ! for thrice I heard  
the rain  
Rushing, and once the flash of a  
thunderbolt—  
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—  
Stuck out the streaming mountain side,  
and show'd

A riotous confluence of wretched courses  
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,  
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry

' Storm, and what dreams, ye holy  
Gods, what dreams !  
For thrice I waken'd after dreams Pei-  
chance

We do but recollect the dreams that come  
Just eie the waking terrible ! for it seem'd  
A void was made in Nature, all hei bonds  
Crack'd, and I saw the flaring atom  
streaks

And torrents of her myriad universe,  
Ruining along the illimitable inane,  
Fly on to clash together again, and make  
Another and another flame of things  
For ever that was mine, my dream, I

knew it—

Of ind belonging to me, as the dog  
With inward yelp and restless forefoot  
phes

His function of the woodland but the  
next !

I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed  
Came driving ramlike down again on  
earth,

And where it dash'd the reddening mead-  
ow, sprang

No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,  
For these I thought my dream would  
show to me,

But girls, Hetairu, curious in their art,  
Hated animalisms, vile as those that made  
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies  
worse

Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods  
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and  
round me drove

In nowling circles till I yell'd again  
Half suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—  
Was it the first beam of my latest day ?

' Then, then, from utter gloom stood  
out the breasts,  
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a  
sword

Now over and now under, now direct,  
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down  
shamed

At all that beauty, and as I stared, a fire  
The fire that left a roofless Ilium,  
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that  
I woke

'Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus,  
thine,  
Because I would not one of thine own  
doves,  
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee?  
thine,  
Forgetful how my rich proemion makes  
Thy glory fly along the Italiān field,  
In lysi that will outlast thy Deity?

'Deity? nay, thy worshippers My  
tongue  
Trips, or I speak profanely Which of  
these  
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?  
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof  
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and  
scorn,  
Live the great life which all our greatest  
fun  
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm

'Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like  
ourselves  
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry  
to thee  
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms  
Round him, and keep him from the lust  
of blood  
That makes a steaming slaughter-house  
of Rome

'Ay, but I meant not thee, I meant  
not her,  
Whom all the pines of Idū shook to see  
Shde from that quiet heaven of hers, and  
tempt  
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were  
abroad,  
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter  
wept

Her Deity false in human amorous teais,  
Nor whom her beardless apple arbiter  
Decided fauest Rather, O ye Gods,  
Poet like, as the great Sicilian called  
Calliope to grace his golden verse—  
Ay, and this Kypnis also—did I take  
That populū name of thine to shadow  
forth  
The all-generating powers and genial heat

Of Nature, when she strikes tho' the  
thick blood  
Of cattle, and light is laige, and lambs  
are glad  
Nosing the mothci's udder, and the bnd  
Makes his heut voice amid the blaze of  
flowers  
Which things appear the work of mighty  
Gods

'The Gods! and if I go *my* work is  
left  
Unfinish'd—if I go The Gods, who  
haunt  
The lucid interospace of world and woold,  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a  
wind,  
Nor ever fills the least white stu of  
snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of humān sorrow mounts to  
man

Their siced everlasting calm' and such,  
Not ull so fine, nor so divine a calm,  
Not such, nor ull unlike it, man my gun  
Letting his own life go The Gods, the  
Gods!

If all bc atoms, how then should the  
Gods

Being atomic not be dissoluble,  
Not follow the great law? My master  
held

That Gods there ne, for ull men so  
believe

I prest my footsteps into his, and meant  
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train  
Of flowerij clauses onward to the proof  
That Gods there ne, and deathless  
Meant? I meant?

I have forgotten what I meant my mind  
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamcd

'Look wheic another of our Gods, the  
Sun,  
Apollo, Delhus, or of older use  
All seeing Hyperion—what you will—  
Has mounted yonder, since he never  
sware,  
Except his wrath were weak'd on  
wretched man,

That he would only shine among the dead  
Hereafter, tales for never yet on earth  
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roast  
ing ox

Moan round the spit—noi knows he  
what he sees,

King of the East altho' he seem, and gut  
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly  
lifts

His golden feet on those empurpled stains  
that climb into the windy halls of  
heaven

And here he glances on an eye new boin,  
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain,  
And here he strys upon a freezing orb  
That fain would gaze upon him to the  
last,

And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n  
And closed by those who mourn a friend  
in vain,

Not thankful that his troubles are no  
more

And me, altho' his fire is on my face  
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell  
Whethei I mean this day to end myself,  
Or lend in ear to Pluto where he sys,  
That men like soldiers may not quit the  
post

Allotted by the Gods but he that holds  
The Gods, ne careless, wherefore need he  
care

Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at  
once,

Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and  
sink

Past earthquake—iy, und gout and stonc,  
that breik

Body toward death, and palsy, death in  
life,

And wretched age—and worst disease of  
all,

These prodigies of mynd nakedness,  
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,  
Abominable, strangers at my heath  
Not welcome, hirpies miring every dish,  
The phantom husks of something souly  
done,

And fleeting tho' the boundless universe,  
And blising the long quiet of my breast  
With animal heat und die insanity?

' How should the mind, except it loved  
them, clasp  
These idols to herself? or do they fly  
Now thinnel, and now thicker, like the  
flakes

In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
Of civic tumult jam the doois, and ben  
The keepes down, and throng, then rags  
and they

The basest, fair into that council hall  
Where sit the best and stateliest of the  
land?

' Can I not fling this horror off me  
agun,

Seeing with how great ease Nature can  
smile,

Balmier and nobler from her bath of  
storm,

At random ravage? and how easily  
The mountun there has cast his cloudy  
slough,

Now towering o'er him in serenest air,  
A mountan o'er a mountun,—iy, and  
within

All hollow is the hopes and fears of  
men?

' But who was he, that in the gruden  
snared

Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale  
To laugat—moie to laugh at in myself—  
For look! what is it? there? yon urbutus  
Totters, a noiseless not underneath  
Strikes through the wood, sets all the  
tops quivcing—

The mountain quickens into Nymph and  
Faun,

And here in Ovid—how the sun delights  
To glance and shist about her shippy  
sides,

And rosy knees and supple roundedness,  
And bugged bosom perks—who this way  
runs

Before the rest—A saty, a saty, see,  
Follows, but him I proved impossible  
Twy nited is no nature yet he drawes  
Never and never, and I scan him now  
Bessher than any phantom of his kind

That ever butted his rough brother brute  
For lust or lusty blood or provender  
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him, and  
she  
Loathes him as well, such a precipitate  
heel,  
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-  
wing,  
Whuls her to me but will she flung  
herself,  
Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-  
foot nay,  
Hide, hide them, million myrtled wilde-  
ness,  
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do  
I wish—  
What?—that the bush were leafless? or  
towhelm  
All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,  
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you  
From childly wont and ancient use I  
call—  
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—  
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-  
spite,  
No madness of ambition, avarice, none  
No larger feast than under plane or pine  
With neighbours laid along the grass, to  
take  
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,  
Affirming each his own philosophy—  
Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life  
But now it seems some unseen monster  
lays  
His vast and filthy hands upon my will,  
Wrenching it backward into his, and  
spoils  
My bliss in being, and it was not great,  
For save when shutting reasons up in  
rhythm,  
Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew  
Tired of so much within our little life,  
Or of so little in our little life—  
Poor little life that toddles half an hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there  
an end—  
And since the noblest pleasure seems to  
fade,

Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,  
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—  
What beast has heart to do it? And what  
man,  
What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph  
thus?  
Not I, not he, who bears one name with  
her  
Whose death blow struck the dateless  
doom of kings,  
When, brooking not the Tarquin in her  
veins,  
She made her blood in sight of Collatine  
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless  
air,  
Spout from the maiden fountain in her  
heir  
And from it spring the Commonwealth,  
which breaks  
As I am breaking now!

' And therefore now  
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,  
Great Nature, take, and sunder far apart  
Those blind beginnings that have made  
me man,  
Dish them anew together at her will  
Thro' all her cycles—into man once more,  
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower  
But till this cosmic order everywhere  
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day  
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour  
perhaps  
Is not so far when momentary man  
Shall seem no more a something to him  
self,  
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes  
and fanes,  
And even his bones long laid within the  
grave,  
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,  
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,  
Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,  
My golden work in which I told a truth  
That stays the rolling Ixonian wheel,  
And numbs the Fury's ringlet snake, and  
plucks  
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,  
Shall stand ay, surely then it fails at  
last

And perishes as I must, for O Thou,  
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,  
Yean'd after by the wisest of the wise,  
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art  
Without one pleasure and without one  
pain,

Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine  
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus  
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not  
How roughly men may woo thee so they  
win—

Thus—thus the soul flies out and dies  
in the air'

With that he drove the knife into his  
side  
She heard him raging, heaid him fall,  
ran in,  
Beat breast, tore hau, cried out upon  
herself  
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd  
That she but meant to win him back, fell  
on him,  
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd he answer'd,  
'Care not thou'  
Thy duty? What is duty? Faire thee  
well'

## THE PRINCESS,

### A MEDLEY

#### PROLOGUE

SIR Walter Vivian all a summer's day  
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun  
Up to the people thither flock'd at noon  
His tenants, wife and child, and thither  
half  
The neighbouring borough with them  
Institute  
Of which he was the patron I was  
there  
From college, visiting the son,—the son  
A Walter too,—with others of our set,  
Five others we were seven at Vivian  
place

And me that morning Walter show'd  
the house,  
Greek, set with busts from vases in the  
hall  
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than  
theu names,  
Grew side by side, and on the pavement  
lay  
Caived stones of the Abbey run in the  
park,  
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of  
Time,  
And on the tibles every clime and age

Jumbled together, celts and calumets,  
Claymoie and snowshoe, toys in lava,  
fans  
Of sand'l, amber, ancient rosaries,  
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,  
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-  
clubs  
From the isles of palm and higher on  
the walls,  
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and  
deer,  
His own forefathers' arms and armour  
hung  
And 'this' he said 'was Hugh's at  
Agyncourt,  
And that was old Sir Ralphs at As  
calon  
A good knight he! we keep a chronicle  
With all about him'—which he brought,  
and I  
Dived in a hoard of tiles that dealt with  
knights,  
Half-legend, half historic, counts and  
kings  
Who laid about them at theu wills and  
died,  
And mixt with these, a lady, one that  
arm'd

Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,  
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls

'O miracle of women,' said the book,  
O noble heart who, being stout besieged  
By this wild king to force her to his wish,  
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,  
But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost—

Her statue more than mortal in the burst  
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—  
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,

And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,  
She trampled some beneath her horse's heels,  
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,  
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,  
And put were drown'd within the whirling brook.

O miracle of noble womanhood !'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle,  
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said,

'To the Abbey there is Aunt Elizabeth  
And sister Lili with the rest.' We went  
(I kept the book and had my finger in it)  
Down thro' the park strange was the sight to me,  
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown

With happy faces and with holiday  
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads

The patient leaders of their Institute  
Taught them with facts One rear'd a font of stone

And drew, from butts of water on the slope,  
The fountain of the moment, phrying, now

A twisted snake, and now a chain of pearls,  
Or steep up spout wherein the gilded ball

Danced like a wisp and somewhere lower down  
A man with knobs and wires and viols fired

A cannon Echo answer'd in her sleep  
From hollow fields and here were telescopes

For true views, and there a group of girls,

In circle wirted, whom the electric shock  
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter round the lake

A little clock work steamer paddling phud  
And shook the lilies perch'd about the knolls

A dozen ugly models jettied steam  
A petty railway ran a fire balloon  
Rose gem like up before the dusky glores  
And dropt a fury parachute and post  
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph  
They flash'd a sucy message to and fro  
Between the mimic stations, so that sport  
Went hand in hand with Science, other where

Pure sport a herd of boy, with clamour bowl'd

And stamp'd the wicket, babies roll'd about

Like tumble fruit in grass, and men and maids

Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light

And shadow, while the twanging violin  
Struck up with Soldier Eddie, and over head

The broad umbrosal aisles of lofty lime  
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time,

And long we gazed, but satirized at length  
Came to the ruins High upch'd and ivy clapt,

Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,  
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave

The park, the crowd, the house, but all within  
The sword was turn'd as any garden lawn

And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,  
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends  
From neighbour seats and there was  
Ralph himself,  
A broken statue propt against the wall,  
A gay as any Lilia, wild with sport,  
Half child half woman as she was, had  
wound  
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,  
And robed the shouleis in a rosy silk,  
That made the old warrior from his ivied  
nook  
Glow like a sunbeam near his tomb a  
feast  
Shone, silver set, about it lay the guests,  
And there we join'd them then the  
maiden Aunt  
Took this fan dry for text, and from it  
preach'd  
An univerisal culture for the crowd,  
And all things great, but we, unworthier,  
told  
Of college he had climb'd across the  
spikes,  
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the  
bars,  
And he had breath'd the Proctor's dogs,  
and one  
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common  
men,  
But honeying at the whispa of a lord,  
And one the Master, is a rogue in gain  
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory

But while they talk'd, above their heads  
I saw  
The feudal warrior lady clad, which  
brought  
My book to mind and opening this I  
read  
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang  
With tilt and tourney, then the tilt of  
her  
That drove her foes with slaughter from  
her walls,  
And much I praised her nobleness, and  
'Wherc,'  
Ask'd Walter, putting I lir's head (she lay  
Beside him) 'lives there such a woman  
now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia 'There are thou-  
sands now  
Such women, but convention beats them  
down  
It is but binging up, no more than that  
You men have done it how I hate you  
all!  
Ah, were I something great! I wish I  
were  
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you  
then,  
That love to keep us children! O I wish  
That I were some great princess, I would  
build  
Far off from men a college like a man's,  
And I would teach them all that men ne  
taught,  
We are twice as quick! And here she  
shook aside  
The hand that play'd the pation with her  
curls  
  
And one sud smiling 'Pretty were the  
sight  
If our old nills could change their sex,  
and flaunt  
With prides for proctors, dowagers for  
deans,  
And sweet gul graduates in then golden  
han  
I think they should not wear our rusty  
gowns,  
But move us such as Emperor moths, or  
Ralph  
Who shines so in the corner, yet I fear,  
If there were many Lillas in the blood,  
However deep you might embower the  
' nest,  
Some boy would spy it'  
At this upon the swaid  
She tript hei tiny silken sandil'd foot  
'That's your light way, but I would  
make it death  
For any male thing but to peep at us'  
  
Petulant she spoke, and at herself she  
laugh'd,  
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English an could make her,  
she

But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,  
And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'  
And swore he long'd at college, only long'd,  
All else was well, for she society  
They boated and they cricketed, they talk'd  
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics,  
They lost their weeks, they vext the souls of deans,  
They rode, they betted, made a hundred friends,  
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,  
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian place,  
The little hearth-flower Lilia Thus he spoke,  
Part banter, part affection  
    'True,' she said,  
'We doubt not that O yes, you miss'd us much  
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did'

She held it out, and as a pivot turns  
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,  
And takes a lady's finger with all care,  
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,  
So he with Lilia's Daintily she shick'd  
And wiung it 'Doubt my word again'  
he said  
'Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd  
We seven striv'd at Christmas up to read,  
And there we took one tutor as to read  
The hard grain'd Muses of the cube and square  
We're out of season never man, I think,  
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he  
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,  
And our long walks were stipt as bare as brooms,  
We did but talk you over, pledge you all  
In wassail, often, like as many girls—  
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—  
As many little tufting Lillas—play'd Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,

And what's my thought and when and where and how,  
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth  
As here at Christmas'

She remember'd that  
A pleasant game, she thought she liked it more  
Than magic music, foyfuts, all the rest  
But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,  
She wonder'd, by themselves?

A half disdain  
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of his lips  
And Walter nodded at me, 'He began,  
The rest would follow, each in turn, and so  
We forged a sevensfold story kind?  
what kind?

Chimeras, crochets, Christmas solecisms,  
Seven headed monsters only made to kill  
Time by the fire in winter'

'Kill him now,  
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'  
Said Lilia, 'Why not now?' the maiden  
    Aunt  
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?  
A tale for summer as befits the time,  
And something it should be to suit the place,  
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,  
Give, solemn!'

Walter wup'd his mouth at this  
To something so mock solemn, that I laugh'd  
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling  
    mirth

An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,  
Hid in the ruins, till the maiden Aunt  
(A little sense of wrong had touch'd his face  
With colour) turn'd to me with 'As you will,  
Heroic if you will, or what you will,  
Or be yourself your hero if you will'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine' clamour'd he,  
'And make her some great Princess, six feet high,  
Grand, epic, homeward, and be you  
The Prince to win her'

'Then follow me, the Prince,'  
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn'  
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a  
dream —  
Heroic seems our Princess as requined—  
But something made to suit with Time  
and place,  
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,  
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,  
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,  
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments  
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—  
This were a medley! we should have him back.  
Who told the "Winter's tale" to do it for us  
No matter we will say whatever comes  
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,  
From time to time, some ballad or a song  
To give us breathing-space'

So I began,  
And the rest follow'd and the women sang  
Between the rougher voices of the men,  
Like linnets in the pruses of the wind  
And here I givē the story and the songs

## I

A prince I was, blue eyd, and fair in face,  
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,  
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a gull,  
For on my cradle shone the Northern star

There lived an ancient legend in our house  
Some sorceror, whom a fir oif grandmā burnt  
Because he cast no shadow, hid fore told,  
Dying, that none of all our blood should know  
The shadow from the substance, and that one  
Should come to fight with shadows and to fill  
For so, my mother said, the story run

And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,  
An old and strange affection of the house  
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven  
knows what  
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,  
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,  
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,  
And feel myself the shadow of a dream  
Our great court Galen poised his gilt-head cane,  
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd  
‘catalepsy’  
My mother pitying made a thousand  
prayers,  
My mother was as mild as any saint,  
Half-canonical by all that look'd on her,  
So gracious was her tact and tenderness  
But my good father thought a king a king,  
He cared not for the affection of the house,  
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand  
To lash offence, and with long arms and  
hands  
Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from  
the mass  
For judgment  
Now it chanced that I had been,  
While life was yet in bud and blade,  
betroth'd  
To one, a neighbouring Princess she to me  
Was poxy wedded with a bootless calf  
At eight years old, and still from time  
to time  
Came murmur's of her beauty from the South,  
And of her biethien, youths of puissance,  
And still I wore her pictur by my heart,  
And one dark tiess, and all round them  
both  
Sweet thoughts would swim as bees about  
then queen  
But when the days drew nigh that I  
should wed,  
My father sent ambassadors with furs,  
And jewels, gifts, to fetch hei these  
brought back  
A present, a great labou of the loom,  
And therewithal an answer vague as wind

Besides, they saw the king , he took the  
gifts ,  
He said there was a compact , that was  
true  
But then she had a will , was he to blame ?  
And maiden fancies , loved to live alone  
Among her women , certain, would not  
wed

That morning in the presence room I  
stood  
With Cyril and with Floran, my two  
friends  
The first, a gentleman of broken means  
(His father's fault) but given to stouts and  
busts  
Of revel , and the last, my other heut ,  
And almost my half self, for still we moved  
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye

Now, while they spake, I saw my  
father's face  
Growlong and troubled like a rising moon,  
Inflamed with wrath he started on his  
feet ,  
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down,  
and rent  
The wonder of the loom thro' waip and  
woof  
From skirt to skirt , and at the last l e  
swaie  
That he would send a hundred thousand  
men ,  
And bring hei in a whirlwind then he  
chew'd  
The thrice turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd  
his spleen ,  
Communing with his captiuns of the war.

At last I spoke ' My fathei, let me go  
It cannot be but some gross eror lies  
In this report, this answer of a king ,  
Whom all men rate a kind and hospitable  
Oi, maybe, I myself, my brude once  
seen ,  
Whate'er my grief to find hei less than  
fame ,  
May iue the baigam made ' And Floran  
said  
' I have a sister at the foreign court ,

Who moves about the Pr ncess , she, you  
know ,  
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence  
He, dying lately, left her, as I heu ,  
The lady of threee castles in that land  
Thro'hei this mattei might be sisted clew ' And Cyril whisper'd ' Take me with you  
too ' Then laughing ' what, if these weird  
seizures come  
Upon you in those lands, and no one neu  
To point you out the shadow from the  
truth '  
Take me I'll serve you better in a stain ,  
I grite on rusty hinges here ' but ' No ! ' Roard ' the rough king , ' you shall not ,  
we ourself  
Will crush hei pretty maiden fancies devl  
In iron gaulets break the council up '

But when the council broke, I rose and  
past  
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the  
town ,  
Found a still place, and pluck'd hei like  
ness out ,  
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lyng  
bathed  
In the green gleam of dewy trscld trees  
What were those fancies? wherefore breake  
hei troth ?  
Proud look'd the lips but while I medi  
tated  
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,  
And shook the songs, the whispers, and  
the shrieks  
Of the wild woods together , and a Voice  
Went with it, ' Follow, follow, thou shalt  
win '

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month  
Became her golden shild, I stole from  
court  
With Cyril and with Floran, unperceivd ,  
Cat footed thro' the town and hys in dñeid  
To hear my sulhu's clounou at our braks  
With Ho ! from some bry window shrike  
the night ,  
But all was quiet from the bristion'd  
walls

Like threadded spiders, one by one, we  
dropt,  
And flying reach'd the frontier then we  
crost  
To a livelier land, and so by tilth and  
grange,  
And vines, and blowing boks of wilder-  
ness,  
We gain'd the mother city thick with  
towers,  
And in the imperial palace found the king

His name was Gama, crack'd and  
small his voice,  
But bland the smile that like a wrinking  
wind  
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines,  
A little dry old man, without a star,  
Not like a king three days he feasted us,  
And on the fourth I spake of why we  
came,  
And my betroth'd 'You do us, Prince,'  
he said,  
Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,  
'All honour We remember love our-  
selves  
In our sweet youth there did a compact  
piss  
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—  
I think the year in which our olives  
fail'd  
I would you had hei, Prince, with all my  
heat,  
With my full heart but there were  
widows here,  
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche,  
They sed her theories, in and out of place  
Maintaining that with equal husbandry  
The woman were an equal to the man  
They harp'd on this, with this our ban  
quests rang,  
Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of  
talk,  
Nothing but this, my very ears were hot  
To hear them knowledge, so my daughter  
held,  
Was all in all they had but been, she  
thought,  
As children, they must lose the child,  
assume

The woman then, Sir, awful odes she  
wrote,  
Too awful, sue, for what they treated of,  
But all she is and does is awful, odes  
About this losing of the child, and rhymes  
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change  
Beyond all reason these the women sang,  
And they that know such things—I sought  
but peace,  
No critic I—would call them master  
pieces  
They master'd me At last she begg'd a  
boon,  
A certain summer-palace which I have  
Hard by your father's frontier I said no,  
Yet being an easy man, gave it and  
there,  
All wild to found an University  
For maidens, on the spur she fled, and  
more  
We know not,—only this they see no  
men,  
Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins  
Her brethren, tho' they love hei, look  
upon her  
As on a kind of paragon, and I  
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to  
bied  
Dispute betwixt myself and mine but  
since  
(And I confess with ight) you think me  
bound  
In some sort, I can give you letters to her,  
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your  
chance  
Almost at naked nothing , Thus the king ,  
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur  
With garrulous ease und oily courtesies  
Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets  
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)  
Went forth again with both my friends  
We rode  
Many a long league back to the North  
At last  
From hills, that look'd across a land of  
hope,  
We dropt with evening on a rustic town  
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,  
Close at the boundary of the liberties ,

There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host  
To council, plied him with his richest wines,  
And show'd the late writ letters of the king

He with a long low sibilation, stued  
As blank as death in marble, then claim'd

Averring it was clear against all rules  
For any man to go but as his brain began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said, 'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?'

The king would bear him out, ' and at the last—

The summer of the vine in all his veins—  
'No doubt that we might make it worth his while

She once had past that way, he heard her speak,

She scared him, life! he never saw the like,

She look'd as grand as doomsday and gave

And he, he reverenced his hege lady there,  
He always made a point to post with mares,

His daughter and his houseward were the boys

The land, he understood, for miles about  
Was till'd by women, all the swine were sows,

And all the dogs'—

But while he jested thus,  
A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,

Remembering how we three presented Maid

Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,

In masque or pageant at my father's court  
We sent mine host to purchase female gear,

He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake

The midiff of despan with laughter, holp  
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes

We rustled him we gave a costly bribe  
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,  
And boldly ventured on the liberties

We follow'd up the river as we rode,  
And rode till midnight when the college lights

Began to glitte firefly like in copse  
And linden illy then we past un arch,  
Whereon a woman statue rose with wings

From four wing'd horses dark against the stars,

And some inscription ran along the front,  
But deep in shadow further on we gain'd  
A little street half garden and half house,  
But scarce could hear each other speak  
for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling

On silver anvils, and the splash and stin  
Of fountains spouted up and showering down

In meshes of the jasmine and the rose  
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,  
Rapt in her song, and circless of the snare

There stood a bust of Pallus for a sign,  
By two sphinx lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth

With constellation and with continent,  
Above an enty riding in, we call'd,  
A plump arm'd Osborne and a stable wench

Came running at the call, and help'd us down

Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and sail'd,  
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave

Upon a pillar'd porch, the bises lost  
In huecl her we ask'd of thit and this,  
And who were tutors 'Lady Blanche'

she said,  
'And Lady Psyche' 'Which was prettiest,

Best natured?' 'Lady Psyche' 'Hers are we,'

One voice, we cried, and I sat down and wrote,  
In such a hand as when a field of corn  
Bows all its ears before the roaring East,  
'Three ladies of the Northern empire play  
Your Highness would enroll them with  
your own,  
As Lady Psyche's pupils'

This I seal'd  
The seal was Cupid bent 'bove a scroll,  
And o'er his head Urianian Venus hung,  
And raised the blinding bandage from his eyes

I gave the letter to be sent with dawn,  
And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd  
To float about a glimmering night, and watch  
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight,  
swell  
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich

## II

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the open'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears  
And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!  
For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears

At break of day the College Portress came  
She brought us Academic silks, in hue  
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,  
And zoned with gold, and now when  
these were on,  
And we as rich as moths from dusk  
cocoons,  
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us know  
The Princess I'd waited out we priced,

I first, and following thro' the porch that sang

All round with laurel, issued in a court  
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths  
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay  
Betwixt the pillars, and with great vins  
of flowers

The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,

Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst,  
And here and there on lattice edges lay  
Or book or lute, but hastily we past,  
And up a flight of stairs into the hall

There at a board by tome and paper sat,

With two tame leopards couch'd beside  
her throne

All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
The Princess, liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,  
Than our man's earth, such eyes were in  
her head,

And so much grace and power, breathing down

From over her arch'd brows, with every tress

Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,

And to her feet She rose her height,  
and said

'We give you welcome not without redound

Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,  
The first fruits of the stranger aftertime,  
And that full voice which circles round  
the grave,

Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me  
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'

'We of the court' said Cyril 'From the court'

She answer'd, 'then ye know the Prince?'  
and he

'The climax of his age! as tho' there were  
One rose in all the world, your Highness  
that, -

He worships your ideal ' she replied

'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear  
 This barren verbiage, current among men,  
 Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.  
 Your flight from out your bookless wilds  
 would seem  
 As arguing love of knowledge and of  
 - power ;  
 Your language proves you still the child.  
 Indeed,  
 We dream not of him : when we set our  
 hand  
 To this great work, we purposed with  
 ourself  
 Never to wed. You likewise will do well,  
 Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling  
 The tricks, which make us toys of men,  
 that so,  
 Some future time, if so indeed you will,  
 You may with those self-styled our lords  
 ally  
 Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with  
 scale.'

At those high words, we conscious of  
 ourselves,  
 Perused the matting ; then an officer  
 Rose up, and read the statutes, such as  
 these :  
 Not for three years to correspond with  
 home ;  
 Not for three years to cross the liberties ;  
 Not for three years to speak with any  
 men ;  
 And many more, which hastily subscribed,  
 We enter'd on the boards : and 'Now,'  
 she cried,  
 'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not.  
 Look, our hall !  
 Our statutes !—not of those that men  
 desire,  
 Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,  
 Nor stunted squaws of West or East ; but  
 she  
 That taught the Sabine how to rule, and  
 she  
 The foundress of the Babylonian wall,  
 The Carian Artemisia strong in war,  
 The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,  
 Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene

That fought Aurelian, and the Roman  
 brows  
 Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and  
 lose  
 Convention, since to look on noble forms  
 Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism  
 That which is higher. O lift you natures  
 up :  
 Embrace our aims : work out your free-  
 dom. Girls,  
 Knowledge is now no more a fountain  
 seal'd :  
 Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
 The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite  
 And slander, die. Better not be at all  
 Than not be noble. Leave us : you may  
 go :  
 To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue  
 The fresh arrivals of the week before ;  
 For they press in from all the provinces,  
 And fill the hive.'  
 She spoke, and bowing waved  
 Dismissal . back again we crost the court  
 To Lady Psyche's : as we enter'd in,  
 There sat along the forms, like morning  
 doves  
 That sun their milky bosoms on the  
 thatch,  
 A patient range of pupils ; she herself  
 Eject behind a desk of satin-wood,  
 A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-  
 eycd,  
 And on the hither side, or so she look'd,  
 Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,  
 In shining draperies, headed like a star,  
 Her maiden babe, a double April old,  
 Aglaia slept. We sat : the Lady glanced :  
 Then Florian, but no livelier than the  
 dame  
 That whisper'd 'Asses' ears,' among the  
 sedge,  
 'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that's  
 fair,'  
 Said Cyril. 'O hush, hush !' and she  
 began.  
 'This world was once a fluid haze of  
 light,  
 Till toward the centie set the starry tides,  
 And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast

The planets then the monster, then the man,  
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins, Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate,  
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here Among the lowest'

Thereupon she took

A bird's eye view of all the ungracious past,  
Glanced at the legendary Amazon As emblematic of a nobler age,  
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo , Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines  
Of empire, and the woman's state in each, How far from just, till warming with her theme  
She fulminated out her scorn of laws Salique And little footed China, touch'd on Mahomet  
With much contempt, and came to chivalry  
When some respect, however slight, was paid  
To woman, superstition all awry However then commenced the dawn a beam  
Had slanted forward, falling in a land Of promise, first would follow Deep, indeed,  
Then debt of thanks to her who first had died  
To leep the rotten pales of prejudice, Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert  
None lordlier than themselves but that which made  
Woman and man She had founded, they must build  
Here might they learn whatever men were taught  
Let them not few some said their heads were less  
Some men's were small, not they the least of men , For often sinness compensated size

Besides the biam was like the hund, and grew With using, thence the man's, if more was more , He took advantage of his strength to be First in the field some ages had been lost, But woman upon'd ealier, and her life Was longer, and albeit their glorious names Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth The highest is the measure of the man, And not the Kaffi, Hottentot, Malay, Nor those horning handed breakers of the glebe, But Homer, Plato, Virgil, even so With woman and in arts of government Elizabeth and others, arts of war The peasant Joan and others, arts of grace Sappho and others vied with any man And, last not least, she who had left her place, And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow To use and power on this Oasis, lapt In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight  
Of ancient influence and scorn At last She rose upon a wind of prophecy Dilating on the future, 'everywhere Two heads in council, two beside the heath, Two in the tangled business of the world, Two in the liberal offices of life, Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss Of science, and the secrets of the mind Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth Should bear a double growth of those true souls, Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world '  
She ended here, and beckon'd us the rest  
Printed, and, glowing full faced welcome, she

Began to address us, and was moving on  
In gratulation, till as when a boat  
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all  
her voice  
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she  
cried  
'My brother!' 'Well, my sister' 'O,'  
she said,  
'What do you here? and in this dress?  
and these?'  
Why who are these? a wolf within the  
fold!  
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious  
to me!  
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all'  
'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd  
'Wretched boy,  
How saw you not the inscription on the  
gate,  
LEI NO MAN ENTR IN ON PAIN OF  
DEATH?'  
'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could  
think  
The softer Adams of your Academe,  
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such  
As chant'd on the blanching bones of  
men?'  
'But you will find it otherwise' she said  
'You jest ill jesting with edge tools!  
my vow  
Binds me to speak, and O that non will,  
That xlabelle edge untunible, our Head,  
The Princess' 'Well then, Psyche, take  
my life,  
And rul me like a weasel on a grange  
For warning bury me beside the gate,  
And cut this epitaph above my bones,  
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,*  
*All for the common good of womankind'*  
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having  
seen  
And heard the Lady Psyche'  
I struck in  
'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the  
truth,  
Receive it, and in me behold the Prince  
Your countryman, affianced years ago  
To the Lady Ida here, for here she was,  
And thus (what other way was left) I  
came'

'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country,  
none,  
If any, this, but none Whate'er I was  
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here  
Affianced, Sir? love whispers my not  
breathe  
Within this vestal limit, and how should  
I,  
Who am not mine, say, live the thunder  
bolt  
Hangs silent, but prepare I speak, it  
falls'  
'Yet pause,' I said 'for that inscription  
therein,  
I think no more of deadly lurks therein,  
Than in a chipper clapping in a guth,  
To scree the fowl from fruit if more  
there be,  
If more und acted on, what follows? wai,  
Your own work mair'd for this your  
Academie,  
Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo  
Will topple to the trumpet down, and  
pass  
With all fair theories only made to gild  
A stormless summer' 'Let the Princess  
judge  
Of that' she said 'farewell, Sir—and  
to you  
I shudder at the sequel, but I go'  
'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I re-  
join'd,  
'The fifth in line from that old Flóinn,  
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall  
(The gaunt old Bruon with his blear brow  
Sun shaded in the heat of dusty lights)  
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he  
fell,  
And all else fled? we point to it, and  
we say,  
The loyal warmth of Flóinn is not cold,  
But branches cicut yet in I mind  
veins'  
'Are you that Psyche,' Flóinn added,  
'she  
With whom I sing about the morning  
hills,  
Flung bill, flew kite, and need the  
purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen? aie  
you  
That Psyche, wont to bind my throb'ring  
brow,  
To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming  
draught  
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read  
My sickness down to happy dreams? aie  
you  
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?  
You were that Psyche, but what are you  
now?  
' You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, ' for  
whom  
I would be that for ever which I seem,  
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,  
And glean your scatter'd sapience'  
Then once more,  
' Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,  
' That on her bridal morn before she part  
From all her old companions, when the  
king  
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that  
ancient ties  
Would still be dear beyond the southern  
hills,  
That were there any of our people there  
In want or peril, there was one to hear  
And help them? look! for such are these  
and I'  
' Are you that Psyche,' Florin ask'd,  
' to whom,  
In gentler days, you arrow-wounded fawn  
Came flying while you sat beside the well?  
The creature had his muzzle on your lip,  
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and  
the blood  
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you  
wept  
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet  
you wept  
O by the bright head of my little niece,  
You were that Psyche, and what are  
you now?  
' You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,  
' The mother of the sweetest little mind,  
That ever crow'd for kisses'  
                ' Out upon it!  
She answer'd, ' peace!' and why should  
I not play

The Spartan Mother with emotion, be  
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?  
Him you call great he for the common  
weal,  
The fading politics of mortal Rome,  
As I might slay this child, if good need  
were,  
Slew both his sons and I, shall I, on  
whom  
The secular emancipation turns  
Of half this world, be swerved from right  
to save  
A prince, a brother? a little will I yield  
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for  
you  
O hard, when love and duty clash! I feel  
My conscience will not count me flesh-  
less, yet—  
Hear my conditions promise (otherwise  
You perish) as you come, to slip away  
To-day, to-morrow, soon it shall be  
sud,  
These women were too bairnous, would  
not leavn,  
They fled, who might have shamed us  
promise, all'  
  
What could we else, we promised each,  
and she,  
Like some wild creature newly caged,  
commenced  
A to and fro, so pacing till she paused  
By Florin, holding out her lily arms  
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly  
said  
' I knew you at the first tho' you have  
grown  
You scarce have alter'd I am sad and  
glad  
To see you, Florin I give thee to death  
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I  
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it  
Our mother, is she well?'  
                With that she kiss'd  
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung  
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd  
up  
From out a common vein of memory  
Sweet household talk, and phisic of the  
heath,

And fair allusion, till the gracious dews  
Began to glisten and to fall and while  
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a  
voice,  
'I brought a message here from Lady  
Blanche'  
Back started she, and turning round we  
saw  
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she  
stood,  
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,  
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,  
That clad her like an April daffodilly  
(Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,  
And all her thoughts as fair within her  
eyes,  
As bottom agates seen to wave and float  
In crystal currents of clear morning seas

So stood that same fair creature at the  
door  
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melissa—you'  
You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon  
me  
I heard, I could not help it, did not  
wish  
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,  
Nor think I beat that heart within my  
breast,  
To give thee gallant gentlemen to death'  
'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two  
Were always friends, none closer, clin  
and vine  
But yet your mother's jealous tempera  
ment—  
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse,  
or prove  
The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fear  
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose  
My honour, these their lives' 'Ah, fear  
me not'  
Replied Melissa, 'no—I would not tell,  
No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,  
No, not to answer, Madam, all those  
hard things  
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon'  
'Be it so' the other, 'that we still may  
lead  
The new light up, and culminate in peace,  
For Solomon may come to Sh. br yet'

Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man  
Feasted the woman wisest then, in hills,  
Of Lebanonian cedar nor should you  
(Tho' Madam you should answer, we  
would ask)  
Less welcome find among us, if you came  
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,  
Myself for something more' He said  
not what,  
But 'Thanks,' she answer'd 'Go we have  
been too long  
Together keep your hoods about the  
face,  
They do so that affect abstraction here  
Speak little, mix not with the rest, and  
hold  
Your promise all, I trust, may yet be  
well'

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the  
child,  
And held her round the knees against his  
waist,  
And blew the swell'n cheek of a trumpeter,  
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and  
the child  
Push'd her flat hand 'ginst his face and  
lugh'd,  
And thus our conference closed  
And then we stoll'd  
For half the day thro' stately theatres  
Bench'd crescent wise In each we sit,  
we heard  
The grave Professor On the lecture  
slate  
The circle rounded under female hands,  
With flawless demonstration follow'd  
then  
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,  
With scraps of thundorous Epic lilted out  
By violet hooded Doctors, elegies  
And quoted odes, and jewels five words  
long  
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all  
Time  
Sparkle for ever then we dip't in all  
That treas'ry of whatsoever is, the state,  
The total chronicles of man, the mind,  
The moral, something of the firmc, the  
rock,

The star, the bud, the fish, the shell, the flower,  
 Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,  
 And whatsoever can be taught and known,  
 Till like three horses that have broken fence,  
 And glutted 'll night long breast deep in corn,  
 We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke  
 'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we'  
 'They hunt old trails' said Cyril 'very well,  
 But when did woman ever yet invent?'  
 'Ungacious!' answer'd Florrian, 'have you learnt  
 No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd  
 The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?'  
 'O trash' he said, 'but with a kernel in it  
 Should I not call her wise, who made me wise?  
 And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flush,  
 Than if my brumprin were an empty hull,  
 And evry Muse tumbled a scince in  
 A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,  
 And round these halls a thousand baby loves  
 Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,  
 Whence follows many a vacant pang, but O  
 With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,  
 The Head of all the golden shafted firm,  
 The long limb'd lad that hid a Psyche too,  
 He cleft me thro' the stomacher, and now  
 What think you of it, Florrian? do I chase  
 The substance or the shadow? will it hold?  
 I have no soicerie's malison on me,  
 No ghostly hauntings like his Highness I  
 Flatter myself that always evrywhrce  
 I know the substance when I see it Well,

Aie castles shadows? Three of them? Is she  
 The sweet proprietess a shadow? If not,  
 Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?  
 For deu are those three castles to my wants,  
 And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,  
 And two dear things are one of double worth,  
 And much I might have said, but that my zone  
 Unmann'd me then the Doctoris' O to hear  
 The Doctoris' O to watch the thirsty plants  
 Imbibing' once or twice I thought to roar,  
 To break my chain, to shake my mane but thou,  
 Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!  
 Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat,  
 Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet  
 Stir sisters answering under crescent brows,  
 Abate the stride, which speaks of man, and loose  
 A flying chain of blushes o'er this cheek,  
 Where they like swallows coming out of time  
 Will wonder why they come but hark the bell  
 For dinner, let us go! And in we stream'd  
 Among the columns, pacing staid and still  
 By twos and threes, till all from end to end  
 With beauties every shade of brown and fur  
 In colours gaye than the morning mist,  
 The long hall glister'd like a bed of flowers  
 How might a man not wander from his wits  
 Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own  
 Intent on her, who ript in glorious dreams,  
 The second sight of some Astræn age,  
 Sit compass'd with professors they, the while,

Discuss'd a doubt and lost it to and fro  
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost  
terms

Of art and science Lady Blanche alone  
Of faded form and haughtiest lineament,  
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,  
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger cat  
In act to spring

At last a solemn grace  
Concluded, and we sought the gardens  
there

One walk'd reclining by herself, and one  
In this hand held a volume as to read,  
And smoothed a petted peacock down  
with that

Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,  
O'er under arches of the marble bridge  
Hung, shadow'd from the heat some  
hid and sought

In the orange thickets others tost a ball  
Above the fountain-jets, and back again  
With laughter others lay about the  
lawns,

Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their  
May

Was passing what was learning unto  
them?

They wish'd to marry, they could rule a  
house,

Men hated learned women but we three  
Sat muffled like the Fates, and often  
came

Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts  
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,  
That hum'd not then dry droopt, the  
chapel bells

Call'd us we left the walks, we mixt  
with those

Six hundred maidens clad in purtest white,  
Before two streams of light from wall to  
wall,

While the great organ almost burst his  
pipes,

Glorious for power, and rolling thro' the  
court

A long melodious thunder to the sound  
Of solemn psalms, and silver litany,  
The work of Idi, to call down from  
Heaven

A blessing on her labours for the world

## III

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waves go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him agan to me,  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon  
Rest, rest, on mother's brest,  
Father will come to thee soon  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver suls all out of the west  
Under the silver moon  
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep

Morn in the white wake of the morning  
star

Came fuming all the orient into gold  
We rose, and each by other drest with  
cuse

Descended to the court that lay thick pruts  
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were  
touch'd

Above the darkness from their native Erit

I here while we stood beside the fount,  
and watch'd

O! seem'd to watch the dancing bubble,  
approach'd

Melissa, tinged with win from lack of  
sleep,

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy  
eyes

The circled Iris of a night of tears,  
'And fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet  
you may!

My mother knows, and when I ask'd  
her 'how,'

'My fault' she wept 'my fault' and yet  
not mine,

Yet mine in put O here me, pardon  
me

My mother, 'tis her wont from night to  
night

To rul u Lady Psyche and her side  
She says the Princess should have been  
the Head,

Herself and Lady Psyche the two arm.,

And so it was agreed when first they  
came,  
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,  
And she the left, or not, or seldom used,  
Hers more than half the students, all the  
love

And so last night she fell to canvass you  
*H.*, countynomen! she did not envy  
her

"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?  
Guys?—more like men!" and at these  
words the snake,  
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast,  
And oh, Sus, could I help it, but my  
cheek

Began to burn and burn, and her lynx  
eye  
To fix and make me hotter, till she  
laugh'd

"O marvellously modest maiden, you!  
Men! girls, like men! why, if they had  
been men

You need not set your thoughts in rubric  
thus

For wholesale comment" Pardon, I am  
shamed

That I must needs repeat for my excuse  
What looks so little graceful "men"  
(for still

My mother went revolving on the word)  
"And so they are,—very like men in  
died—

And with that woman clostid for hours!"  
Then came these dreadful words out one  
by one,

"Why—these—*as*,—men" I shudder'd  
"and you know it,"

"O ask me nothing," I said "And she  
knows too,

And she conceals it" So my mother  
clutch'd

The truth at once, but with no word from  
me,

And now thus only risen she goes to  
inform

The Princess Lady Psyche will be  
crush'd,

But you may yet be saved, and therefore  
fly

But heal me with your pardon ere you go"

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a  
blush?"

Said Cyril "Pale one, blush again than  
we're

Those lies, better blush our lives away  
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in  
Heaven'

He added, 'lest some classic Angel speak  
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Gany  
medes,

To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn  
But I will melt this marble into wax  
To yield us farther furlough' and he went

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and  
thought

He scarce would prosper "Tell us,"  
Florian ask'd,

"How grew this feud betwixt the right  
and left"

"O long ago," she said, "betwixt those  
two

Dvision smoulders hidden, 'tis my  
mother,

Too jealous, often fateful as the wind  
Pent in a crevice much I bear with her  
I never knew my father, but she says,  
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool,  
And still she rul'd aginst the state of  
things

She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,  
And from the Queen's decease she brought  
her up

But when your sister came she won the  
heart

Of Ida they were still together, grew  
(For so they said themselves) insouciant,  
Consonant chords that shiver to one note,  
One mind in all things yet my mother  
still

Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,  
And angled with them for her pupil's love  
She calls her plagiarist, I know not what  
But I must go I dare not tarry, and  
light,

As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled

Then murmur'd Florian giving after  
her,

"An open hearted maiden, true and pure

If I could love, why this were she how pretty  
 Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,  
 As if to close with Cyril's random wish  
 Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,  
 Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,  
 The dove may murmur of the dove, but I An eagle clung an eagle to the sphere  
 My princess, O my princess ! true she ers,  
 But in her own grand way being herself Three times more noble than three score  
     of men,  
 She sees herself in every woman else,  
 And so she wears her error like a crown  
     to blind the truth and me for her, and her,  
 Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix  
 The nectar, but—oh she—whene'er she moves  
 The Samian Herè rises and she speaks  
 A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun'

So saying from the court we passed,  
     and gain'd  
 The terrace ranged along the Northern front,  
 And leaning there on those balusters, high  
 Above the empurpled champign, drank  
     the gale  
 That blown about the foliage underneath,  
 And sated with the innumerable rose,  
 Beat balm upon our eyelids Hitherto came  
 Cyril, and yawning 'O hard task,' he cried,  
 'No fighting shadows here ! I forced a way  
 This' solid opposition crabb'd and gnul'd  
 Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump  
 A league of street in summer solstice down,  
 Than hummer at this reverend gentlewoman

I knock'd und, bidden, entw'd, found hei there  
 At point to move, and settled in hei eyes  
 The green malignant light of coming storm  
 Sir, I was courteous, every phuse well oil'd,  
 As man's could be, yet maiden-meek I pray'd  
 Concealment she demanded who we were,  
 And why we came ? I fibbled nothing sun,  
 But, your example pilot, told her all  
 Up went the hush'd amaze of hand und eye  
 But when I dwelt upon your old affrince,  
 She answer'd shrpily that I talk'd astray  
 I urged the fierce inscription on the grite,  
 And our three lives True—we had limed ourselves  
 With open eyes, and we must take the chance  
 But such extremes, I told hei, well might harm  
 The woman's cause "Not more than now," she said,  
 "So puddled is it is with favouritism "  
 I tried the mother's heart Shame might befall  
 Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew  
 Her answer w<sup>s</sup> "Leave me to deal with that"  
 I spoke of wu to come und many deaths,  
 And she replied, her duty was to speak,  
 And duty duty, clear of consequences  
 I grew disengaged, Sir, but since I knew  
 No rock so hard but that a little wive  
 May beat admission in a thousand years,  
 I recommenced, "Decide not ere you pause  
 I find you hei but in the second place,  
 Some say the third—the authentic soundness  
     you  
 I offer boldly we will sent you highest  
 Wink at our advent help my prince to gain  
 His rightful bride, und here I promise  
     you  
 Some palice in our land, where you shall reign

The head and heart of all our fair she  
world,  
And you great name flow on with broad-  
ening time  
For ev'ry " Well, she balanced this a  
little,  
And told me she would answer us to-day,  
Meantime be mute thus much, nor more  
I gain'd '

He ceasing, came a message from the  
Head  
' T hat afternoon the Princess rode to take  
The dip of cert'ain stiata to the North  
Would we go with her? we should find  
the land  
Without seeing, and the river made a fall  
Out yonder ' then she pointed on to  
where  
A double hill ran up his furrowy folks  
Beyond the thick leaved platans of the  
vale

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thio'  
all  
Its range of duties to the appointed hour  
Then summon'd to the porch we went  
She stood  
Among her maidens, higher by the head,  
Her back against a pillar, her foot on  
one  
Of those tame leopards Kittenlike he  
roll'd  
And paw'd about her sundal I drew  
near,  
I gazed On a sudden my strange scruie  
came  
Upon me, the wend vision of our house  
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,  
Her gay fun'd cats a painted fantasy,  
Her college and her maidens, empty  
masks,  
And I myscif the shadow of a dieum,  
For all things were and were not Yet  
I felt  
My heart beat thick with passion and  
with awe,  
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh  
Blake, as she smote me with the light of  
eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and  
shook

My pulses, till to hoise we got, and so  
Went forth in long retinue following up  
The river as it narrow'd to the hills

I rode beside her and to me she said  
' O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us  
not  
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn,  
Unwillinglye we spake ' ' No—not to her,'  
I answer'd, ' but to one of whom we spake  
Your Highness might have seem'd the  
thing you say '  
' Again ' she cried, ' ne you ambassa  
dresses  
From him to me? we give you, being  
strange,  
A license speak, and let the topic die '

I stammer'd that I knew him—could  
have wish'd—  
' Our king expects—was there no pie-  
contact?  
There is no truer hearted—ah, you seem  
All he prefigured, and he could not see  
The bnd of passage flying south but  
long'd  
To follow surely, if your Highness keep  
Your purpoit, you will shock him ev'n to  
death,  
Or biser courses, children of despan '

' Poor boy,' she said, ' can he not read  
—no books?  
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals  
in that  
Which men delight in, martial exercise?  
To nurse a blind ideal like a gull,  
Methinks he seems no better than a gull,  
As girls were once, as we ourself have  
been  
We had our dreams, perchaps he mist  
with them  
We touch on our dead self, noi shun to  
do it,  
Being other—since we leunt our meaning  
here,  
To lift the woman's fall'n divinity,  
Upon an even pedestrl with man,

She paused, and added with a haughty  
smile  
' And as to precontracts, we move, my  
friend,  
At no man's beck, but know ourself and  
thee,  
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out  
She kept her state, and left the drunken  
king  
To bawl at Shushan underneath the  
palms '

' Alas your Highness breathes full  
East,' I said,  
' On that which leans to you I know  
the Prince,  
I prize his truth and then how vast a  
work  
To assail this gray preeminence of man!  
You grant me license, might I use it?  
think,  
Ere half be done perchance your life may  
fail,  
Then comes the feebler heiness of your  
plan,  
And takes and ruins all, and thus your  
puns  
May only make that footprint upon sand  
Which old recurring waves of prejudice  
Resmooth to nothing might I dred  
that you,  
With only Fame for spouse and your  
great deeds  
For issue, yet may live in vain, and mis,  
Meanwhile, what every woman counts  
her due,  
Love, children, happiness?'  
And she exclaim'd,  
' Peace, you young savage of the Northern  
wild'  
What ' tho' your Prince's love were like  
a God's,  
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?  
You are bold indeed we are not talk'd  
to thus  
Yet will we say for children, would they  
grew  
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like  
them well  
But children die, and let me tell you, girl,

Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot  
die,  
They with the sun and moon renew their  
light  
For ever, blessing those that look on  
them  
Children—that men may pluck them from  
our hearts,  
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—  
O—children—there is nothing upon earth  
More miserable than she that has a son  
And sees him err nor would we work  
for fame,  
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause  
of Grecia,  
Who leans the one POU SIO whence after  
hands  
May move the world, tho' she herself effect  
But little wherefore up and act, nor  
shrink  
For fear our solid aim be dissipated  
By frail successors Would, indeed, we  
had been,  
In lieu of many mortal flies, rice  
Of giants living, each, a thousand years,  
That we might see our own work out,  
and watch  
The sandy footprint harden into stone '

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself  
If that strange Poet-princess with her  
grand  
Imaginations might at all be won  
And she broke out interpreting my  
thoughts

' No doubt we seem a kind of monster  
to you,  
We are used to that for women, up till  
this  
Cramp'd under worse than South sea isle  
tiboo,  
Dwarfs of the gynceum, fail so far  
In high desire, they know not, cannot  
guess  
How much their welfare is a passion to  
us  
If we could give them succ, quicker  
proof—  
Oh if our end were less achievable

By slow approaches, than by single act  
Of immolation, any phase of death,  
We were as prompt to spring against the  
pikes,  
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,  
To compass our dear sisters' liberties'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear,  
And up we came to where the river sloped  
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black  
blocks  
A breadth of thunder! O'er it shook the  
woods,  
And danced the colour, and, below, stuck  
out  
The bones of some vast bulk, that lived  
and roar'd  
Before man was She gazed awhile and  
said,  
'As these rude bones to us, are we to  
her  
That will be' 'Dare we dream of that,'  
I ask'd,  
'Which wrought us, is the workman and  
his work,  
That practise betters?' 'How,' she cried,  
'you love  
The metaphysics! and I un our prize,  
A golden brooch beneath an emerald  
planc  
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died  
Of hemlock, our device, wrought to the  
life,  
She rapt upon her subject, he on her  
For there are schools for all' 'And yet'  
I said  
'Methinks I have not found among them  
all  
One anatomic' 'Nay, we thought of  
that,'  
She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not in  
truth  
We shudder but to dream our muids  
should ape  
Those monstrous moids that carve the  
living hound,  
And clam him with the fragments of the  
grave,  
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,  
And holy serets of this microcosm,

Dribbling a shameless hand with shameful  
jest,  
Encainalize their spirits yet we know  
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter  
hangs  
Howbeit ouself, foreseeing casualty,  
Nor willing men should come among us,  
leant,  
For many weary moons before we came,  
This craft of healing Were you sick,  
ouself  
Would tend upon you To your question  
now,  
Which touches on the workman and his  
work  
Let there be light and there was light  
'tis so  
For was, and is, and will be, aie but is ,  
And all creation is one act at once,  
The birth of light but we that aie not all,  
As parts, can see but parts, now this,  
now that,  
And live, perforce, from thought to  
thought, and make  
One act a phantom of succession thus  
Our weakness somehow shapes the  
shadow, Time ,  
But in the shadow will we work, and  
mould  
The woman to the fuller day '  
She spoke  
With kindled eyes we rode a league  
beyond,  
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing,  
came  
On flowery levels underneath the crag,  
Full of all beauty 'O how sweet' I said  
(For I was half oblivious of my mask)  
'To linger here with one that loved us '  
'Yea,'  
She answer'd, 'or with fan philosophies  
That lift the fancy, for indeed these fields  
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,  
Where paced the Demigods of old, and  
saw  
The soft white vapour streak the crowned  
towers  
Built to the Sun ' then, turning to her  
muids,  
'Pitch our pavilon here upon the swuid,

Lay out the viands' At the word, they raised  
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought  
With fair Corinna's triumph, here she stood,  
Engirt with many a florid maiden cheek,  
The woman conqueror, woman conquir'd  
there  
The bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns,  
And all the men mourn'd at his side but we  
Set forth to climb, then, climbing, Cyril kept  
With Psyche, with Melissa Florina, I  
With mine affianced Many a little hund  
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,  
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set  
In the dark ring and then we turn'd, we wound  
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,  
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names  
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap  
and tuff,  
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun  
Grew broader toward his death and fell,  
and all  
The rosy heights came out above the lawns

## IV

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story  
The long light shrikes across the lake,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying  
O hark, O hear! how thin and clear  
And thinner, clearer, farther going'  
O sweet and far from cliff and sea  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying  
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying  
O love, they die in yon rich soil  
They fawn on hill or field or river  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

'There sinks the nebulous star we call  
the Sun,  
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound'  
Said Ida, 'let us down and rest,' and we  
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,  
By every coppice feather'd chasm and cleft,  
Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where below  
No bigger than a glow worm shone the tent  
Lamp lit from the inner Once she leant  
on me,  
Descending, once or twice she lent her hand,  
And blissful palpitations in the blood,  
Stirring a sudden transport rose and fall  
But when we planted level feet, and  
dipt  
Beneath the satin dome and entir'd in,  
There leaping deep in broider'd down we sink  
Our elbows on a tripod in the midst  
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd  
Flint, blossom, viand, amber wine, and  
gold  
Then she, 'Let some one sing to us,  
lightlier move  
The minutes fledged with music' and a  
mild,  
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and  
sing

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
I cars from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sun,  
That brings our friends up from the undry world,  
Said is the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more  
'Ah, sad and stirring is in dark summer day  
The earliest pipe of half awakened birds  
I o dying ewes when unto dying eyes  
The clement slowly grows a glimmering square  
So sad, so stirring, the days that are no more'

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others, deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more'

She ended with such passion that the teal,  
She sang of, shook and fell, an evening pearl  
Lost in her bosom but with some disdain  
Answer'd the Princess, 'If indeed there haunt  
About the moulder'd lodges of the Past  
So sweet a voice and tongue, fatal to men,  
Well nild it we should cram our ears  
with wool  
And so pace by but thine are fancies hatch'd  
In silken lidded idleness, nor is it  
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,  
But turn our sails, and let old bygones be,  
While down the streams that float us each and all  
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,  
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste  
Becomes a cloud for all things serve that time  
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights,  
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end  
Found golden let the past be past, let be  
Then cancell'd Babels tho' the tough hex break  
The stain'd mosaic, and the beard-blown goat  
Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree split  
Then monstrous idols, care not while we heu  
A trumpet in the distance pealing news  
Of batter, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns  
Above the unisen morrow ' then to me,  
'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,

'Not such as moans about the retrospect,  
But deals with the other distance and the hues  
Of promise, not a death's head at the wine'

Then I remember'd one myself had made,  
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south  
From mine own land, part made long since, and part  
Now while I sing, and mundenlike as far  
As I could pipe their tieble, did I sing

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves

'O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying is the tenderish delay  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee

I cens'd, and all the ladies, each at each,  
Like the Ithacensisian suitors in old time,  
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,  
And knew not what they meant, for still  
my voice  
Rang false but smiling 'Not for thee,'  
she said,

'O Bulbul, my rose of Gulistan  
 Shall burst her veil maish divers, rather,  
     maid,  
 Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow  
     crake  
 Grate her harsh kindied in the grass and  
     this  
 A meie love-poem! O soi such, my friend,  
 We hold them slight they mind us of  
     the time  
 When we made bricks in Egypt Knaves  
     are men,  
 That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,  
 And dress the victim to the offering up  
 And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,  
 And play the slave to gun the tyranny  
 Poor soul! I hâd a maid of honour once,  
 She wept her true eyes blind for such a  
     one,  
 A rogue of canzonets and serenades  
 I loved her Peace be with her She  
     is dead  
 So they blaspheme the muse! But great  
     is song  
 Used to great ends ourself have often  
     tried  
 Valkyrian hymns, oï into rythm have  
     dash'd  
 The passion of the prophetess, for song  
 Is duer unto freedom, force and growth  
 Of spirit thin to junketing und love  
 Love is it? Would this same mock love,  
     and this  
 Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter  
     bats,  
 Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,  
 Not vassals to be beat, noi pretty babes  
 To be dandled, no, but living wills, and  
     sphered  
 Whole in ourselves and owed to none  
     Enough!  
 But now to leaven play with profit, you,  
 Know you no song, the true growth of  
     you soil,  
 That gives the mannes of your country-  
     women?'

She spoke and twin'd her sumptuous  
     head with eyes  
 Of shining expectation fixt on mine

Then while I dragg'd my bruns for such  
     a song,  
 Cyril with whom the bell mouth'd glass  
     had wrought,  
 Or mister'd by the sense of sport, began  
 To troll a careless, careless tavern catch  
 Of Moll und Meg, und strange experiences  
 Unmeet for ladies Florim nodded at  
     him,  
 I frowning, Psyche flush'd and wunn'd  
     and shook,  
 The lilylike Melissi dioop'd her brows,  
 'Forbear,' the Princess cried, 'Forben,  
     Sî I,  
 And heited thro' and tho' with wirh  
     and love,  
 I smote him on the brest, he started  
     up,  
 There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd,  
 McLissa clamour'd 'Flee the death,' 'lo  
     horse'  
 Sud Ida, 'home' to horse! and fled,  
     as flies  
 A troop of snowy doves thwnt the dusk,  
 When some one littas at the dovecote  
     doors,  
 Disorderly the women Alone I stood  
 With Florim, cursing Cyril, vest u huit,  
 In the pavilion thcie like puting hopes  
 I heard them passing from me hoof by  
     hoof,  
 And every hoof a knell to my dearies  
 Clung d on the bridge, and then another  
     shriek,  
 'The Head, the Head, the Princess, O  
     the Head!'  
 For blind with rage she miss'd the plunk,  
     and roll d  
 In the river Out I sprang from glow to  
     gloom  
 There whirl'd hei white robe like a  
     blossom'd branch  
 Ript to the horibble fall a glance I gwe,  
 No more, but woman vested as I was  
 Plunged, and the flood drew, yet I  
     caught her, then  
 Owing one aim, and beving in my left  
 The weight of all the hopes of half the  
     world,  
 Strove to bullet to land in vun A tree

Was half disrooted from his place and  
stoop'd  
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling  
wave  
Mid-channel Right on this we drove  
and caught,  
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd  
the shore

There stood hei maidens glimmeringly  
group'd  
In the hollow bank One reaching  
forward drew  
My burthen from mine arms, they cried  
'she lives'  
They boie hei back into the tent but I,  
So much a kind of shame within me  
wrought,  
Not yet endur'd to meet hei opening eyes,  
Nor found my friends, but push'd alone  
on foot  
(For since her hoise was lost I lefthermine)  
Across the woods, and less from Indian  
caft  
Than bee like instinct hiveward, found at  
length  
The garden portals Two great stitues,  
Art  
And Sciencc, Caiyatids, lifted up  
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were  
valves  
Of open work in which the hunter rued  
His rash intusion, manlike, but his brows  
Had sprouted, and the branches therupon  
Spread out at top, and grimly spik'd the  
gates

A little space was left between the  
horns,  
Thio' which I clamber'd o'er at top with  
pain,  
Dropt on the swaird, and up the linden  
walks,  
And, tost on thoughts that changed from  
hue to hue,  
Now poing on the glowworm, now the  
star,  
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had  
wheel'd  
Thio' a great vic his seven slow suns

A step  
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form  
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain  
gloom,  
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this  
were she,'  
But it was Floian 'Hist O Hist,' he  
said,  
'They seek us out so late is out of  
rules  
Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the cry  
How came you here?' I told him 'I'  
said he,  
'I ast of the tiam, a moral leper, I,  
so whom none spake, half-sick 't heart,  
return'd  
Arriving all confused among the rest  
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,  
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath  
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw  
Gul after gul was call'd to trial each  
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us last of  
all,  
Melissa trust me, Su, I pitied her  
She, question'd if she knew us men, at  
first  
Was silent, closer prest, denied it not  
And then, demanded if hei mother knew,  
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied  
From whence the Royal mind, familiar  
with her,  
Easily gather'd either guilt She sent  
For Psyche, but she was not there, she  
call'd  
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doois,  
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to  
face,  
And I slipt out but whither will you now?  
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are  
fled  
What, if together? that were not so well  
Would rather we had never come! I dread  
His wildness, and the chances of the daik.'  
  
'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more  
than I  
I hat stuck him this is proper to the  
clown,  
Tho' smock'd, or fun'd and purpled, still  
the clown,

To haim the thing that trusts him, and to  
shame  
That which he says he loves for Cynl,  
howe'er

He deal in frolic, as to night—the song  
Might have been woise and sinn'd in  
grossel lips

Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold  
These flashes on the surface aie not he  
He has a solid base of temperament  
But as the waterlily staits and slides  
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,  
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he'

Scaice had I ceased when from a tamarisk  
neal

Two Proctois leapt upon us, crying,  
'Names'

He, standing still, was clutch'd, but I  
began

To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind  
And double in and out the boles, and ice  
By all the fountains fleet I was of foot  
Before me showei'd the rose in flakes  
behind

I heard the puff'd pursuer, at mine eui  
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,  
And secret laughter tickled all my soul  
At last I hook'd my anklc in a vine,  
That claspt the feet of a Mnemoync,  
And falling on my face was caught and  
known

They haled us to the Princess where  
she sat

High in the hill above hei droop'd a  
lamp,

And made the single jewel on hei brow  
Bun like the mystic fire on a mast  
head,

Prophet of storm a handmaid on each  
side

Bow'd toward hei, combing out her long  
black hair

Damp from the river, and close behind  
her stood

Eight daughters of the plough, stronger  
than men,

Huge women blowzed with health, and  
wind, and run,

And labour Each was like a Druid rock,  
Or like a spue of land that stands apart  
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about  
with mews

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing  
clove

An advent to the thone and therebeside,  
Half naked as if caught at once from bed  
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay  
The lily shining child, and on the left,  
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from  
wlong,

Her round white shoulder shaken with her  
sobs,

Melissi knelt, but Lady Blanche erect  
Stood up and spoke, an affluent orator.

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old  
days

You prizd my counsel, livid upon my  
lips

I led you then to all the Crastaries,  
I fed you with the milk of every Muse,  
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me  
Your second mother those were glarious  
times

Then came your new friend you began  
to change—

I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to  
cool,

Till taken with her seeming openness  
You turn'd your warmer currents all to  
her,

To me you froze this was my need for all  
Yet I bore up in pain from ancient love,  
And partly that I hoped to win you back,  
And partly conscious of my own deserts,  
And partly that you were my civil head,  
And chiefly you were born for something  
great,

In which I might your fellow worker be,  
When time should serve, and thus a noble  
scheme

Grew up from seed we two long since had  
sown,

In us true growth, in hei a Jonah's gourd,  
Up in one night and due to sudden sun  
We took this palace, but even from the  
first

You stood in your own light and darken'd  
mine  
What student came but that you planed  
her path  
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,  
A foreigner, and I your countiywoman,  
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?  
But still her lists were swell'd and mune  
were lean,  
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known  
Then came these wolves *they knew her*  
*they endured,*  
Long-closeted with her the yestermoin,  
To tell her what they were, and she to  
heal  
And me none told not less to an eye like  
mine  
A lidless watcher of the public weal,  
Last night, their mask was patent, and my  
foot  
Was to you but I thought agun I fear'd  
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall  
hear of it  
From Lady Psyche " you had gone to  
her,  
She told, perforce, and winningeysgrace,  
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd  
among us  
In our young nursey still unknown, the  
stem  
Less grain than touchwood, while my  
honest heat  
Were all miscounted as malignant haste  
To push my livl out of place and power  
But public use required she should be  
known,  
And since my oath was t'en for public  
use,  
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense  
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them  
well,  
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief  
done,  
And yet this day (tho' you should hate  
me for it)  
I came to tell you , found that you had  
gone,  
Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise now, I  
thought,  
That surely she will speak , if not, then I

Did she? These monsters blazon'd what  
they were,  
According to the coarseness of theu kind,  
For thus I hear , and known at last (my  
work)  
And full of cowaidice and guilty shame,  
I grant in her some sense of shame, she  
flies ,  
And I remain on whom to wreak your  
rage,  
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,  
I that have wasted here health, wealth,  
and time,  
And talent, I—you know it—I will not  
boast  
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,  
Divorced from my experience, will be chaff  
For every gust of chance, and men will say  
We did not know the rel light, but chased  
The wisp that flickers where no foot can  
tread '

She ceased the Princess answer'd  
coldly, 'Good  
Your oath is broken we dismiss you go  
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the  
child)  
Our mind is changed we take it to our  
self '

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture  
thioat,  
And shot from crooked lips a haggard  
smile  
'The plan wis mine I built the nest'  
she said  
'To hatch the cuckoo Rise ' and stoop'd  
to updrag  
Melissa she, half on her mother propt,  
Half dooping from her, turn'd her face,  
and cast  
A liquid look on Id, full of piayer,  
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,  
A Niobeann daughter, one arm out,  
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven , and  
while  
We gazed upon her came a little stu  
About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd  
Among us, out of breath, is one pursued,  
A woman post in flying raiment Fear

Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face,  
and wing'd  
Her transit to the thone, whereby she fell  
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the  
Head

Took half amazed, and in her lion's mood  
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise  
Regarding, while she read, till over brow  
And cheek and bosom blake the writh  
ful bloom

As of some fire against a stormy cloud,  
When the wild peasant lights himself, the  
rick

Flames, and his anger reddens in the  
heavens,  
For anger most it seem'd, while now her  
breast,  
Beaten with some great passion at her  
heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard  
In the dead hush the paper that she held  
Rustle at once the lost lamb at her feet  
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam,  
The plaintive cry jar'd on her ne, she  
crush'd

The scrolls together, made a sudden turn  
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,  
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should  
say

'Read,' and I read—two letters—one her  
sne's

'Fair daughter, when we sent the  
Prince your way

We knew not your ungracious laws, which  
learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are  
built,

Came all in hreste to hinder wrong, but fell  
Into his father's hands, who has this night,  
You lying close upon his territory,  
Slipt round and in the dark invested you,  
And here he keeps me hostage for his son'

The second was my father's running  
thus

'You have our son touch not a hair of  
his head  
Render him up unscathed give him your  
hand

Cleave to your contract tho' indeed we  
heat

You hold the woman is the better man,  
A rampant heresy, such as if it spred  
Would make all women lick aginst their  
Lords

This' all the world, and which might well  
deserve

That we this night should pluck your  
palace down,

And we will do it, unless you send us back  
Our son, on the instant, whole'

So far I read,  
And then stood up and spol e impetuously

'O not to pry and peer on your reserve,  
But led by golden wishes, and a hope  
The child of regal compact, did I break  
Your precinct, not a scorner of your sex  
But venerable, zealous it should be  
All that it might be here me, for I ben,  
I ho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er you  
wrong,

From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a  
life

Less mine than yours my nurse would  
tell me of you,  
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,  
Vague brightness, when a boy, you stoop'd  
to me

From all high places, lived in ill sun lights,  
Came in long breezes ript from inmost  
south

And blown to inmost north, at eve and  
dawn

With Idi, Ida, Idi, rang the woods,  
The leader wildswain among the stars  
Would clang it, and lipt in wreaths of  
glowworm light

The mellow breal ci murmu'r'd Idi Now,  
Because I would have reach'd you, had  
you been

Sphered up with Cassiopeia, or the un  
throned

Persephon'i in Hades, now at length,  
Those winters of thylene all worn out,  
A man I came to see you but, indeed,  
Not in this sequence can I lend full  
tongue,  
O noble Idi, to those thoughts that wait

On you, their centre let me say but this,  
That many a famous man and woman,  
    town  
And kindship, have I heard of, after seen  
The dwarfs of pessage tho' when known,  
    thee grew  
Another kind of beauty in detail  
Made them worth knowing, but in you  
    I found  
My boyish dream involved and dazzled  
    down  
And master'd, while that after-beauty  
    makes  
Such head from act to act, from hour to  
    hour,  
Within me, that except you slay me here,  
According to you bitter statute book,  
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say  
The seal does music, who desue you  
    more  
Than growing boys their manhood, dy-  
    ing lips,  
With many thousand matters left to do,  
The breath of life, O moie than poor  
    men wealth,  
Thin sick men health—yours, yours, not  
    mine—but half  
Without you, with you, whole, and of  
    those halves  
You worthest, and how'e'er you block  
    and bar  
Your heart with system out from mine, I  
    hold  
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,  
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms  
To follow up the worthest till he die  
Yet that I cume not all unauthouzed  
Behold your father's letter '

On one knee

Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught,  
    and dash'd  
Unopen'd ut her feet a tide of fiece  
Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,  
As waits a river level with the dam  
Ready to burst and flood the world with  
    foam  
And so she would have spoken, but there  
    rose  
A hubbub in the court of half the maids  
Gather'd together from the illumined hall

Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er  
    press  
Of snowy shouldeis, thick as heided  
    ewes,  
And rainbow robes, and gems and gem  
    like eyes,  
And gold and golden heads, they to and  
    fro  
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red,  
    some pale,  
All open mouth'd, all gazing to the light,  
Some crying there was an army in the  
    land,  
And some that men were in the very  
    walls,  
And some they cared not, till a clamour  
    grew  
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,  
And worse confounded high above them  
    stood  
The placid marble Muses, looking peace  
  
Not peace she look'd, the Head but  
    rising up  
Robed in the long night of her deep hair,  
    so  
To the open window moved, remaining  
    there  
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves  
Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye  
Glaies ruin, and the wild birds on the  
    light  
Dash themselves dead She stretch'd  
    her arms and call'd  
Across the tumult and the tumult fell  
  
‘What fear ye, brawlers? am not I  
    your Head?  
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks  
    I due  
All these male thunderbolts what is it  
    ye fear?  
Peace! there are those to avenge us and  
    they come  
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,  
To unful the maiden banns of our nights,  
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,  
O, falling, protomartyrs of our cause,  
Die yet I blame you not so much for  
    fear,

Six thousand years of fear have made you  
that  
From which I would redeem you but  
for those  
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I  
know  
Your faces there in the crowd—to morrow  
morn  
We hold a great convention then shall  
they  
That love their voices more than duty,  
leain  
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame  
to live  
No wiser than their mothers, household  
stuff,  
Live chattels, munsters of each other's  
fume,  
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,  
The drunkard's football, laughing stocks  
of Time,  
Whose brains are in their hands and in  
their heels,  
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to  
thrum,  
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to  
scour,  
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad,  
  
She, ending, waved her hands thereat  
the crowd  
Muttering, dissolved then with a smile,  
that look'd  
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the chff,  
When all the glens are drown'd in azure  
gloom  
Of thunder shower, she floated to us and  
said  
  
'You have done well and like a  
gentleman,  
And like a prince you have our thanks  
for all  
And you look well too in your woman's  
dress  
Well have you done and like a gentleman  
You saved our life we owe you bitter  
thanks  
Better have died and spilt our bones in  
the flood—

Then men had sud—but now—What  
hinders me  
To take such bloody vengeance on you  
both?—  
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good  
hive,  
You would-be quenchers of the light to  
be,  
Barbarians, grosser than your native  
bears—  
O would I hid his sceptie for one hour!  
You that have dured to break our bound,  
and gull'd  
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and  
thwarted us—  
I wed with thee! I bound by precontract  
Your bride, your bondserv'c not tho' all  
the gold  
That veins the world were pack'd to  
make your crown,  
And every spoken tongue should lord  
you Sir,  
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful  
to us  
I trample on your offers and on you  
Begone we will not look upon you more  
Hie, push them out at gates'  
In wrath she spake  
Then those eight mighty daughters of the  
plough  
Bent their broad faces toward us and  
address'd  
Their motion twice I sought to plead  
my cause,  
But on my shoulder hung their heavy  
hands,  
The weight of destiny so from her face  
They push'd us, down the steps, and  
thro' the court,  
And with grim laughter thrust us out at  
gates  
  
We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty  
mound  
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and  
heard  
The voices murmuring While I listen'd,  
came  
On a sudden the weird seizure and the  
doubt

I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,  
The Princess with her monstrous woman guard,  
The jest and earnest working side by side,  
The cataract and the tumult and the kings  
Were shadows, and the long fantastic night

With all its doings had and had not been,  
And all things were and were not

This went by

As strangely as it came, and on my spirits  
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy,  
Not long, I shook it off, for spite of doubts  
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one  
To whom the touch of all mischance but came

As night to him that sitting on a hill  
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun  
Set into sunrise, then we moved away

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands,  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood 'bout thy knee,  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thine

So Lilia sang we thought her half possess'd,  
She struck such waibling fury thro' the words,  
And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd  
The rallery, or grotesque, or false sub lime—

Like one that wishes at a dance to change  
The music—clapt her hands and cried  
for wai,  
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end  
And he that next inherited the tale  
Half turning to the biol en statue, said,  
'Sir Ralph has got your coloures if I piove  
Your lnight, and fight you brittle, what for me?'

It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb

Lay by her like a model of her hand  
She took it and she flung it 'Fight'  
she said,  
'And make us all we would be, gfeat  
and good'

He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,  
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,  
Arranged the favou, and assumed the Prince

### V

Now, scarce threee paces measured from  
the mound,

We stumbled on a stationary voice,  
And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from the palace' I

'The second two they wait,' he said,  
'pass on,  
His Highness wakes' and one, that clash'd in ums,  
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas led

Threading the soldier city, till we heard  
The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake

From blazon'd hons o'er the imperial tent  
Whispers of war

Entering, the sudden light  
Dazed me half blind I stood and seem'd to hear,

As in a poplu grove when a light wind wakes

A hisping of the innumorous leaf and dies,  
Each hissing in his neighbour's ear, and then

A strangled titter, out of which there blake

On all sides, clamouring etiquette to death,

Unmeasured mirth, while now the two old lings

Began to wag thru baldness up and down,  
The flesh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,

The huge bush-bearded Barons herved and blew,

And slam with laughter roll'd the gilded Squire

At length my Sue, his rough cheek  
wet with tears,  
Panted from weary sides 'King, you are  
free'  
We did but keep you surely for our son,  
If this be he,—or a diagged mawkin,  
thou,  
That tends her blustled gruntings in the  
sludge'  
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn  
with briers,  
More crumpled than a poppy from the  
sheath,  
And all one rag, disprnced from head to  
heel  
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted  
palm  
A whisper'd jest to some one near him,  
'Look,  
He has been among his shadows' 'Satin  
take  
The old women and their shadows' (thus  
the King  
Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight with  
men  
Go Cyril told us all'

As boys that slink  
From ferule and the tresspass chiding eye,  
Away we stole, and transient in a trice  
From what was left of faded woman-

slough  
To sheathing splendours and the golden  
scale  
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now  
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the  
Earth,  
And hit the Northern hills Here Cyril  
met us  
A little shy at first, but by and by  
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and  
given  
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,  
whereon  
Follow'd his tale Amazed he fled away  
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night  
Had come on Psyche weeping 'then we  
fell  
Into your father's hand, and there she  
lies,  
But will not speak, nor stir'

He show'd a tent  
A stone shot off we enter'd in, and there  
Among piled arms and rough accoutre  
ments,  
Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,  
Like some sweet sculpture diapred from  
head to foot,  
And push'd by rude hands from its  
pedestal,  
All her fair length upon the ground she  
lay  
And at her head a follower of the camp,  
A charr'd and wrinkled piece of woman  
hood,  
Sit watching like a watcher by the dead

Then Florian knelt, and 'Come' he  
whisper'd to her,  
'Lift up your head, sweet sister lie not  
thus  
What have you done but right' you could  
not stay  
Me, nor you prince look up be com  
forted  
Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,  
When full'n in darker wisy' And like  
wise I  
'Be comforted have I not lost her too,  
In whose least act abides the nameless  
charm  
That none has else for me?' She heard,  
she moved,  
She moan'd, a folded voice, and up she  
sat,  
And rused the cloak from brows as pale  
and smooth  
As those that mourn half shrouded over  
death  
In deathless marble 'Her,' she said,  
'my friend—  
Parted from her—betray'd her cause and  
mine—  
Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not  
your truth?  
O base and bad! what comfort? none  
for me!  
To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray  
Take comfort live, dear lady, for your  
child'  
At which she lifted up her voice and cried

' Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,  
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more !  
For now will cruel Ida keep her back ,  
And either she will die from want of care,  
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say  
The child is hers—for every little fault,  
The child is hers , and they will beat my girl  
Remembering her mother O my flower !  
O ! they will take her, they will make her haird,  
And she will pass me by in after life  
With some cold reverence worse than weie she dead  
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,  
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,  
The hoior of the shame unmong them all  
But I will go and sit beside the doors,  
And make a wild petition night and dry,  
Until they hate to hear me like a wind  
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,  
And lay my little blossom at my feet,  
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child  
And I will take her up and go my way,  
And satisfy my soul with kissing her  
Ah ! what might that man not desvre of me  
Who giv me back my child ? ' Be comforted,'  
Said Cyril, 'you shall have it ' but again  
She veild her brows, and prone she sank,  
and so  
Like tender things that being caught feign death,  
Spoke not, nor stir'd  
By this a murmur ran  
Thro' all the camp and inward riced the scouts  
With rumou of Prince Arac hard at hand  
We left her by the wom in, and without  
Found the gray kings ut park and 'Look you ' cried  
My father 'that our compact be fulfill'd  
You have spoilt this child , she laughs at  
you and man  
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him

But red faced war has rods of steel and fire ,  
She yields, o! wai '  
Then Gama tuin'd to me  
' We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time  
With our strange girl and yet they say  
that still  
You love her Give us, then, your mind at lauge  
How say you, wai o! not ?'  
' Not wai, if possible,  
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of  
wai,  
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,  
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower  
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—  
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her  
Three times a monster now she lightens  
scoun  
At him that mus her plan, but then would hite  
(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,  
And evry face she look'd on justify it)  
The general foe More soluble is this knot,  
By gentleness than wui I want her love  
Whit were I nigher this altho' we dash'd  
Your cities into shards with catapults,  
She would not love,—or brought her chun'd, a slave,  
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord,  
Not ever would she love , but brooding  
tuin  
The book of scoun, till all my flitting chance  
Were caught within the record of her wrongs,  
And crush'd to death and rather, Sue, than this  
I would the old God of wai himself were dead,  
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,  
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of  
wreck,  
Or like an old world mammoth bulk'd in  
ice,  
Not to be molten out '

And roughly spake  
My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the  
gulls  
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think  
That idiot legend credible Look you,  
    Sii !  
Man is the hunter, woman is his game  
The sleek and shining creatures of the  
chase,  
We hunt them for the beauty of their  
skins,  
They love us for it, and we ride them  
down  
Wheedling and siding with them ! Out !  
    for shame !  
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to  
    them  
As he that does the thing they dare not do,  
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle,  
comes  
With the air of the trumpet round him,  
    and leaps in  
Among the women, snares them by the  
score  
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd  
    with death  
He reddens what he kisses thus I won  
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,  
Worth winning, but this firebrand—  
gentleness  
To such as he ! if Cyul spake her true,  
To catch a dragon in a chuiry net,  
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,  
Were wisdom to it '  
    'Yea but Sirc,' I cried,  
'Wild natures need wise curbs The  
soldier ? No  
What dares not Ida do that she should  
prize  
The soldier ? I beheld her, when she rose  
The yesternight, and storming in extremes,  
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance  
down  
Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the  
death,  
No, not the soldier's yet I hold her, king,  
True woman but you clash them all in  
one,  
That have as many differences as we  
The violet vaines from the lily as far

As oak from elm one loves the soldier,  
    one  
The silken priest of peace, one this, one  
    that,  
And some unwoithly, then sinless faith,  
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,  
Glorifying clown and satyr, whence they  
need  
More breadth of culture is not Ida right ?  
They worth it ? truer to the law within ?  
Severer in the logic of a life ?  
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences  
Of earth and heaven ? and she of whom  
    you speak,  
My mother, looks as whole as some serene  
Creation minted in the golden moods  
Of sovereign artists, not a thought, a  
touch,  
But pure as lines of green that streak the  
white  
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves, I say,  
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,  
Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual  
mire,  
But whole and one and take them all  
in-all,  
We're we ourselves but half as good, as kind,  
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right  
Ild ne'er been mooted, but as frankly  
theirs  
As ducs of Nature To our point not  
    wu  
Lest I lose all '  
    'Niy, nay, you spake but sense'  
Sud Gama 'We remember love ourself  
In our sweet youth, we did not rate him  
then  
This red hot iron to be shaped with blows  
You talk almost like Ida *she can talk*,  
And there is something in it as you say  
But you talk kindly we esteem you for  
    it —  
He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,  
I would he had our daughter for the rest,  
Our own detention, why, the causes  
weigh'd,  
Fatherly fears—you used us courteously—  
We would do much to gratify your Prince—  
We pardon it, and for your ingress here  
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land,

You did but come as goblins in the night,  
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's  
head,  
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the  
milking maid,  
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of  
cream  
But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,  
He comes back safe) ride with us to our  
lines,  
And speak with Arac Arac's word is thrice  
As ours with Ida something may be  
done—  
I know not what—and ours shall see us  
friends  
You, likewise, our late guests, if so you  
will,  
Follow us who knows? we four may  
build some plan  
Foursquare to opposition,  
Here he reach'd  
White hands of farewell to my sue, who  
gowl'd  
An ans, which, half muffled in his  
beard,  
Let se much out as gave us leave to go  
Then rode we with the old king across  
the lwns  
P neatn huge trees, a thousand rings of  
Spring  
In every hole, a song on every spiry  
Of birds that piped their Valentunes, and  
woke  
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love  
In the old king's ears, who pro nised help,  
and oozed  
All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode  
And blossom fragiant shpt the heavy  
dews  
Gather'd by night and peace, with each  
light ur  
On our mul'd heads but other thoughts  
than Peacc  
Burnt in us, when we saw the embrittled  
squies,  
And squadions of the Prince, trampling  
the flowers  
With clamour for among them rose a cry  
As if to greet the king, they made a halt,

The horses yell'd, they clash'd their arms,  
the drum  
Beat, merrily blowing shrill'd the martial  
fife,  
And in the blast and bay of the long  
horn  
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated  
The banner anon to meet us lightly  
pianced  
Threee capt'ns out, nor ever had I seen  
Such thews of men the midmost and the  
highest  
Was Arac all about his motion clung  
The shadow of his sister, as the beam  
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made  
them glance  
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's  
zone,  
That glittei burnish'd by the frosty daik,  
And as the fiery Sirius alteis hue,  
And bicker'd into red and emerald, shone  
Their moions, wash'd with morning, as  
they came  
  
And I that prated peace, when first I  
heaid  
Wur music, fel the blind wildbeast of  
foice,  
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,  
Stu in me as to strike then took the king  
His three broad sons, with now a wander  
ing hand  
And now a pointed finger, told them all  
A common light of smiles at our disguise  
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy  
jest  
Had libou'd down within his ample lung,  
The genial giant, Arac, rold himself  
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in  
woids  
  
'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he  
himself  
Your captive, yet my father wills not war  
And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war  
oi no?  
But then this question of your troth re  
mains  
And there's a downright honest meaning  
in her,

She flies too high, she flies too high ! and  
yet  
She ask'd but space and funplay for her  
scheme,  
She prest and prest it on me—I myself,  
What know I of these things? but, life  
and soul !  
I thought her half right talking of her  
wrongs,  
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath ! what of  
that ?  
I take her for the flower of womankind,  
And so I often told her, right or wrong,  
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those  
she loves,  
And, right or wrong, I care not this is  
all,  
I stand upon her side she made me  
swear it—  
'Sdeath ! and with solemn rites by candle-  
light—  
Swear by St something—I forget her  
name—  
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men,  
*She* was a princess too, and so I swear  
Come, this is all, she will not waive  
your claim  
If not, the foughten field, what else, at  
once  
Decides it, 'sdeath ! against my father's  
will'

I ligg'd in answer loth to reader up  
My precontract, and loth by brimless wun  
To cleave the rift of difference deeper  
yet,  
Till one of those two brothers, half aside  
And fingering at the hair about his lip,  
To pick us on to combat 'Like to like'  
The woman's garment hid the woman's  
heart'  
A taunt that clenched his purpos like a  
blow !  
For fiery short was Cyril's counter scoff,  
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the  
point  
Where idle boys are cowards to their  
shame,  
'Decide it here why not? we are three  
to three'

Then spake the 'hind 'But thine to  
thee? no more?  
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?  
More, more, for honour every captain  
wants  
Hungry for honour, urgiv for his king  
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each  
May breathe himself, and quick ! by ova  
threw  
Of these or those, the question settled die ?  
'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath  
of ur,  
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest  
Foam of men's deeds—this honour, if you  
will  
It needs must be for honour if it ill  
Since, what decision? if we ful, we fail,  
And if we win, we ful she would not  
keep  
Her compact ' 'Sdeath ! but we will  
send to her,'  
Said Aiac, 'worthy reasons why she should  
Bide by this issue let our missis thro',  
And you shall have her answer by the  
word'  
'Boys !' shriek'd the old king, but  
vanlier than i hen  
To her sixe daughters in the pool, for  
none  
Regarded, neither seem'd them more to  
say  
Back rode we to my father's camp, and  
found  
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,  
To learn if I direct would eele our claim,  
Or by denial flush her babbling wells  
With her own people's life thrice times  
he went  
The first, he blew and blew, but none  
appear'd  
He batter'd at the doors, none came  
the next,  
An awful voice within had warn'd him  
thence  
The third, and those eight daughters of  
the plough  
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught  
his huu,

And so bulabour'd him onrib and cheek  
They made him wild not less one glance  
he caught

Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there  
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, from  
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the  
noise

Of arms , and standing like a stately Pine  
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,  
When storm is on the heights, and right  
and left  
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long  
hills roll  
The torients, dash'd to the vale and yet  
her will  
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall

But when I told the king that I was  
pledged  
To fight in tourney for my bride, he  
clash'd  
His non palms together with a cry,  
Himself would tilt it out among the lads  
But overborne by all his bearded lords  
With reasons drawn from age and state,  
perforce  
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce  
demur  
And many a bold knight started up in heat,  
And swain to combat for my claim till  
death

All on this side the palace run the field  
Flat to the garden wall and likewise  
here,  
Above the gruden's glowing blossom belts,  
A column'd entry shone and marble stains,  
And great bronze valves, emboss'd with  
lomyis  
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,  
But now fast bair'd so here upon the flat  
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd  
up,  
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,  
With message and defiance, went and  
came ,  
I ast, Id'r's answer, in a royal hand,  
But shaken heire and theire, and rolling  
words  
Oration like I kiss'd it and I read

'O brother, you have known the pangs  
we felt,

What heats of indignation when we heard  
Of those that iron cramp'd then women's  
feet ,  
Of lands in which at the altar the poor  
bride  
Gives her harsh groom for bridal gift a  
scourge ,  
Of living hearts that crack within the fire  
Where smoulder their dead despots , and  
of those,—

Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling  
Their pretty maids in the running flood,  
and swoops

The vulture, beak and talon, at the heat  
Made for all noble motion and I saw  
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times  
With smoother men the old leaven  
leaven'd all  
Millions of throats would bawl for civil  
rights,  
No woman named therefore I set my  
face  
Against all men, and lived but for mine  
own

Fu off from men I built a fold for them  
I stored it full of rich memoir'l  
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,  
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey  
And prosper'd, till a rout of saucy boys  
Brake on us at our books, and marid  
our peace,

Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know  
not what

Of insolence and love, some pietext held  
Of baby tooth, invalid, since my will  
Seal'd not the bond—the striplings !—for  
their spot!—

I tamed my leopuds shall I not tame  
these?

Or you? or I? so since you think me  
touch'd

In honour—what, I would not fight of  
false—

Is not our cause pure? and whereas, I  
know

You prowess, Aiac, and what mother's  
blood

You draw from, fight, you failing, I abide

What end soever fail you will not Still Take not his life he risk'd it for my own, His mother lives yet whatsoe'er you do, Fight and fight well , strike and strike home O dear

Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you

The sole men to be mingled with our cause,

The sole men we shall prize in the after time,

Your very armour hallow'd, and your statues

Rear'd, sung to, when, this gad fly brush'd aside,

We plant a solid foot into the Time, And mould a generation strong to move With claim on claim from right to right, till she

Whose name is yoked with children's, know herself,

And Knowledge in our own land make her free,

And, ever following those two crowned twins,

Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain

Of freedom broadcast over all that oaks Between the Northern and the Southern morn '

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest

'See that there be no traitors in your camp

We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt plague of men '

Almost our maids were better at their homes,

Than thus man-gudled here indeed I think.

Our chiefest comfort is the little child Of one unworthy mother , which she left She shall not have it back the child shall grow

To prize the authentic mother of her mind I took it for an hour in mine own bed This morning there the tender orphan hands

Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence The wrath I nusied against the world farewell '

I ceased , he said, ' Stubborn, but she may sit Upon a king's right hand in thunder storms, And braced up warriors ! See now, tho' youscif Be dizzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs That swallow common sense, the spind ling king, This Gam swamp'd in Ivy tolernce When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up, And topples down the scales , but this is fixt As are the roots of earth and base of all, Man for the field and woman for the health Man for the sword and for the needle she Man with the head and woman with the heart Man to command and woman to obey , All else confusion Look you ! the gray mare Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills From tile to scullery, and her small good man Shanks in his um chain while the firs of Hcll Mix with his health but you—she's yet a colt— Take, break her strongly groom'd and straitly curbd She might not rank with those detestable That let the bantling scold at home, and brawl Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street They say she's comely , therc's the faire chance I like her none the less for rating at her Besides, the woman wed is not as we, But suffers change of frame A lusty bruc Of twins may weed her of her folly Boy, The bearing and the training of a child Is woman's wisdom ,'

Thus the hard old king  
 I took my leave, for it was nearly noon  
 I pored upon her letter which I held,  
 And on the little clause 'take not his life'  
 I mused on that wild moaning in the  
 woods,  
 And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt  
 win'  
 I thought on all the wrathful king had  
 said,  
 And how the strange betrothment was to  
 end  
 Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's  
 curse  
 That one should fight with shadows and  
 should fall,  
 And like a flash the weird affection came  
 King, camp and college turn'd to hollow  
 shows,  
 I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,  
 And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,  
 To dream myself the shadow of a dream  
 And ere I woke it was the point of noon,  
 The lists were ready Empanoplied and  
 plumed  
 We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there  
 Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared  
 At the banner like a wild horn in a land  
 Of echoes, and a moment, and once more  
 The trumpet, and again at which the  
 storm  
 Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of  
 spears  
 And riders fiont to fiont, until they closed  
 In conflict with the crash of shivering  
 points,  
 And thunder Yet it seem'd a dream, I  
 dream'd  
 Of fighting On his haunches rose the  
 steed,  
 And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,  
 And out of stricken helmetsspiang the fire  
 Part sat like rocks part reel'd but kept  
 their scats  
 Part roll'd on the earth and rose again  
 and drew  
 Part stumbled mixt with floundering  
 horses Down  
 From those two bulks at Arac's side, and  
 down

From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,  
 The laige blows rain'd, as here and every  
 where  
 He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing  
 lists,  
 And all the plain,—brand, mace, and  
 shaft, and shield—  
 Shock'd, like an uon-clanging anvil  
 bang'd  
 With hammers, till I thought, can this  
 be he  
 From Gama's dwaifish loins? if this be so,  
 The mother makes us most—and in my  
 dream  
 I glanced aside, and saw the palace front  
 Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies'  
 eyes,  
 And highest, among the statues, statue-  
 like,  
 Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,  
 With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,  
 A single band of gold about hei hair,  
 Like a Saint's glory up in heaven but  
 she  
 No saint—inevitable—no tenderness—  
 Too hard, too cruel yet she sees me  
 fight,  
 Yea, let her see me fall! with that I drove  
 Among the thickest and bore down a  
 Prince,  
 And Cyril, one Yea, let me make my  
 dream  
 All that I would But that laige moulded  
 man,  
 His visage all agin as at a wake,  
 Made at me thro' the press, and, stagger-  
 ing back  
 With stroke on stroke the horse and  
 horseman, came  
 As comes a pillar of electric cloud,  
 Flaying the roofs and sucking up the  
 drains,  
 And shadowing down the champaign till  
 it strikes  
 On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and  
 cracks, and splits,  
 And twists the grain with such a roar  
 that Euth  
 Reels, and the herdsmen cry, for every-  
 thing

Gave way before him only Florian, he  
That loved me closer than his own right  
eye,  
Thrust in between, but Alac rode him  
down  
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the  
Prince,  
With Psyche's colour round his helmet,  
tough,  
Strong, supple, sinew corded, apt at  
aims,  
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that  
smote  
And threw him last I spurn'd, I felt  
my veins  
Stretch with fierce heat, a moment hand  
to hand,  
And sword to sword, and hoise to house  
we hung,  
Till I struck out and shouted, the blade  
glanced,  
I did but shear a feather, and dream and  
truth  
Flow'd from me, darkness closed me,  
and I fell

## VI

Home they brought her warrior dead  
She nor swoon'd, nor uttered cry  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
'She must weep or she will die.'  
  
Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Cill'd him worthy to be loved,  
Fiercest friend and noblest foe.  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved  
  
Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept  
  
Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
'Sweet my child, I live for thee'  
  
My dream had never died or lived  
again  
As in some mystic middle state I lay,  
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard  
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all  
So often that I speak as having seen

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,  
That all things grew more tragic and  
more strinct,  
That when our side was vanquish'd and  
my cause  
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,  
The Prince is slain My father heard  
and ran  
In on the lists, and there unlaced my  
casque  
And grovell'd on my body, and after him  
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaia  
  
But high upon the palace Ida stood  
With Psyche's babe in arm there on the  
roofs

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n the seed,  
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dule,  
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bull  
Of spanless girth, that lays on ev'ry side  
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
came,  
The leaves were wet with women's tears they  
heard  
A noise of songs they would not understand  
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,  
And would have strown it, and we fall'n them  
selves

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
came,  
The woodmen with their axes to the tree!  
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,  
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,  
And boats and bridges for the use of men

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
struck  
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor  
knew  
There dwelt in iron nature in the grain  
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,  
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shrill grow  
A night of Summer from the heat, a breath  
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power and roll'd  
With music in the growing breeze of Time,  
The tops shall strike from star to star; the fangs  
Shall move the stony bases of the world

'And now, O maids, behold our  
sanctuary  
Is violate, our laws broken : fear we not  
To break them more in their behoof,  
whose arms  
Champion'd our cause and won it with a  
day  
Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,  
When dames and heroines of the golden  
year  
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of  
Spring,  
To rain an April of ovation round  
Their statues, borne aloft, the three : but  
come,  
We will be liberal, since our rights are  
won.  
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse  
mankind,  
Ill nurses ; but descend, and proffer these  
The brethren of our blood and cause, that  
there  
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender  
ministries  
Of female hands and hospitality '

She spoke, and with the babe yet in  
her arms,  
Descending, burst the great bronze valves,  
and led  
A hundred maids in train across the Park.  
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on  
they came,  
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest : by  
them went  
The enamou'd air sighing, and on their  
curls  
From the high tree the blossom wavering  
fell,  
And over them the tremulous isles of light  
Slided, they moving under shade . but  
Blanche  
At distance follow'd : so they came : anon  
Thro' open field into the lists they wound  
Timorously ; and as the leader of the  
herd  
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,  
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,  
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,  
The lovely, lordly creature floated on

To where her wounded brethren lay ;  
there stay'd ;  
Knelt on one knee,—the child on oae,—  
and prest  
Their hands, and call'd them dear de-  
liverers,  
And happy warriors, and immortal names,  
And said ' You shall not lie in the tents  
but here,  
And nursed by those for whom you fought,  
and served  
With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, or was  
it chance,  
She past my way. Up started from my  
side  
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless  
eye,  
Silent ; but when she saw me lying stark,  
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly  
pale,  
Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd ; and when  
she saw  
The haggard father's face and reverend  
beard  
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood  
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain  
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead  
past  
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she  
said :  
' He saved my life : my brother slew him  
for it.'  
No more : at which the king in bitter  
scorn  
Drew from my neck the painting and the  
tress,  
And held them up : she saw them, and a  
day  
Rose from the distance on her memory,  
When the good Queen, her mother, shore  
the tress  
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche :  
And then once more she look'd at my pale  
face :  
Till understanding all the foolish work  
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,  
Her iron will was broken in her mind ;  
Her noble heart was molten in her breast ;

She bow'd, she set the child on the earth,  
she laid  
A feeling finger on my brows, and  
presently  
'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives he is not  
dead  
O let me have him with my brethren here  
In our own palace we will tend on him  
Like one of these, if so, by any means,  
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that  
make  
Our progress falter to the woman's goal '

She said but at the happy word 'he  
lives'  
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my  
wounds  
So those two foes above my fallen life,  
With blow to blow like night and evening  
mixt  
Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever  
stole  
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,  
Half lapt in glowing gauze and golden  
brede,  
Lay like a new-falln' meteor on the grass,  
Uncared for, spied its mother and began  
A blind and babbling laughter, and to  
dance  
Its body, and reach its falt'ring innocent  
arms  
And lazy lingering fingers She the upperl  
Brook'd not, but clamouring out 'Mine—  
mine—not yours,  
It is not yours, but mine give me the  
child'  
Ceased all on tremble piteous was the  
cry  
So stood the unhappy mother open  
mouth'd,  
And turn'd each face her way wan was  
her cheek  
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle  
torn,  
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,  
And down dead-heavy sank hei curls, and  
half  
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst  
The laces toward hei babe, but she nor  
cared

Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,  
Look'd up, and rising slowly from me,  
stood  
Eiect and silent, striking with hei glance  
The mother, me, the child, but he that  
lay  
Beside us, Cyul, bitter'd as he was,  
Trul'd himself up on one knee then he  
diew  
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she  
look'd  
At the aim'd man sideways, pitying as it  
seem'd,  
Or self-involved, but when she learnt his  
face,  
Remembering his ill omen'd song, arose  
Once more thro' all her hight, and o'er  
him grew  
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand  
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he  
said  
  
'O fair and strong and terrible!  
Lioness  
That with your long locks ply the Lion's  
mane'  
But Love and NATURE, these are two more  
terrible  
And stronger! See, your foot is on our  
necks,  
We vanquish'd, you the Victor of your  
will  
What would you more? give hei the  
child! remain  
Orb'd in your resolution he is dead,  
Or all is dead henceforth we let you be  
Win you the hearts of women, and  
beware  
Lest, where you seek the common love  
of these,  
The common hate with the revolving  
wheel  
Should drag you down, and some great  
Nemesis  
Break from a drunken'd future, crown'd  
with fire,  
And tread you out for ever but how  
soe'er  
Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms  
To hold you own, deny not hers to her,

Give her the child ! O if, I say, you keep  
 One pulse that beats true woman, if you  
     loved  
 The beast that fed or aim that dandled  
     you,  
 Or own one poit of sense not flint to  
     prayer,  
 Give hei the child ! or if you scorn to  
     lay it,  
 Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with  
     yours,  
 Or speik to hei, your dearest, her one  
     fault  
 The tenderness, not yours, that could not  
     kill,  
 Give me it I will give it hei '  
     He said  
 At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd  
 Dry flame, she listening , after sank and  
     sink  
 And, into mournful twilight mellowing,  
     dwelt  
 Full on the child , she took it 'Pretty  
     bud'  
 Lily of the vle ! half open'd bell of the  
     woods !  
 Sole comfort of my dul hou, when ~ world  
 Of traitorous friend und broken system  
     mnde  
 No purple in the distance, mystery,  
 Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell,  
 These men are hard upon us as of old,  
 We two must part and yet how fun  
     was I  
 To dream thy chuse embracco in mine,  
     to think  
 I might be something to thee, when I felt  
 Thy helpless warmth about my bullen  
     breast  
 In the dead prime but may thy mother  
     prove  
 As true to thee as false, false, false to me !  
 And, if thou needs must bear the yoke,  
     I wish it  
 Gentle as freedom'—here she kiss'd it  
     then—  
 'All good go with thee ! take it Sn,  
     and so  
 L u d the soft babe in his hrd muled hands,

Who turn'd half round to Psyche as she  
     spiang  
 To meet it, with an eye that swum in  
     thanks,  
 Then felt it sound und whole from head  
     to foot,  
 And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close  
     enough,  
 And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled  
     it,  
 And hid her bosom with it , after that  
 Put on more calm and added supplantly  
     ' We two weie friends I go to mine  
     own land  
 For ever find some other as for me  
 I scarce am fit for your great plans yet  
     speak to me,  
 Say one soft word und let me part for  
     given '  
 But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child  
 Then Ainc 'Ida—'sdeath' you blame  
     the man ,  
 You wrong yourselves—the woman is so  
     hard  
 Upon the woman Come, a grace to me !  
 I am your wunor I und mine have fough't  
 Your battle kiss hei , take hei hand,  
     she weeps  
 'Sdeath ! I would sooner fight thrice o'ri  
     than see it '  
 But Ida spoke not,gazing on thegiound,  
 And reddening in the furrows of his chin,  
 And moved beyond his custom, Gam said  
     'I've heard that theric is non in the  
     blood,  
 And I believe it Not one word? not one?  
 Whence drew you this steel temper ? not  
     from me,  
 Not from your mother, now a sunt with  
     sunts  
 She said you had a heart—I heard hei  
     say it—  
 "Ow! Ida his heart"—juste he died—  
 "But see that some one with authority  
 Be near hei still" and I—I sought for  
     one—

All people said she had authority—  
The Lady Blanche much profit! Not  
one word,  
No! tho' your father sues see how you  
stand  
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good  
knights maim'd,  
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,  
For your wild whim and was it then  
for this,  
Was it for this we gave our palace up,  
Where we withdrew from summer heats  
and state,  
And had our wine and chess beneath the  
planes,  
And many a pleasant hour with her that's  
gone,  
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?  
Speak to her I say is this not she of  
whom,  
When first she came, all flush'd you said  
to me  
Now had you got a friend of your own  
age,  
Now could you share your thought, now  
should men see  
Two women faster welded in one love  
Than pairs of wedlock, she you walk'd  
with, she  
You talk'd with, whole nights long, up  
in the tower,  
Of sine and arc, sphæroid and zenith,  
And right ascension, Heaven knows what,  
and now  
A word, but one, one little kindly word,  
Not one to spake her out upon you,  
flint!  
You love nor her, nor me, nor any, my,  
You shame your mother's judgment too  
Not one?  
You will not? well—no heart have you,  
or such  
As fancies like the vermin in a nut  
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness,  
So said the small king moved beyond his  
wont  
  
But Ida stood nor spoke, diam'd of her  
force  
By many a varying influence and so long

Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor  
wept  
Her head a little bent, and on her mouth  
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded  
moon  
In a still water then brake out my sigh,  
Lifting his grim head from my wounds  
‘O you,  
Woman, whom we thought woman even  
now,  
And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,  
Because he might have wish'd it—but we  
see  
The accomplice of your madness unfor  
given,  
And think that you might mix his draught  
with death,  
When your skies change again the  
rougher hand  
Is safer on to the tents take up the  
Prince’  
  
He rose, and while each ear was prick'd  
to attend  
A tempest, thio' the cloud that dimm'd  
her broke  
A genial warmth and light once more,  
and shone  
Thio' glittering drops on her sul friend  
‘Come hither  
O Psyche,’ she cried out, ‘embrace me,  
come,  
Quick while I melt, make reconciliation  
sure  
With one that cannot keep her mind an  
hour  
Come to the hollow heart they slander so!  
Kiss and be friends, like children being  
chid!  
I seem no more I want forgiveness too  
I should have had to do with none but  
maids,  
That have no links with men Ah false  
but dear,  
Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—  
why?—Yet see,  
Before these kings we embrace you yet  
once more  
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,  
And trust, not love, you less

And now, O sene,  
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon  
him,  
Like mine own brother For my debt to  
him,  
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I  
know it,  
Taunt me no more yourself and yours  
shall have  
Free rudit, we will scatter all our maids  
Till happier times each to her proper  
health  
What use to keep them here—now?  
grant my prayer  
Help, father, brother, help, speak to the  
king  
Threw this mle nature to some touch of  
that  
Which kills me with myself, and drags  
me down  
From my fixt height to mob me up with all  
The soft and milky rabble of womankind,  
Poor wchaking ev'n as they are'

Passionate tears

Follow'd the king replied not Cyril  
said  
'Your brother, Lady,—Florran,—ask for  
him  
Of your great head—for he is wounded  
too—  
That you may tend upon him with the  
prince'  
'Ay so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,  
'Our laws ne brolen let him enter  
too'

Then Violet, she that sang the mournful  
song,  
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,  
P'tition'd too for him 'Ay so,' she said,  
'I stagger in the stream I cannot keep  
My heatn an eddy from the brawling  
hour  
We bickak our laws with ease, but let it  
be '  
'Ay so?' said Blanche 'Amazed am I  
to hear  
Your Highness but your Highness  
breaks with ease  
The law your Highness did not make  
twas I

I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,  
And block'd them out, but these men  
came to woo  
Your Highness—verily I think to win '

So she, and tuin'd askance a winty eye  
But Ida with a voice, that like a bell  
Foll'd by an earthquake in a trembling  
tower,  
Rung ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn  
'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not  
one, but all,  
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,  
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or  
foe,  
Shall enter, if he will Let our girls fit,  
Till the storm die! but had you stood by  
us,  
The roal that breaks the Phaios from his  
base  
Had left us rock She fain would sting  
us too,  
But shall not Pass, and mangle with  
your likes  
We brook no further insult but are gone '

She tuin'd, the very nape of hei white  
neck  
Was rosed with indignation but the  
Prince  
Her brother came, the king hei father  
charm'd  
Her wounded soul with woids no: did  
mine own  
Refuse her proffe, lastly gave his hand

Then us they listed up, dead weights,  
and bare  
Straight to the doors to them the doors  
gave way  
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shuek'd  
The virgin muble under iron heels  
And on they moved and gun'd the hall,  
and there  
Rested but great the crush was, and  
each base,  
To left and right, of those tall columns  
drown'd  
In silken flucturion and the swim  
Of female whispelets at the further end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats  
Close by her, like supports on a shield,  
Bow back'd with fear but in the centie  
stood

The common men with rolling eyes,  
amazed

They glared upon the women, and aghast  
The women stared at these, all silent,  
save

When armour clash'd or jingled, while  
the dry,  
Descending, struck athwart the hill, and  
shot

A flying splendour out of brass and steel,  
That o'er the statues leapt from head to  
head,

Now fired an angry Pall, on the helm,  
Now set a wraithful Dian's moon on flame,  
And now and then an echo started up,  
And shuddering fled from room to room,  
and died

Of fright in far apartments

Then the voice  
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance  
And me they hoist up the broad stur,  
and thro'

The long laid galleries past a hundred  
doors

To one deep chamber shut from sound,  
and due

To languid limbs and sickness, lost me  
in it,

And othes otherwhere they laid, and ill  
That afternoon a sound noise of hoof  
And chriol, many a maiden passing home  
Till happier times, but some were left of  
those

I held sagest, and the great lords out and in,  
From those two hosts that lay beside the  
walls,

Walk'd at their will, and everything was  
changed

## VII

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the  
shape

With fold to fold, of mountun or of cape,  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
Ask me no more

Ask me no more what answer should I give  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live,  
Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd  
I strove against the stream and all in vain  
Let the great river take me to the main  
No more, dear love, for a touch I yield,  
Ask me no more

So was then sanctuary violated,  
So their fair college turn'd to hospital,  
At first with all confusion by and by  
Sweet order lived again with other laws  
A kindlier influence reign'd, and every  
where

Low voices with the ministering hind  
Hung round the sick the maidens came,  
they talk'd,  
They sing, they read till she not far  
begin

To gather light, and she that was, became  
Her former beauty tickle, and to and fro  
With books, with flowers, with Appel  
offices,

Like creatures native unto gracious act,  
And in their own clear element, they  
moved

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,  
And hid her of her weakness, blent with  
shame

Old studies ful'd, seldom she spole  
but oft

Climb to the roofs, and gazed alone for  
hours

On that disastrous league, swarms of men  
Darkening her female field void was her  
use,

And she is one that climbs a peal to give  
O'er land and man, and sees a great  
black cloud

Drag inward from the deep, a wall of  
night,

Blot out the slope of sea from verge to  
shore,

And suck the blinding splendour from the  
sun,

and quenching life by lake and sun by

Expung'd the world so fued she gazing  
there,  
So blacken'd all her world in secret,  
blank  
And waste it seem'd and vain, till down  
she came,  
And found fair peace once more among  
the sick

And twilight dawn'd, and morn by  
morn the lark  
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres,  
but I  
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life  
And twilight gloom'd, and broader grown  
the boweris  
Drew the great night into themselves,  
and Heaven,  
Star after star, arose and fell, but I,  
Deeper than those wend doubts could  
reach me, lay  
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,  
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the  
hand  
That nursed me, more than infants in  
their sleep

But Psyche tended Floran with her  
oft,  
Melissa came, for Blanche had gone, but  
left  
Her child among us, willing she should  
keep  
Court favour here and there the small  
bright head,  
A light of healing, glanced about the  
couch,  
O'er thro' the panted silks the tender face  
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded man  
With blush and smile, a medicine in  
themselves  
To wile the length from languorous hours,  
and drew  
The sting from pun, nor seem'd it strange  
that soon  
He rose up whole, and those fair charities  
Join'd at her side, nor stranger seem'd  
that hearts  
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in  
love,

Than when two dewdrops on the petal  
shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper  
down,  
And slip at once all fragrant into one

Less prosperously the second suit ob  
tun'd  
At first with Psyche Not tho' Blanche  
had sworn  
That after that dark night 'mong the fields  
She needs must wed him for her own good  
name,  
Not tho' he built upon the barge restored,  
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but  
scar'd  
To incense the Head once more, till on  
a day  
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind  
Seen but of Psyche on her foot she hung  
A moment, and she heard, at which her  
face  
A little flush'd, and she past on, but each  
Assumed from thence a half-consent in  
volved  
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at  
peace

Nor only these Love in the sacred halls  
Held carnival at will, and flying struck  
With showers of random sweet on maid  
and man  
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,  
Nor did mine own now reconciled, nor yet  
Did those twin brothers, risen again and  
whole,  
Nor Alice, stitiate with his victory

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat  
Then came a change, for sometimes I  
would catch  
Her hand in wild delirium, gupe it hard,  
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek  
‘ You are not Ida,’ clasp it once again,  
And call her Ida, tho’ I knew her not,  
And call her sweet, as if in irony,  
And call her hard and cold which seem'd  
a truth  
And still she scar'd that I should lose my  
mind,

And often she believed that I should die  
Till out of long fustuation of her care,  
And pensive tendance in the all weary  
noons,

And watches in the dead, the dark, when  
clocks

Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors,  
or call'd

On flying Time from all then silver  
tongues—

And out of memories of her kindhei days,  
And sidelong glances at my father's girls,  
And at the happy loveis heart in heat—  
And out of hauntings of my spoken lov,  
And lonely listenings to my mutter d  
dream,

And often feeling of the helpless hand.,  
And woidless broodings on the wasted  
cheek—

From all a closer interest flourish'd up,  
Tenderness touch by touch, and list, to  
these,

Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with  
tears

By some cold morning glaciei , finil at first  
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,  
But such as gather'd colour day by day

Last I woke sine, but well nigh close  
to death

For weakness it was evening silent light  
Slept on the painted walls, whicne were  
wrought

Two grand designs , for on one side arose  
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd  
At the Oppian law Titanic shapes, they  
cramm'd

The forum, and half crush'd among the  
rest

A dwarf like Cato cower'd On the other  
side

Hortensia spoke against the tax , behind,  
A train of dames by axe and eagle sit,  
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman  
scowls,

And half the wolf's milk curdled in their  
veins,

The fierce triumvirs , and before them  
paused

Hortensia pleading angry was her face

I saw the forms I knew not where I  
was

They did but look like hollow shows ,  
nor more

Sweet Ida palm to palm she sat the dew  
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all hei shape  
And rounder seem'd I moved I sigh'd  
a touch

Came round my wrist, and tears upon my  
hand

Then all for languoi and self pity ran  
Mine down my face, and with what life I  
had,

And like a flower that cannot all unfold,  
So dienched it is with tempest, to the sun,  
Yet, is it may, turns toward him, I on her  
Find my faint eyes, and utter'd whisper  
ingly

'If you be, wht I think you, some  
sweet dream,

I would but ask you to fulfil yourself  
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,  
I ask you nothing only, if a dream,  
Sweet dream, be perfect I shall die  
to night

Stoop down und seem to kiss me eir I  
die '

I could no more, but lay like one in  
trance,

That heus his burial talk'd of by his  
friends,

And cannot speak, nor move, nor make  
one sign,

But lies und dreads his doom She turn'd ,  
she paused ,

She stoop'd , und out of languoi leapt a  
cry ,

Leapt fiery Passion from the bunks of  
death ,

And I believed that in the living world  
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips ,  
Till back I fell, und from mine arms she  
lose

Glowing all over noble shume , and all  
Her falser self shipt from her like a robe,  
And left her woman, lovcher in her mood  
Than in her mould that other, when she  
came

From barren depths to conquer all with love,  
And down the steaming crystal dropt,  
and she  
Far fleeted by the purple island sides,  
Naked, a double light in air and wave,  
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd  
her out  
For worship without end, nor end of mine,  
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided  
forth,  
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,  
Fill'd thio' and thio' with Love, a happy sleep

Deep in the night I woke she, near  
me, held  
A volume of the Poets of her land  
There to herself, all in low tones, she  
read

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk.  
Nor winks the gold sun in the porphyry foun.  
The fire fly wakens waken thou with me

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me

Now lies the Earth all Dame to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me'

I heard her turn the page, she found  
a small  
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she  
read

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain  
height  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sing)  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the bladed Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down

And find him, by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirited purple of the vats,  
Or foxlike in the vine, nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the silver horns  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
That huddling slant in furrow cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors  
But follow, let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley, let the wild  
Lean headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air  
So waste not thou, but come, for all the vales  
Await thee, azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees

So she low toned, while with shut  
eyes I lay  
Listening, then look'd Pale was the  
perfect face,  
The bosom with long sighs labou'd, and  
meek  
Seem'd the full lips, and mild the lumi-  
nous eyes,  
And the voice trembled and the hand  
She said  
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd  
In sweet humility, had fail'd in all,  
That all her labour was but as a block  
Left in the quarry, but she still were loth,  
She still were loth to yield herself to one  
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal  
rights

Against the sons of men, and barbarous  
laws  
She pray'd me not to judge their cause  
from her  
That wrong'd it, sought fair less for truth  
than power  
In knowledge something wild within  
her breast,  
A greater than all knowledge, beat her  
down  
And she had nusied me there from week  
to week.

Much had she learnt in little time In part  
 It was ill counsel had misled the girl  
 To vex true hearts yet was she but a gull—  
 ‘Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!’

When comes another such? never, I think,  
 Till the Sun diop, dead, from the signs’

Her voice  
 Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,  
 And her great heart thro’ all the fruitful Past  
 Went sorrowing in a pause I dured not break,

Till notice of a change in the dark world  
 Was hispt about the acacias, and a bud,  
 That early woke to feed her little ones,  
 Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light  
 She moved, and at her feet the volume fell

‘Blame not thyself too much,’ I said,  
 ‘nor blame  
 Too much the sons of men and bumbling Laws,  
 These were the rough ways of the world till now  
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know

The woman’s curse is man’s they rise or sink  
 Together, dwynd or godlike, bond or free

For she that out of Lethe scules with man  
 The shining steps of Nature, shares with man

His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,  
 Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
 How shall men grow? but work no more alone!

Our place is much as far as in us lies  
 We two will serve them both in aiding her—

Will clear away the prasie forms  
 That seem to keep her up but drag her down—

Will leave her space to burgleon out of all  
 Within her—let her make herself her own  
 To give or keep, to live and lurn and be  
 All that not hums distinctive womanhood  
 For woman is not undevclopt man,  
 But diverse could we make her as the man,

Sweet Love were slain his dearest bond  
 is this,

Not like to like, but like in disfluence  
 Yet in the long years like must they grow,  
 The man be more of woman, she of man,  
 His gun in sweetness and in moral height,  
 Nor lose the wresting thows that throw the world,

She mental breadth, nor ful in childward cue,  
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,  
 Till at the last she set herself to man,  
 Like perfect music unto noble words,  
 And so these twun, upon the skirts of Time,

Sit side by side, full summid in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the foil,  
 Self reverent each and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other ev’n is those who love  
 Then comes the stately Eden bid to men

Then reign the world’s great bards, christe and ethi

Then springs the crowning race of hum in kind

May these things be!  
 Sighing she spoke ‘I fear  
 They will not’

‘Dey, but let us type them now  
 In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest

Of equal, seeing either see alone  
 Is half itself, and in true mirrige lies  
 Nor equal, nor unequal each fulfils  
 Defect in each, and always thought in thought,  
 Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,  
 The single pure and perfect animal,  
 The two call’d heart beating, with one full stroke,  
 Life’

And again sighing she spoke 'A  
drear  
That once was mine! what woman taught  
you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earler than I  
know,  
Immersed in nich foreshadowings of the  
world,  
I loved the woman he, that doth not,  
lives  
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,  
Or pines in sad experience worse than  
death,  
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with  
cisme  
Yet was there one tho' whom I loved  
hei, one  
Not learned, save in gracious household  
ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,  
No Angel, but a deuer being, all dipt  
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradiese,  
Interpreter between the Gods and men,  
Who look'd all native to hei place, and  
yet  
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread, and all male minds  
peisorce  
Swy'd to her from then orbits as they  
moved,  
And girded her with music Happy he  
With such a mother! futh in woman  
kind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all  
things high  
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and  
fall  
He shall not blind his soul with clay'  
'But I,'  
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—  
It seems you love to chent yourself with  
words  
This mother is your model I have  
heud  
Of your strangt doubts they well might  
be I seem  
A mocl ery to my ovn self Never,  
Prince,  
You cannot lov me'

'Nay but thee' I said  
'From yealong poring on thy pictured  
eyes,  
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen,  
and saw  
Thee woman tho' the crust of non moods  
That mask'd thee from men's reueience  
up, and forced  
Sweet love on planks of stucy boyhood  
now,  
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro'  
thee,  
Indeed I love the new day comes, the  
light  
Dearei for night, as dearei thou for faults  
Lived over lift thine eyes, my doubts  
are dead,  
My haunting sense of hollow shows the  
change,  
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it  
Dear,  
Look up, and let thy nature strike on  
mine,  
Like yonder morning on the blind half  
world,  
Approach and seu not, brenthe upon  
my brows,  
In that fine air I tiemble, all the past  
Melts mist-like into this bright hou, and  
this  
Is morn to more, and all the rich to come  
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland  
reels  
Athwut the smoke of burning weeds  
Forgive me,  
I waste my heart in signs let be My  
bride,  
My wife, my life O we will walk this  
wold,  
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,  
And so tho' those dark gates across the  
wild  
That no man knows Indeed I love  
thee come,  
Yield thyself up my hopes and thine are  
one  
Accomplish thou my manhood and thy  
self,  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust  
to me'

## CONCLUSION

So closed our tale, of which I give you  
all  
The random scheme as wildly as it rose  
The words are mostly mine, for when  
we ceased  
There came a minute's pause, and Walter  
said,  
'I wish she hid not yielded !' then to me,  
'What, if you drest it up poetically ?'  
So play'd the men, the women I gave  
assent  
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of  
seven  
Together in one sheaf ? What style could  
suit ?  
The men required that I should give  
throughout  
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,  
With which we bunte'd little Lilia first  
The women—and perhaps they felt then  
power,  
For something in the ballads which they  
sing,  
Or in their silent influence as they sat,  
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with builesque,  
And drove us, last, to quite a column  
close—  
They hated banter, wish'd for something  
real,  
A gallant fight, a noble princess—why  
Not make her true heroin—true sublime ?  
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close ?  
Which yet with such a framework scarce  
could be  
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,  
Betwixt the mockers and the realists  
And I, betwixt them both, to please them  
both,  
And yet to give the story as it rose,  
I moved us in a strange diagonal,  
And maybe neither pleased myself nor  
them  
  
But Lilia pleased me, for she took no  
part  
In our dispute the sequel of the tale  
Had touch'd her, and she sit, she  
pluck'd the grass,

She flung it from her, thinking first, she  
fixt

A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,  
'You—tell us what we are' who might  
have told,  
For she was cramm'd with theories out  
of books,  
But that there rose a shout the gates  
were closed  
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming  
now,  
To take then leave, about the garden  
walls.

So I and some went out to these we  
climb'd

The slope to Vivian place, and turnings saw  
The happy valleys, hills in light, and hills  
Far shadowing from the west, a land of  
peace,  
Grey halls alone among their massive  
groves,  
Tum humbers, here and there a rustic  
tower  
Hills lost in belts of hop and breadths of  
wheat,  
The shimmering glimpses of a stream,  
the sea,  
A red 'eul, or a white, and far beyond,  
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of  
France

'Look there, a garden !' said my  
college friend,  
The Ivory member's elder son, ' and  
there !'

God bless the narrow sea which keep  
her off,  
And keeps our Britain, whole within  
herself,

A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—  
Some sense of duty, something of a truth,  
Some reverence for the laws ourselves  
have made,  
Some patient force to change them when  
we will,  
Some civic manhood firm against the  
crowd—  
But yonder, whiff ! there comes a sudden  
heat,

The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,  
The king is scared, the soldier will not  
    fight,  
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,  
A kingdom toppies over with a shriek.  
Like an old woman, and down rolls the  
    world  
In mock heroics stranger than our own,  
Revols, republics, revolutions, most  
No graver than a schoolboys' barring  
    out,  
Too comic for the solemn things they  
    are,  
Too solemn for the comic touches in  
    them,  
Like our wild Princess with as wise a  
    dream  
As some of them—God bless the narrow  
    seas!  
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad,

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves  
    are full  
Of social wrong, and maybe wildest  
    dreams  
All but the needful preludes of the truth  
For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,  
The sport half suave, fill me with a  
    sigh,  
This fine old world of ours is but a child  
Yet in the go-eat Patience! Give it  
    time  
To leavn its limbs there is a hand that  
    guides'

In such discourse we gun'd the golden  
    rules,  
And there we saw Sir Walter where he  
    stood,  
Before a tower of crimson holly oaks,  
Among six boys, head under head, and  
    look'd  
No little lily-handed Brunet ne,  
A great broad shoul'd'rd genial English  
    man,  
A lord of fit pure oxen and of sheep,  
A man of huge melons and of pinc,  
A patron of some thirty charities,  
A pamphleteer on guano and on gun,  
A quatter sessions chairman, abler none,

Fair hair'd and redder than a windy  
    morn,  
Now shaking hands with him, now him,  
    of those  
That stood the nearest—now address'd  
    to speech—  
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as  
    closed  
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the  
    year  
To follow a shout rose again, and made  
The long line of the approaching lookery  
    sweive  
From the elms, and shook the branches  
    of the deer  
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns,  
    and rang  
Beyond the boutin of sunset, O, a shout  
More joyful than the cry-roar that hails  
Piemier or King! Why should not these  
    great Sns  
Give up their puks some dozen times a  
    year  
To let the people breathe? So thuce  
    they cried,  
I likewise, and in groups they stievn'd  
    away  
But we went back to the Abbey, and  
    sat on,  
So much the gathering darkness charm'd  
    we sat  
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,  
Parchance upon the future run the  
    wills  
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and  
    owls whoop'd,  
And gradually the pov'rs of the night,  
That iange above the region of the wind,  
Deepening the courts of twilight broke  
    them up  
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,  
Beyond ill thought into the lievens of  
    Heavens  
Last little Lila, rising quickly,  
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir  
    Ralph  
From those rich silks, and home well  
    pleased we went

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
PUBLISHED IN 1852

## I

BURY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a  
mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall

## II

Where shall we lay the man whom we  
deplore?  
Here, in steaming London's central town  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore

## III

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd 'bout it  
grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow,  
The last great Englishman is low

## IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the  
Past  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gaze in the street  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute  
Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,  
The statesman warrior, moderate, reso-  
lute,  
Whole in himself, a common good  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,

And, as the greatest only we,  
In his simplicity sublime  
O good grey head which all men knew,  
O voice from which then omens all men  
drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O full'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four square to all the winds  
that blew!  
Such was he whom we deplore  
The long self sacrifice of life is o'er  
The great World-victor's victor will be  
seen no more

## V

All is over and done  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son  
Let the bell be toll'd  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest for ever  
Among the wise and the bold  
Let the bell be toll'd  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the noble steeds,  
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,  
Dusk in its funeral fold  
Let the bell be toll'd  
And a deep knell in the heat be  
knoll'd,  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem  
toll'd  
Thro' the dome of the golden cross,  
And the volleying cannon thunder his  
loss,  
He knew their voices of old  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's call has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame,  
With those deep voices our dear captain  
taught  
The tyrant, and assails his claim  
In that diad sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In pruse and in dispruse the same,

A man of well-attemper'd fame  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long, .  
To such a name,  
Piesee a broad approach of fame,  
And ever echoing avenues of song

## VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd  
guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldiers  
and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on  
my rest ?  
Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous  
man,

The greatest sailor since our world begun  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes,  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea,  
His foes were thine, he kept us free,  
O give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee,  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun,  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won,  
And underneath another sun,  
Warning on a later day,  
Round affighted Lisbon diew  
The tieble works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater giew,  
Beating from the wasted v'ns  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her engls flew  
Beyond the Pyreneen pincs,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes

Such a war had such a close  
Again their rivening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe shadowing  
wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings,  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler  
down,  
A day of onsets of despair !  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves  
away,  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and chang'd and  
overthrew

So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long enduring heats could do  
In that world earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here beset  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee thus at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
thine !

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclam,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to  
him,  
Eternal honour to his name

## VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet  
Tho' all men else their noblest dreams  
forget,  
Confused by bridleless mobs and lawless  
powers,  
I thank Him who isled us here, and roughly  
set  
Him, Binton in blown seas and storming  
sho'rs,

We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and respect  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control,  
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which their springs  
Our loyal passion for our temples and kings,  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the much of mind,  
Till crowds at length be sine and crowns be just  
But wink no more in slothful overtrust  
Remember him who led your hosts,  
He bade you guard the sacred core  
Your cannons moulded on the sword-wound wall,  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever, and whatever tempest howl  
For ever silent even if they broke  
In thunder, silent, yet remember ill  
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke,  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power,  
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
Thro' either babbling world of high and low,  
Whose life was work, whose language use  
With rugged maxims hewn from life,  
Who never spoke against a foe,  
Whose eighty winters fierce with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right  
Truth teller was our England's Alfred named,

Truth-lover was our English Duke,  
Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shar'd

## VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious buri'l slowly borne,  
Follow'd by the bate of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lively Honour shower'd all her stuns,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn  
Yet, let all good things await  
Him who cries not to be grieve,  
But is he strives or serves the state  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory  
He that walks it, only thrusting  
For the right, and learns to devolve  
Love of self, before his journey closer,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purple, which outudden  
All voluptuous "arden rose,  
Not once or twice in our fair island story,  
The path of duty is the way to glory  
He, that ever following her commands  
On with toil of heart and knee and hand,  
Thro' the long goings to the sun-light has won

Hi path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling wings of Duty sealed  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun  
Such was he his wo'r is done  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
I et his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure

Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glori  
And let the land whose healths he saved from shame  
For many and many in the profound  
At civic level and pomp and grome,  
And when the long illuminated cities flume,  
Then ever loyal son leader's func,

With honour, honour, honour, honour to  
him,  
Eternal honour to his name

## IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet unmoulded tongue  
Far on in summers that we shall not see  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Lie the little children clung  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one, upon whose hand and heart and  
brain

Once the wright and fate of Europe hung  
Ous the pun, be his the gain !  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity  
Whom we see not we revere ,  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fare  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heat and hope ue we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be  
For tho' the Great Agcs heve the hill  
And bical the shore, and evermore  
Make and bical, and work their will ,  
Tho' wold on wold in mynd myriads  
    roll

Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?  
On God and Godlike men we build our  
    trust  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the  
    people's ears  
The dark crowd moves, and there the sobs  
    and tears  
The black earth yawns the mortal  
    dissepis ,  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ,

He is gone who seem'd so great —  
Gone , but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a finer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him  
God accept him, Christ receive him

1852

## THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY,

1852

My Lords, we heard you speak you told  
    us all  
    That England's honest censure went  
        too fur ,  
    That our free press should cease to brawl,  
        Not sting the fiery Frenchman into  
        wr  
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,  
    To fling white'er we felt, not scoung, into  
    words

We love not this French Cod, the child  
    of Hell,  
    Wild War, who breaks the converse of  
        the wise ,  
But though we love kind Peace so well,  
    We dare not ev'n by silence sanction  
        lies  
It might be safe our censures to withdraw ,  
    And yet, my Lords, not well there is a  
    higher law

As long as we remain, we must speak free,  
    Tho' all the storm of Europe on us  
        break ,  
No little German state are we,  
    But the one voice in Europe we must  
        speak ,  
That if to night our greatness were struck  
        dead,  
There might be left some record of the  
    things we said

If you be fearful, then must we be bold  
Our Britain cannot save a tyrant o'er  
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore  
What have we fought for Freedom from  
our prime,  
At last to dodge and palter with a public  
crime?

Shall we see him? our own we never  
saw'd

From our first Charles by force we  
wung our claws  
Prick'd by the Pipal spurs, we reu'd,  
We flung the burthen of the second  
James

I say, we men scru'd! and as for these  
We broke them on the land, we drove  
them on the seas

And you, my Lords, you make the people  
muse

In doubt if you be of our Britons' breed—  
Were those your sons who fought at  
Levæ?

Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?  
O full n nobility, that, overwæd,  
Would hesp in honcyl whispeis of this  
monstrosity siud!

We feel, at least, that silence here we're sin,  
Not ours the fault if we have feeble  
hosts—

If easy putions of their kin  
Have left the last free race with naked  
coasts!

They knew the precious things, they had  
to guard

For us, we will not spue the tyrant one  
hund word

Tho' niggard thorts of Manchester may  
bow,

What England was, shall her true sons  
forget?

We ne not cotton spinnes ill,  
But some love England and her honour  
yet

And these in our Thermopyle shall stand,  
And hold aginst the world this honour  
of the land

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred  
'Forward, the Light Brigade'  
Charge for the guns!' he said  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade'  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd  
There's not to mal reply,  
There's not to reason why,  
There's but to do and die  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred

III

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd,  
Storm'd it with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and w'll,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in in  
Singing the gunners there,  
Chusing an army, while  
All the world wonder'd  
Plunged in the battering ram,  
Right thro' the line they broke,  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and Sunder'd  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred

## V

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behund them  
    Volley'd and thunder'd,  
Storm'd it with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred

## VI

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild cluge they made!  
    All the world wonder'd  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL  
EXHIBITION

## I

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,  
In this wide hall with earth's invention  
    stoiced,  
And pruse the invisible universal Lord,  
Who lets once more in peace the nations  
    meet,  
Where Science, Art, and Labour have  
    outpour'd  
Then myriad horns of plenty at our feet

## II

O silent father of our Kings to be  
Mouin'd in this golden hour of jubilee,  
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to  
thee!

## III

The world compelling pln ws thinc,—  
And, lo! the long laborious miles  
Of Palace, lo! the gruit usles,  
Rich in model and design,  
Hurst-tool and husbandly,  
Loom and wheel and engintry,

Secrets of the sullen mine,  
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,  
Fabric tough, or fany-fine,  
Sunny tokens of the Line,  
Polar marvels, and a feast  
Of wonder, out of West and East,  
And shapes and hues of Art divine!  
All of beauty, all of use,  
That one fair planet can produce,  
    Brought from under every star,  
Blown from over every main,  
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,  
    The works of peace with works of war

## IV

Is the goal so fu away?  
Fu, how fu no tongue can say,  
Let us dream our dream to day

## V

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who  
    reign,  
From growing commerce loose her latest  
    chain,  
And let the fair white wing'd peacemaker  
    fly  
To happy havens under all the sky,  
And mix the seasons and the golden  
    hours,  
Till each man find his own in all men's  
    good,  
And all men work in noble brotherhood,  
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed  
    towers,  
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,  
And gathering all the fruits of earth and  
    crown'd with all her flowers

## A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

SEA KINGS' daughter from over the sea,  
    Alexandria!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Dunc in our welcome of  
thee,  
    Alexandria!  
Welcome her, thunders of soil and of fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the  
    stilet!

Welcome hei, all things youthful and sweet,  
 Scatter the blossom under her feet !  
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !  
 Make music, O bird, in the new budded bowers !  
 Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer !  
 Welcome hei, welcome her, all that is ours !  
 Waible, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !  
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !  
 Flames, on the windy headland flue !  
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !  
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !  
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !  
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher  
 Melt into stars for the land's desire !  
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
 Roll as a ground swell dash'd on the strand,  
 Roll as the sea when he welcomes the land,  
 And welcome hei, welcome the land's desire,  
 The sea kings' daughter as happy as fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—  
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
 Come to us, love us and make us your own  
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

ALEXANDROVNA

### A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH

MARCH 7, 1874

I

THE Son of him with whom we strove for power—  
 Whose will is lord thro' all his world domain—

Who made the scis a man, and burst his chain—  
 Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower,  
ALEXANDROVNA  
 And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,  
 To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow !  
 From love to love, from home to home you go,  
 From mother unto mother, stately bride,  
MARIE ALEXANDROVNA !

II

The golden news along the steppes is blown,  
 And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd,  
 Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard,  
 And all the sultry palms of India known,  
ALEXANDROVNA  
 The voices of our universal sea  
 On coasts of Asia is on cliffs of Kent,  
 The Moors and that Isle of Continent,  
 And loyal pines of Cumbri murmur there,  
MARIE ALEXANDROVNA !

III

Fair empires binching, both, in lusty life !—  
 Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords,  
 Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes  
 Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,  
ALEXANDROVNA !  
 For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,  
 And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow,  
 But who love best have best the grace to know  
 That Love by right divine is deathless king,  
MARIE ALEXANDROVNA !

IV

And Love has led thee to the stranger  
land,  
Where men are bold and strongly say  
their say,—  
See, empire upon empire smiles to-  
day,  
As thou with thy young lover hand in  
hand

Alexandrovna!

So now thy fuller life is in the west,  
Whose hand at home was gracious to  
thy poor  
Thy name was blest within the narrow  
door,  
Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,  
Marie Alexandrovna!

V

Shall fetus and jealous hatieds flame again?  
Or at thy coming, Princess, every  
where,  
The blue heaven break, and some  
divine air  
Breathe thro' the world and change the  
hearts of men,  
Alexandrovna?  
But hearts that change not, love that  
cannot cease,  
And peace be yours, the peace of soul  
in soul!  
And howsoever this wild world may roll,  
Between your peoples truth and manful  
peace,  
Alfred—Alexandrovna!

## THE GRANDMOTHER

I

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?  
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man  
And Willy's wife has written she never was over wise,  
Never the wife for Willy he wouldn't take my advice

II

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to sue,  
He didn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave  
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one  
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone

III

Willy, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock,  
Never a man could fling him for Willy stood like a rock  
'Here's a leg for a babe of a week!' says doctor, and he would be bound,  
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round

IV

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!  
I ought to have gone before him I wonder he went so young  
I cannot cry for him, Annie I have not long to stay,  
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away

V

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am bad and cold,  
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old  
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest,  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best

## VI

For I remember a quarrel I had with your fiance, my dear,  
All for a slanderous story, that cost us many a tear  
I mean you grandfather, Annie it cost me a world of woe  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago

## VII

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well  
That Jenny had tript in her time I knew, but I would not tell  
And she to be coming and slandering me, the brace little laru'  
But the tongue is a fire is, you know, my deu, the tongue is a fire

## VIII

And the prison made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight

## IX

And Willy had not been down to the sum for a week and a day,  
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it is the middle of May  
Jenny, so slander me, who I new what Jenny had been!  
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean

## X

And I cried myself well nigh blind, and all of an evening late  
I climb'd to the top of the guth, and stood by the road at the gate  
The moon like a sick on fire was it now over the dale,  
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirruped the nightingale

## XI

All of a sudden he stopp'd there past by the gate of the sum,  
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm  
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how,  
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now

## XII

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant  
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking curtsie and went  
And I said, 'Let us put in a hundred yeus it'll all be the same,  
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name'

## XIII

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine  
'Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine  
And what do I care for Jane, let her speal of you well or ill,  
But marry me out of hand we two shall be happy still'

## XIV

' Mary you, Willy !' said I, ' but I needs must speak my mind,  
 And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hred and unkind'  
 But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, ' No, love, no ,  
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago

## XV

So Willy and I were wedded I wroie a lilac gown ,  
 And the ingers sang with a will, and he gave the ingers a crown  
 But the first that e'er I bare was dead before he was born,  
 Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn

## XVI

That was the first time, too, that e'er I thought of death  
 There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath  
 I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife ,  
 But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life

## XVII

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain  
 I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain  
 For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn  
 But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born

## XVIII

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay  
 Kind, like a man, was he , like a man, too, would have his way  
 Never jealous—not he we had many a happy year ,  
 And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near

## XIX

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died  
 I begin to be tired a little, and fun had slept at his side  
 And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget  
 But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet

## XX

Pittering over the bouds, my Annie who left me at two,  
 Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you  
 Pittering over the bouds, she comes and goes at her will,  
 While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill

## XXI

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team  
 Often they come to the door in a pleasant land of a dream  
 They come and sit by my chāir, they hover about my bed—  
 I am not always certain if they be alive or dead

## XXII

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive,  
For Hairy went at sixty, your father at sixty five  
And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore and ten,  
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men

## XXIII

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve,  
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve  
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I,  
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by

## XXIV

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad  
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had,  
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease,  
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace

## XXV

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
And happy has been my life, but I would not live it again  
I seem to be tired a little, that's ill, and long for rest,  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best

## XXVI

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest born, my flower,  
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for a hour  
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next,  
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be west?

## XXVII

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over wise  
Get me my glasses, Annie, thank God that I keep my eyes  
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away  
But stay with the old woman now, you cannot have long to stay

## NORTHERN FARMER

## OLD SIVLE

## I

WHILER 'asta bean sw long and mea liggin' 'eic alone?  
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse whoy, Doctor's ibe in 'r' agoan  
Says that I moant 'a naw moor aalc but I be int a fool  
Git mi my aale, fur I beant a gooin' to break my rule

## II

Doctoris, they knows nowt, fuu <sup>1</sup> says what's nawways true  
 Naw soot o' kound o' use to stay the things that a do  
 I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight sin' I bean 'ere,  
 An' I've 'ed my quait ivry market noight for foorty year

## III

Parson's a bean loinkewoise, un' <sup>1</sup> sittin' ere o' my bed  
 'The amoightly's a taakin' o' you to 'issén, my friend,' a said,  
 An' a towd ma my sins, an's tothe were due, an' I gied it in hond,  
 I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond

## IV

Lain'd a m<sup>r</sup>' bea I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to lain  
 But a cist oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Mairis's bune  
 Thaw a knows I hillus voated wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staate,  
 An' i' the woost o' tonmes I wur nivei agn the raate

## V

An' I hillus coom'd to 's choorch afool moy Silly wui dead,  
 An' 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaay loike a buzzid clock <sup>1</sup> owei my 'eid,  
 An' I nivei knew'd whot a mean'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to stay,  
 An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said 'n' I coom'd awaay

## VI

Bessy Mairis's barne! tha knows she livid it to mea  
 Mowt a bean, myhipe, si she wui a bad un, shea  
 'Sivei, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understand,  
 I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond

## VII

But Parson a cooms in' a goos, an' a says it easy an' freea  
 'The amoightly's a traikin' o' you to 'issén, my friend,' says 'ca  
 I weant sivv men be lorus, thaw summun sud it in 'laste  
 But 'e reads wonn suimin a weak, un' I 'a stubb'd Thuiniby waaste

## VIII

D's a mound the waaste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not boin then,  
 Theer wui a boggle in it, I often 'eerd 'um mysen,  
 Moost loike a butter bump,<sup>2</sup> fuu I 'eerd 'um aboot un' aloot,  
 But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raved un' icmbled 'um oot

## IX

Keaper's it wui fo' they fun 'um theer a laaid of 'is faace  
 Doon i' the world 'enemies <sup>3</sup> soon I cooin'd to the phlace  
 Noiks or Thimbleby—toancer 'ed shot 'um is dead is a nraal  
 Noiks wui 'ing'd for it oop at 'soize—but git mi my ille

<sup>1</sup> Cool chaf.

<sup>2</sup> Bittern

<sup>3</sup> An enemies

## X

Dubbut loook at the waaste theei wain't not feed for a cow,  
 Nowt at all but bricken un' fuzz, an' loook at it now—  
 Waint woith nowt i' haacre, an' now theer's lots o' feed,  
 Fouiscoor yows upon it an' some on it doon i' seeid

## XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to i' stubb'd it at fall,  
 Done it t' year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow thruuff it un' ull,  
 If godamoighty un' paision 'ud nobbut let me alone,  
 Mea, wi' haate oondeid haacie o' Squone's, an' lond o' my oan

## XII

Do godamoighty kniww what a's doing a trakin' o' me?  
 I beant wonn is saws 'eic a bean un' yondur a pei,  
 An' Squone 'ull be si mad an' ull—i' deu q' dcái!  
 And I'a managed for Squore coom Michaelm's thutty year

## XIII

A mowt 'a taaen owd Jones, is 'int nor a rapoth o' sense,  
 Or a mowt 'a tien young Robins—a never mended a fence  
 But godamoighty a moost taake mea un' trike ma now  
 Wi' aif the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby houlims to plow!

## XIV

Looook 'ow quoloty smoiles whcn they see is me i passin boy,  
 Says to thess'n now doubt 'whit a man a bei sewei boy'  
 Fun they knows whil I bein to Squone sin fust i coond to the All,  
 I done moy duty by Squore un' I done moy duty boy hill

## XV

Squone's i' Lunnon, un' summun I reckons 'ull i' to wiole,  
 For who's to howd the lond ater mei that muddles mi quoit,  
 Sartin sewei I bei, that a weant niver give it to Jones,  
 Naw, nor a moant to Robins—a never rembles the storm

## XVI

But summun 'ull come ater mei mayhap wi' 'is little o' steam  
 Huzzin' an' maazin' the blessed seilds wi' the Devil's own team  
 Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thrw loose they says is sweet,  
 But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn't be u to see it

## XVII

Whit utta stannin' theei fun, un' doesn bung mei the rule?  
 Doctor's a loattler, lass, un' z's hillus i' the owd trile  
 I weant break rules fun Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy,  
 Git mei my rule I tell thi, un' if I mun doy I mun doy

## NORTHERN FARMER

## •NEW STYLE

## I

DOSN'T thou 'eai my 'eise's legs, as they canteis twiay?<sup>2</sup>  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's wht I 'eais 'em saay  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's un ass for thy paains  
 Theei's moor sense i' one o' is legs nor in all thy brauns

## II

Woa—theer's a claw to pluck wi' thi, Sam yon's parson's 'ouse—  
 Dosen't thou knw that a man mun be eather a man or a mouse?<sup>1</sup>  
 Time to think on it then, for thou'll be twenty to weeak<sup>1</sup>  
 Proputty, proputty—woa then woa—let ma 'car mys'n speik

## III

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean a-talkin' o' thee,  
 Thou's bean talkin' to muther, an' she bean a tellin' it me  
 Thou'll not maniy for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's lass—  
 Noa—thou'll maniy for luuv—an' we boath on us thunks tha un iss

## IV

Seer'd hei today goa by—Saaint's daay—they was ringing the bells  
 She's a beauty thou thinks—un' soa is scoois o' gells,  
 Them is 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as bluws  
 But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty grows

## V

Do'ant be stunt<sup>2</sup> taake time I knows what maakes thi sa mad  
 Wain't I cruzed fur the lasses mys'n when I wu a lad?  
 But I know'd a Quaker feller as often 'as towd ma this  
 'Doant thou maniy for munny, but goa wheei munny is!'

## VI

An' I went wheei munny war an' thy muther coom to 'und,  
 Wi' lots o' munny laud by, an' a nectish bit o' land  
 Maibye she wain't a beauty—I never giv it a thowl—  
 But wain't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a liss as 'ant now!?

## VII

Parson's liss 'ant nowt, an' she weant i' nowt when 'e's dead,  
 Mun be a guyness, lad, or summut, und addle<sup>3</sup> hei bread  
 Why? fu' 'e's nobbut a curie, un' weant never git nay 'ighhei,  
 An' 'e made the bed as 'e lies on afoor 'e coom'd to the shne

<sup>1</sup> This wod<sup>2</sup> Ol' time<sup>3</sup> Eun

VIII

An thin' e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Vusitry debt,  
Stook to his taail they did, un' e'nt got shut on 'em yet  
An' e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, w' noin to lend 'im i' shove,  
Woose noi a fat wcltui'd l yowe fu, Summy, 'c married fu luvv

13

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy liss in' 'c'munny too,  
Makin' em goa together as they've good right to do  
Couldn't I luvv thy mutha by curse o' 'er munny luid by?  
Naay—fur I luvv'd 'c' i' vist sight moor sun it it ison why

1

Ay an' thy muther syys thou wints to marry the lass,  
Cooms of a gentleman in buin 'an' we both on us thinks tha an ass  
Woa then, proputtly, with'r <sup>is</sup> in iss <sup>is</sup> near <sup>is</sup> my <sup>is</sup> nowt —  
Woa then, with'r <sup>is</sup> dangher! —the becs <sup>is</sup> full <sup>is</sup> owt <sup>is</sup>

21

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead, lad, out o' the fence!  
Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it 'hillins' un' pence?  
Property, propuity's ev'ything 'tice, an', 'ummy I'm blest  
If it isn't the same oop' wonder, fur them 'is 't the best

VI

Tis' them as 's munny as breaks into 'ouses in' steels,  
Them as 's coots to their backs an' strikes their regular meals.  
Noa, but it's them as never knows where i meel's to be 'id  
I take my word for it, Sunnys, the poor in i loomis, bid

VIII

Them or thi seyther, thi sees, mun 'n be in a havy lot,  
Fur work mun 'n gone to the gittin' whinnae munny w's, got  
Feyther 'id ummost nowt, lastwys 'is munny w is 'id  
But 'e tued an' moil d' iss'n dead, 'n 'e died a good un, 'e did

111

Looool thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill  
Feyther run oop to the sum, an' I runs oop to the mill,  
An' I'll run oop to the bug, un' that thou'll live to see,  
And if thou marries a good un I'll leave the land to thee

\v

Thim's my noatins, Simmy, wheeby I meins to stick,  
But if thou murries a bad un, I'll leave the land to Dick —  
Coom oop, propputy, propputy—that's what I 'us' m sayin'  
Propputy, propputy, propputy—cuntin' m' cuntin' way

## THE DAISY

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,  
In lands of palm and southern pine,  
In lands of palm, of orange blossom,  
Of olive, aloe, and myrtle and vine

What Roman strength Turbia show'd  
In sun, by the mountain road,  
How like a gem, beneath, the city  
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd

How richly down the rocky dell  
The torrent viney'd streaming fell  
To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
That only heaved with a summer swell

What slender campanili grew  
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue,  
Where, here and there, on sandy  
beaches  
A milky bell'd amaryllis blew

How young Columbus seem'd to love,  
Yet present in his natal grove,  
Now watching high on mountain coi-  
nace,  
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pricing mute by ocean's sun,  
Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoleto,  
And drank, and loyally drunk to him

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,  
Not the clift palm of which they boast,  
But distant colour, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill convent, seen  
A light 'midst olives green,  
Or olive holly cape in ocean,  
Or rose blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrent, gravel spr'ld,  
And, crossing, oft we saw the glister  
Of ice, fair up on a mountain head

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours,  
What drives about the flesh Cascina,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers

In bright vignettes, and each complete,  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet

But when we crost the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain,  
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Pavia,  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles,  
Porch pillars on the lion resting,  
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the  
glory!  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day,  
Sur smitten Alps before me lay  
I stood among the silent statues,  
And stituted pinnacles, mute as they

How faintly flush'd, how phantom sun,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden an

Remember how we came at last  
To Como, shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,  
And all was flooded, and how we pist

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lan Mamunt, all the way,

Like ballad burthen music, kept,  
As on The Lauano crept  
To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept,  
  
Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,  
The moonlight touching o'er a teirace  
One tall Agavé above the lake  
  
What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splugen diew,  
But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you  
  
It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy  
O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer across the sea,  
  
So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold  
Yet here to night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,  
  
I found, tho' crush'd to huud and dry,  
This nurseling of another sky  
Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by  
  
And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and  
Earth,  
The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North  
  
Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,  
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,  
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,  
My fancy fled to the South again

## TO THE REV F D MAURICE

COME, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy  
  
For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty-thousand college councils  
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, if you,

Should all our churchmen form in spite  
At you, so careful of the right,  
Yet one hye heith would give you wel  
come  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight,  
Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling down  
All round a circless ord'rd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down  
  
You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,  
And only here the impudent gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine  
  
For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand,  
And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand,  
  
Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creap,  
And on this' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer twy to the lonely deep,  
  
We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin,  
Dispute the claims, wrangle the chance,  
Imperial, Ottoman, which shall win  
  
Or whether war's vexing iron  
Shall lish all Europe into blood,  
Till you should turn to do their master,  
Deu to the man that is deu to God,  
  
How best to help the slender stoic,  
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,  
How gain in life, is life advance,  
Valour and charity more and more  
  
Come, Maurice, come the lawn is yet  
Is hour with rime, or spongy wet,  
But when the wreath of Much has  
blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,  
  
Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those we few we hold as deu,  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy yeu

January, 1851.

## WILL

I

O WELL for him whose will is strong !  
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long ,  
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong  
 For him nor moves the loud world's  
 Random mock,  
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,  
 Who seems a promontory of rock,  
 That, compass'd round with turbulent  
 sound,  
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
 Tempest-bursted, citadel crown'd

II

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,  
 Corrupts the strength of heaven descended  
 Will,

And ever weaker grows thou' acted crime,  
 Or seeming-gentil venial fault,  
 Recurring and suggesting still !  
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,  
 Toiling in immensurable sand,  
 And o'er a weary sultry land,  
 From beneath a blazing sun,  
 Sown in a winkle of the monstrous hill,  
 The city sprawls like a grain of salt

IN THE VALLEY OF  
CAUTERETZ

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest  
 white,  
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening  
 of the night,  
 All along the valley, where thy water flows,  
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty  
 years ago  
 All along the valley, while I walk'd to day,  
 The two and thirty years were a mist that  
 rolls away ,  
 For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,  
 Thy living voice to me was is the voice  
 of the dead,  
 And all along the valley, by rock and  
 cave and tree,  
 The voice of the dead was a living voice  
 to me

IN THE GARDEN AT  
SWAINSTON

NIGHTINGALES warbled without  
 Within was weeping for thee  
 Shadows of threee dead men  
 Walk'd in the walks with me,  
 Shadows of threee dead men and thou  
 wast one of the three

Nightingales sang in his woods  
 The Master was far away  
 Nightingales warbled and sang  
 Of a passion that lasts but a day ,  
 Still in the house in his coffin the Prince  
 of courtesy lay

Two dead men have I known  
 In courtesy like to thee  
 Two dead men have I loved  
 With a love that ever will be  
 Three dead men have I loved and thou  
 art last of the three

## THE FLOWER

ONCE in a golden hour  
 I cast to earth a seed  
 Up there came a flower,  
 The people said, a weed

To and fro they went  
 Thro' my garden bower,  
 And muttering discontent  
 Cursed me and my flower

Then it grew so tall  
 It wore a crown of light,  
 But thieves from o'er the wall  
 Stole the seed by night

Sow'd it far and wide  
 By every town and tower,  
 Till all the people cried,  
 'Splendid is the flower '

Read my little fable  
 He that runs may read  
 Most can ruse the flowers now,  
 For all have got the seed

And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed,  
And now 'garn the people  
Call it but a weed

## REQUIESCAT

FAIR is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly  
glides  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides  
  
And fairer she, but ah how soon to die !  
Her quiet dream of life this hour may  
cease  
Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect peace

## THE SAILOR BOY

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,  
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,  
And whistled to the morning star  
  
And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce merman cry,  
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie  
  
'The sands and yesterdays mix  
In caves about the dicay bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play ,  
  
'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevmore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home

'My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, "Stay for shame ,"  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to  
blame  
  
'God help me ! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me ,'

## THE ISLET

'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go,  
For a score of sweet little summers or so ?'  
The sweet little wife of the singer said,  
On the day that follow'd the day she was  
wed,  
'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go ?'  
And the singer shaking his curly head  
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys  
There it his right with a sudden crash,  
Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas  
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,  
But a bevy of Eroses, apple cheek'd,  
In a shallop of crystal ivory bark'd,  
With a sun sail of a ruby glow,  
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I  
know ,

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd,  
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,  
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,  
Fairly delicate palaces shine  
Mist with myrtle and clad with vine,  
And overcam'd and silvery streak'd  
With many a rivulet high aginst the  
Sun

The facets of the glorious mountain flash  
Above the valleys of palm and pine '

'Thither, O thither, love, let us go '

'No, no, no !  
For in all that exquisite isle, my deu ,  
There is but one bird with a musical  
thoat,  
And his compass is but of a single note,  
That it makes one weary to hear '

'Mock me not ! mock me not ! love, let  
us go '

'No, love, no  
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on  
the tree,  
And a storm never wakes on the lonely  
sea,  
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,  
That pierces the liver and thickens the  
blood ,  
And makes it a sorrow to be '

## CHILD-SONGS

I

## THE CITY CHILD

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,

'All among the gardens, arunculus, anemones,

Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells.'

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city house of ours?

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,

'All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers.'

II

## MINNIE AND WINNIE

Minnie and Winnie

Slept in a shell

Sleep, little ladies'

And they slept well

Pink was the shell within,

Silver without,

Sounds of the great sea

Wander'd about

Sleep, little ladies'

Wake not soon!

Echo on echo

Dies to the moon

Two bright stars

Peep'd into the shell

'What are they dreaming of?

Who can tell?'

Started a green linnet

Out of the croft,

Wake, little ladies,

The sun is aloft!'

## THE SPITEFUL LETTER

Here, it is here, the close of the year,  
And with it a spiteful letter  
My name in song has done him much  
wrong,

For himself has done much better

O little bard, is your lot so hard,  
If men neglect your pages?

I think not much of yours or of mine,  
I hear the roll of the ages

Rhymes and iambes in the range of the  
times!

Are mine for the moment stronger?

Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,  
I last but a moment longer

This faded leaf, our names are as brief,  
What room is left for a hater?  
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,  
For it hangs one moment later

Greater than I—is that your cry?

And men will live to see it

Well—if it be so—so it is, you know,  
And if it be so, so be it

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,  
But this is the time of follies  
O follies and ivies and evergreens,  
How I hate the spites and the follies!

## LITERARY SQUABBLES

All God! the petty fools of rhyme  
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars  
Before the stony face of Time,  
And look'd at by the silent stars

Who hate each other for a song,  
And do their little best to bite  
And pinch their brethren in the throng,  
And scratch the very dead for spite

And strain to make an inch of room  
For their sweet selves, and cannot hear  
The sullen Lethe rolling doom  
On them and theirs and all things  
here

When one small touch of Charity  
Could lift them near God like state  
Than if the crowded Orib should cry  
Like those who cried Diana great

And I too, talk, and lose the touch  
I talk of surely, after all,  
The noblest answer unto such  
Is perfect stillness when they brawl

### THE VICTIM

#### I

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,  
A famine after bid them low,  
Then thripe and byre arose in fire,  
For on them broke the sudden soc,  
So thick they did the people cried,  
'The Gods are moved aginst the land,  
The Priest in horror about his son  
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand  
'Help us from summe  
And plague and strife'  
What would you have of us?  
Human life?  
We're it our neust,  
Were it our dearest,  
(Answer, O answer)  
We give you his life'

#### II

But still the foeman spoild and burn'd,  
And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
And whiten'd all the rolling flood,  
And dead men lay all over the wry,  
Or down in a furrow scathed with flunc  
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,  
Till at last it seem'd that an answer  
came  
'The King is happy  
In child and wife,  
Take you his dearest,  
Give us a life'

#### III

The Priest went out by heath and hill,  
The King was hunting in the wild,  
They found the mother sitting still,  
She cast her arms about the child

The child was only eight summers old,  
His beauty still with his years increased,  
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,  
He seem'd a victim due to the priest

The Priest beheld him,  
And cried with joy,  
'The Gods have unsay'd  
We give them the boy'

#### IV

The King return'd from out the wild,  
He bore but little game in hand,  
The mother said, 'They have taken the  
child  
To spill his blood and heal the land  
The land is sick, the people distract,  
And blight and sunice on all the lea  
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,  
So I pray you tell the truth to me  
They have taken our son,  
They will have his life  
I'm your dearest?  
Or I, the wife?'

#### V

The King bent low with hand on brow,  
He striv'd his arms upon his knee  
'O wife, what use to answer now?  
For now the Priest has judged for me,  
The King was slenken with holy fea,  
'The Gods,' he said, 'would have  
chosen well,  
Yet both we ne'er, and both we dear,  
And which the dearest I cannot tell'  
But the Priest was happy,  
His victim won  
'We have his dearest,  
His only son!'

#### VI

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
The knife uprising tow'd the blow  
To the altar stone she sprang alone,  
'Me, not my darling, no!'  
He caught her away with a sudden cry  
Suddenly from him broke his wife,  
And shrieking 'I am his dearest, I—  
I am his dearest' rush'd on the  
knife

And the Priest was happy,  
 'O, Father Odin,  
 We give you a life

Which was his nearest?  
 Who was his dearest?  
 The Gods have answer'd,  
 We give them the wife!'

## WAGES

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—  
 Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—  
 Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she  
 Gave her the glory of going on, and still to be

The wages of sin is death if the wages of Virtue be dust,  
 Would she have heart to endure for the life of the world and the fly?  
 She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,  
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky  
 Give her the wages of going on, and not to die

## THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—  
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?  
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,  
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee thyself art the reason why,  
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillest thy doom  
 Making Him broken gleams, and a stilled splendour and gloom

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet

God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice,  
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice

Law is God, say some no God at all, says the fool,  
 For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool,

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,  
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

## THE VOICE AND THE PEAK

I

THE voice and the Peak  
 Far over summit and lawn,  
 The lone glow and long roar  
 Green rushing from the tosy thrones of  
 dawn !

II

All night have I heard the voice  
 Rave over the rocky bar,  
 But thou wert silent in heaven,  
 Above thee glided the star

III

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,  
 That standest high above all ?  
 I am the voice of the Peak,  
 I roar and rave for I fulfil

IV

A thousand voices go  
 To North, South, East, and West,  
 They leave the heights and are troubled,  
 And mourn and sink to their rest

V

The fields we fur beside them,  
 The chestnut towers in his bloom,  
 But they—they feel the curse of the deep—  
 Fall, and follow their doom

VI

The deep has power on the height,  
 And the height has power on the deep,  
 They are raised for ever and ever,  
 And sink again into sleep !

VII

Not unused for ever and ever,  
 But when their cycle is o'er,  
 The valley, the voice, the peak, the sun  
 Pass, and are found no more

VIII

The Peak is high and flush'd  
 At his highest with sunrise fire,  
 The Peak is high, and the suns are high,  
 And the thought of a man is higher

IV

A deep below the deep,  
 And a height beyond the height !  
 Our hearing is not hearing,  
 And our seeing is not sight

The voice and the Peak  
 Far into heaven withdrawn,  
 The lone glow and long roar  
 Green rushing from the tosy thrones  
 of dawn !

FLOWER in the crannied wall,  
 I pluck you out of the crannies,  
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
 Little flower—but if I could understand  
 What you are, root and all, and all in  
 all,

I should know what God and man is

## A DEDICATION

DEAR, new and true—no truer Time  
 himself  
 Can prove you, tho' he make you eva-  
 mene  
 Dearer and nearer, in the rapid of life  
 Shoots to the full—till this and pray  
 that he  
 Who wrote it, honouring your sweet truth  
 in him,  
 May trust himself, and after praise and  
 scorn,  
 As one who feels the immensurable  
 world,  
 Attun the wise indifference of the wise,  
 And after Autumn past—if left to pass  
 His autumn into scatter'd useless days—  
 Draw toward the long frost and longest  
 night,  
 Weaving his wisdom lightly, like the  
 flint  
 Which in our winter woodland looks a  
 flower<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The fruit of the spindle tree (*Luonopus Europaeus*)

## EXPERIMENTS

## BOADICEA

WHILE about the shore of Monū those Neronian legions  
Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Divness,  
For in the East Boadicea, standing loftily chanted,  
Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,  
Gut by huf the tribes of Britun, near the colony Camulodūne,  
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy

'They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces,  
Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?  
Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?  
Hear Icenian, Catuechlinian, hear Coritaniā, Tinobant!  
Must then cwei ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?  
Feru the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?  
Bulk an answer, Britum's raven! bulk and blacken innumerable,  
Blacken round the Roman cauion, make the cauease a sl eleton,  
Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,  
Iill the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated  
Lo then colony half desec'd! to their colony, Cāmulodūne!  
There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous avarisny  
There the hivc of Roman brus worship a glutinous emperor idiot  
Such is Rome, and this hui duty hear it, Spirit of Cisvelaūn!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!  
Doubt not ye the Gods have unsweird, Catuechlinian, Tinobant  
These have told us all then angu in miraculous utterances,  
Thunder, a flying fire in heiven, a muraua heard reially,  
Phantom sound of blows descnding, morn of an encmy massacred,  
Phantom wul of women and children, multitudinous agonies  
Bloody flow'd the Tynes rolling phantom bodies of horses and men,  
Ihen a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent estuary  
Lastly yonder yester even, suddenly giddily totterng—  
There was one who watch'd and told me—down then statue of Victory fell  
To then puccious Roman bunting, to the colony Cāmulodūne,  
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we crie to be pitiful?  
Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it amorously?

'Hear Icenian, Catuechlinian, hear Coritaniā, Tinobant!  
While I rov'd about the forest, long and bitterly medulung,  
There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,  
I loosly 'obed in flying raiment, sang the temible prophetesses,  
"Feru not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery purpcts!  
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering encmy narrow thee,  
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!  
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,

Thine the myriad rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,  
 Thine the lands of lasting summer, many blossoming Paradises,  
 Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God,"  
 So they chanted how shall Britain light upon usguris happier?  
 So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now

'Hear Icenian, Catuechlanian, hei Coritanian, Timobrant!  
 Me the wife of rich Piasutagus, me the lover of liberty,  
 Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lish'd and humiliated,  
 Me the sport of bald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators!  
 See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy!  
 Wherefore in me burns an angel, not by blood to be situated  
 Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Camulodunc!  
 There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory,  
 Thither at their will they haled the yellow ringleted Britons—  
 Bloody, bloody fall the battle we, unexhausted, invincible  
 Shout Icenian, Catuechlanian, shout Coritanian, Timobrant,  
 Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously  
 Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd  
 Lo the colony, there they noted in the city of Cunobelina!  
 There they drink in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony ly,  
 Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy  
 There they dwelt and there they noted, there—there—they dwell no more  
 Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,  
 Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,  
 Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,  
 Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lish'd and humiliated,  
 Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out,  
 Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chugus, trample them under us'

So the Queen Boidicea, standing loftily chivoted,  
 Blandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness like,  
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility  
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,  
 Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous instruments,  
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,  
 Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blinch on the precipice,  
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory  
 So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries  
 Clash the darts and on the buckler bent with rapid unanimous hand,  
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,  
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,  
 Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away  
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds  
 Run the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies  
 Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary,  
 Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodunc

IN QUANTITY  
ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER

*Hexameters and Pentameters*

THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer !  
No—but a most bulesque barbarous experiment  
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England ?  
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon ?  
Hexameters no worse than dairing Germany gave us,  
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters

MILTON

*Alcaics*

O MIGHTY MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,  
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
God gifted organ voice of England,  
Milton, a name to resound for ages,  
Whose Titan angel, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,  
Tower, is the deep domed empyrean  
Rings to the soul of an angel onset—  
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,  
The brooks of Eden mizily murmurings,  
And bloom profuse and cedar arches  
Chairn, as a wund'rel out in ocean,  
Where some resplendent sunset of India  
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,  
And crimson hued the stately palm-woods  
Whisper in odorous heights of even

*Hendecasyllabics*

O YOU chorus of indolent revieweis,  
Irresponsible, indolent revieweis,  
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem  
All composed in a metre of Catullus,  
All in quantity, careful of my motion,  
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears  
him,  
Lest I fall unawares before the people,  
Waking laughter in indolent revieweis  
Should I flounder awhile without a tumble  
Thro' this miftriction of Catullus,  
They should speak to me not without a welcome,

All that chorus of indolent revieweis  
Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,  
So fantastical is the dainty metre  
Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor  
believe me

Too presumptuous, indolent revieweis  
O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—  
Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—

As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost  
Horticultural art, or half coquette-like  
Maiden, not to be gieeted unbemingly

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE

So Hector spake, the Trojans roar'd  
applause,  
Then loosed their sweating horses from  
the yoke,  
And each beside his chariot bound his  
own,  
And o'en from the city, and goodly sheep  
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted  
wine  
And bread from out the houses brought,  
and heap'd  
Then firewood, and the winds from off  
the plain  
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven  
And these all night upon the bridge<sup>1</sup> of  
war  
Sat glorying, many a fire before them  
blazed

<sup>1</sup> Oi, ridge

As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heat

So many a fire between the ships and stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
A thousand on the plain, and close by each  
Sit fifty in the blaze of burning fire,  
And entreating houy grun and pulse the sticed,  
Fixt by their oars, waited the golden dawn

*Iliad* VIII 512 501

## THE WINDOW,

### OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS

FOUR years ago Mr Sullivan requested me to write a little song cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as 'Orpheus with his lute' and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four year old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

December, 1870

A. T. THOMSON

### THE WINDOW

#### ON THE HILL

The lights and shadows fly!  
Yonder it brightens and darkens down  
on the plain  
A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!  
Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her  
window pane,  
When the winds rise up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,  
And winds and lights and shadows that  
cannot be still,  
All running on one way to the home  
of my love,  
You are all running on, and I stand on  
the slope of the hill,  
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!  
And my thoughts are as quick and as  
quick, ever on, on, on  
O lights, are you flying over her sweet  
little face?

And my heart is there before you rise  
come and gone,  
When the winds rise up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!  
And I follow them down to the window  
pane of my bower,  
And it brightens and darkens and  
brightens like my hope,  
And it darkens and brightens and darkens  
like my fear,  
And the winds rise up in the morning

#### AT THE WINDOW

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Clasp her window, trul and twine!  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Trul and twine and clasp and kiss,  
Kiss, kiss, and make her a bower  
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,  
Drop me a flower

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,  
Kiss, kiss—and out of her bowel  
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,  
Dropt, a flower

## GONE

Gone!  
Gone, till the end of the year,  
Gone, and the light gone with her, and  
left me in shadow here!  
Gone—fleeted away,  
Taken the stars from the night and the  
sun from the day!  
Gone, and a cloud in my heat, and a  
storm in the air!  
Flown to the east or the west, fletted I  
know not where!  
Down in the south is a fish and a gurn  
she is there! she is there!

## WINTER

The frost is here,  
And fuel is dear,  
And woods are seen,  
And fires burn clear,  
And frost is here  
And has bitten the heel of the going year

Bite, frost, bite!  
You roll up away from the light  
The blue wood-louse, and the plump  
dormouse,  
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are  
kill'd,  
And you bite fur into the heart of the  
house,  
But not into mine

Bite, frost, bite!  
The woods are all the severer,  
The fuel is all the dearer,  
The fires are all the clearer,  
My spring is all the severer,  
You have bitten into the heart of the  
earth,  
But not into mine

## SPRING

Birds' love and birds' song  
Flying here and there,  
Buds' song and buds' love,  
And you with gold for han'

Birds' song and buds' love,  
Passing with the weather,  
Men's song and men's love,  
To love once and for ever

Men's love and birds' love,  
And women's love and men's!  
And you my wien with a crown of gold,  
You my queen of the wiens!  
You the queen of the wiens—  
We'll be birds of a feather,  
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,  
And all in a nest together

## THE LETTER

Where is another sweet as my sweet,  
Fine of the face, and shy of the shy?  
Fine little hands, fine little feet—  
Dewy blue eye  
Shall I write to her? shall I go?  
Ask her to marry me by and by?  
Somebody said that she'd say no,  
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?  
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?  
Go, little letter, apace, apace,  
Fly,  
Fly to the light in the valley below—  
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye  
Somebody said that she'd say no,  
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

## NO ANSWER

The mist and the sun, the mist and the  
rain!  
Is it ay, or no? is it ay or no?  
And never a glimpse of her window pane!  
And I may die but the grass will grow,  
And the grass will grow when I am gone,  
And the wet west wind and the world  
will go on.  
Ay is the song of the weeded spheres,  
No is trouble and cloud and storm,

Ay is life for a hundred years,  
No will push me down to the worm,  
And when I am there and dead and gone,  
The wet west wind and the world will  
go on

The wind and the wet, the wind and the  
wet!  
Wet west wind how you blow, you  
blow!

And never a line from my lady yet!  
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?  
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,  
The wet west wind and the world may  
go on

## NO ANSWER

Winds are loud and you are dumb,  
Take my love, for love will come,  
Love will come but once a life  
Winds are loud and winds will press;  
Spring is here with leaf and grass  
Take my love and be my wife  
After-loves of muids and men  
Are but dunties diest agun  
Love me now, you'll love me then  
Love can love but once a life

## THE ANSWER

Two little hands that meet,  
Claspt on her seal, my sweet!  
Must I take you and biek you,  
Two little hands that meet?  
I must take you, and biek you,  
And loving hands must part—  
Take, tike—biek, biek—  
Break—you may break my heart  
Faint heart never won—  
Break, break, and all's done

## AY

Be merry, all birds, to day,  
Be merry on earth as you never were  
merry before,  
Be merry in heaven, O laiks, and fu away,  
And merry for ever and ev'ry, and one  
day more

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme

Look, look, how he fits,  
The fie clown'd king of the wiens,  
from out of the pine!  
Look how they tumble the blossom, the  
mad little tits!  
'Cuck oo! Cuck oo!' was ever a May  
so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme  
O meiry the linnet and dove,  
And swallow and sparrow and thostle,  
and have your desire!  
O meiry my heut, you have gotten the  
wings of love,  
And fit like the ling of the wiens with  
a crown of fire

Why?

For it's ay ay, ay ay

## WHEN

Sun comes, moon comes,  
Time slips awy  
Sun sets, moon sets,  
Love, fit a day

'A year hence, a year hence'  
'We shall both be gray'  
'A month hence, a month hence'  
'Fu, fu awy'

'A week hence, a week hence'  
'Ah, the long delay'  
'Wut a little, wut a little,  
You shall fit a day'

'To morrow, love, to-morrow,  
And that's in age awy'  
Blaze upon her window, sun,  
And honour all the day

## MARRIAGE MORNING

Light, so low upon earth,  
You send a flash to the sun  
Here is the golden close of love,  
All my wooing is done  
Oh, the woods and the meadows,  
Woods where we hid from the wet,  
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,  
Meadows in which we met!

Light, so low in the vale  
 You flash and lighten afar,  
 For this is the golden morning of love,  
 And you are his morning star  
 Flash, I am coming, I come,  
 By meadow and stile and wood,  
 Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
 Into my heart and my blood !

Heart, are you great enough  
 For a love that never tires?  
 O heart, are you great enough for love?  
 I have heard of thorns and briers  
 Over the thorns and briers,  
 Over the meadows and stiles,  
 Over the world to the end of it  
 Flash for a million miles

## IN MEMORIAM A H H

OBIIT MDCCXXXIII

**STRONG** Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen thy  
 face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these ois of light and shade ,  
 Thou madest Life in man and brute ,  
 Thou madest Death , and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilst not leave us in the dust  
 Thou madest man, he knows not  
 why,

He thinks he was not made to die ,  
 And thou hast made him thou art just

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou  
 Our wills are ours, we know not  
 how ,

Our wills are ours, to make them thine

Our little systems have their day ,  
 They have their day and cease to be  
 They are but broken lights of thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith we cannot know ,  
 For knowledge is of things we see ,  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in dulness let it grow

Let knowledge grow from moie to moie ,  
 But moie of reverence in us dwell ,  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But waste! We are fools and slight ,  
 We mock thee when we do not fear  
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ,  
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ,  
 What seem'd my worth since I  
 began ,  
 For merit lives from man to man,  
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee

Forgive my grief for one removed ,  
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair  
 I trust he lives in thee, and there  
 I find him worthier to be loved

Forgive these wild and wandering cries ,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth ,  
 Forgive them where they fail in truth ,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise

1849

## I

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
 To one clear harp in divers tones,  
 That men may rise on stepping stones  
 Of their dead selves to higher things

But who shall so forecast the years  
 And find in loss a gain to match ?  
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
 The far off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd ,  
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss  
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss ,  
 To dance with death, to beat the ground

E

Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
 The long result of love, and boast,  
 'Behold the man that loved and lost,  
 But all he was is overwon'

## II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
 That name the under-lying dead,  
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones

The seasons bring the flower agen,  
 And bring the rustling to the flock,  
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
 Beats out the little lives of men

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
 Who changest not in any gale,  
 Nor branding summer suns avail  
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
 I seem to ful from out my blood  
 And grow incorporate into thee

## III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,  
 O Priestess in the vaults of Death,  
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
 What whispers from thy lying lip?

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run,  
 A web is wov'n across the sky,  
 From out waste places comes a cry,  
 And murmur from the dying sun

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands—  
 With all the music in her tone,  
 A hollow echo of my own,—  
 A hollow form with empty hands'

And shall I take a thing so blind,  
 Embrace her as my natural good,  
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
 Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IV

To Sleep I give my pow'rs o'er,  
 My will is bondsman to the dux,  
 I sit within a helmeless bark,  
 And with my heit I muse and say

O heit, how fares it with thee now,  
 That thou should'st ful from thy  
 desire,  
 Who scarcely dauest to inquire,  
 'What is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
 Some pleasure from thine early years  
 Break, thou deep vase of chilling  
 tears,  
 That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
 All night below the darken'd eyes,  
 With morning wakes the will, and  
 cries,  
 'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss!'

I sometimes hold it half a sin  
 To put in words the grief I feel,  
 For words, like Nature, half reveal  
 And half conceal the soul within

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
 A use in measured language lies,  
 The sed mechanick exercise,  
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
 Like coarsest clothes against the  
 cold  
 But that large grief which these  
 enfold  
 Is given in outline and no more

## V

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'  
 That 'Loss is common to the race—'  
 And common is the commonplace,  
 And vain chaff well meant for grain

That loss is common would not make  
 My own less bitter, rather more  
 Too common! Never morning woe  
 To evening, but some heit did break

O father, whereso'er thou be,  
 Who pledgest now thy gallant son,  
 A shot, e'er half thy draught be done,  
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee

O mother, praying God will save  
 Thy sailor, — while thy head is  
 bow'd,  
 His heavy shotted hammock-shroud  
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
 At that last hour to please him well,  
 Who mused on all I had to tell,  
 And something written, something  
 thought,

Expecting still his advent home,  
 And ever met him on his way  
 With wishes, thinking, ‘here to day,  
 Or ‘here to morrow will he come’

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
 That sittest hanging golden hour,  
 And glad to find thyself so fair,  
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love’

For now her father’s chimney glows  
 In expectation of a guest,  
 And thinking ‘this will please him  
 best,’  
 She takes a ribbon or a rose,

For he will see them on to night,  
 And with the thought her colour  
 burns,  
 And, having left the glass, she turns  
 Once more to set a ringlet right,

And, even when she turn’d, the curse  
 Had fallen, and her future Lord  
 Was diown’d in passing thro’ the  
 ford,  
 Or kill’d in falling from his horse

O what to her shall be the end?  
 And what to me remains of good?  
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
 And unto me no second friend

## VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand  
 Here in the long unlovely street,  
 Doors, where my heart was used to  
 beat  
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp’d no more—  
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
 And like a guilty thing I creep  
 At earliest morning to the door

He is not here, but far away  
 The noise of life begins again,  
 And ghastly thro’ the drizzling rain  
 On the bald street breaks the blank day

## VIII

A happy lover who has come  
 To look on her that loves him well,  
 Who lights and rings the gateway  
 bell,  
 And learns her gone and far from home,

He saddens, all the magic light  
 Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
 And all the place is dark, and all  
 The chambers emptied of delight

So find I every pleasant spot  
 In which we two were wont to meet,  
 The field, the chamber and the street,  
 For all is dark where thou art not

Yet as that other, wandering there  
 In those deserted walks, may find  
 A flower beat with sun and wind,  
 Which once she foster’d up with care,

So seems it in my deep regret,  
 O my forsaken heart, with thee  
 And this poor flower of poesy  
 Which little cured for fades not yet

But since it pleased a vanish’d eye,  
 I go to plant it on his tomb,  
 That if it can it there may bloom,  
 Or dying, there at least may die

## IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
 Sailed the placid ocean plains  
 With my lost Arthur’s loved remain,  
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o’er

So draw him home to those that mourn  
 In vain, a favourable speed  
 Ruffle thy mirror’d mast, and lead  
 Thio’ prosperous floods his holy urn

All night no ruder sur perplex  
 Thysliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
 As our pure love, thio' eulv light  
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks  
 Spheie all your lights around, above,  
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the  
 prow,  
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
 My friend, the brother of my love,  
 My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
 Till all my widow'd race be run,  
 Dear as the mother to the son,  
 More than my brothers tie to me

I hear the noise about thy keel,  
 I hear the bell struck in the night  
 I see the cabin window bright  
 I see the sailor at the wheel  
 Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
 And travell'd men from foreign lands,  
 And letters unto trembling hands,  
 And, thy dark freight, vanish d life  
 So bring him we have idle dreams  
 This look of quiet flitters thus  
 Our home bied fancies O to us,  
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems  
 To rest beneath the clover sod,  
 That takes the sunshine and the runs,  
 Or where the kneeing hamlet dains  
 The chalice of the grapes of God,  
 Thin if with thee the ioniing wells  
 Should gulf him fathom deep in brine,  
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine,  
 Should toss with tingle and with shells

Calm is the morn without a sound,  
 Calm is to suit a calmer grief,  
 And only thro' the faded leaf  
 The chestnut patterning to the ground  
 Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
 And on these dews that drench the  
 furze,  
 And all the silvery gossameris  
 That twinkle into green and gold

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
 That sweeps with all its autumn  
 boweris,  
 And crowded farms and lessening  
 towers,  
 To mingle with the bounding main

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
 These leaves that reddin to the full,  
 And in my heart, if calm at all,  
 If any calm, a calm despri

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
 And waves that sway themselves in  
 rest,  
 And dead calm in that noble breast  
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep

XII  
 Lo, as I dove when up the sprung,  
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
 Some dolorous message knit below  
 The wild pulsation of her wings,

Like her I go, I cannot stay,  
 I leave this mortal ark behind,  
 A weight of nerves without a mind,  
 And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean mirois rounded huge,  
 And reach the glow of southern skies,  
 And see the suns at distance rise,  
 And linger weeping on the verge,

And saying, 'Comes he thus, my friend?  
 Is this the end of all my care'  
 And circle moaning in the air  
 'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play  
 About the prow, and back return  
 To where the body sits, and learn  
 That I have been an hour away

XIII  
 Tears of the widower, when he sees  
 A late-lost form that sleep revealis,  
 And moves his doubtful arms, and  
 feels  
 Her place is empty, fall like those,

Which weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart repos'd,  
And, where warm hands have prest  
and closed,  
Silence, till I be silent too

Which weep the comrade of my choice,  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human heated man I loved,  
A Spirit, not a breathing voice

Come Time, and teach me, many years,  
I do not suffer in a dream,  
For now so strange do these things  
seem,  
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing,  
And glance about the approaching  
suls,  
As tho' they brought but merchants'  
bales,  
And not the burthen that they bring

## XIV

If one should bring me this repoit,  
That thou hidst touch'd the land  
to day,  
And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port,  
And standing, muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the  
plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know,

And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half divine,  
Should strike a sudden hind in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home,

And I should tell him all my pun,  
And how my life had droop'd of late,  
And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possess'd my brain,

And I perceived no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his flame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strang

## XV

To-night the winds begin to rise  
And roar from yonder dropping day  
The last red leaf is whil'd away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies,

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
The cattle huddled on the lea,  
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the wold

And but for fancies, which avei  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a pane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud,  
And but for fear it is not so,  
The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a labou'ning breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire

## XVI

What words are these have fall'n from me?  
Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take  
The touch of change in calm or storm,  
But knows no more of transient form  
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lir.  
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?  
Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a ciaggy shelf,  
And stingers blindly eie she sink?  
And stunn'd me from my power to  
think.

And all my knowledge of myself,

And made me that delirious man  
Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
And flashes into false and true,  
And mungles all without a plan?

## XVII

Thou comest, much wept for such a breeze  
Compell'd thy canvas, and my pray'r  
Was as the whisper of an air  
To breathe thee over lonely seas

For I in spirit saw thee move  
Thro' cycles of the bounding sky,  
Week after week the days go by,  
Come quick, thou bringest all I love

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,  
My blessing, like a line of light,  
Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guides thee home

So may whatever tempest muse  
Mid ocean, spare thee, sacred bark,  
And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the sun

So kind an office hath been done,  
Such precious reliques brought by thee,  
The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run

## XVIII

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand  
While he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land

'Tis little, but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impul  
The life that almost dies in me,

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again

## XIX

The Danube to the Seine give  
The darken'd heat that beat no  
more,  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hushing of the wave

There twice a day the Severn fills,  
The salt sea water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
When fill'd with tears that cannot  
fill,

I brim with sorrow drowning song

The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls,  
My deeper anguish also fills,  
And I can speak a little then

## XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender  
sighs,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead,

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the  
mind  
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find  
Another service such as this'

My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win,  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze,

For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmospheric of Death,  
And scarce endure to draw the  
breath,

Or like to noiseless phantoms sit

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chasm, and think,  
How good! how kind! and he is gone'

## XXI

I sing to him that rests below,  
And, since the grasses round me wave,  
I take the glasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow

The traveller hears me now and then,  
And sometimes haughly will he speak  
'This fellow would make weakness  
weak,

And melt the waxen hearts of men'

Another answers, 'Let him be,  
He loves to make parade of pun,  
That with his piping he may gun  
The praise that comes to constancy'

A thud is wroth 'Is this an hour  
For private sorrow's barren song,  
When more and more the people  
throng

The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,  
When Science reaches forth her aims  
To feel from world to world, and  
charms

Her secret from the latest moon?'

Bethold, ye speak an idle thing  
Ye never knew the sacred dust  
I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing

And one is glad, her note is gay,  
For now her little ones have ranged,  
And one is sad, her note is changed,  
Because her blood is stol'n away

## XXII

The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us  
well,  
Thio' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow  
And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And, crown'd with all the season  
lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad it went from May to May

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man,

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and  
cold,  
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think, that somewhere in the  
waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me

## XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the cieeds,  
I wander, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came,  
Or on to where the pathway leads,

And crying, How changed from wheie it  
ran  
Thio' lands where not a leif was  
dumb,  
But all the livish hills would hum  
The murmuu of a happy Pan

When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech,

And all we met was fur and good,  
And all was good that Time could  
bring,  
And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood,

And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady

## XXXIV

And was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of Day  
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night

If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look'd to human eye,  
Since our first Sun arose and set

And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so  
great?  
The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far,  
And o'er into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein?

## XXXV

I know that this was Life,—the track  
Whereon with equal feet we fired,  
And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the bick

But this it was that made me move  
As light as carri'd birds in air,  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of Love

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in  
twain  
The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him

## XXXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way,  
I with it, for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can cull er Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say

And if that eye which watches guilt  
And goodness, and hath power to  
see  
Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him) is no before)  
In more of life true life no more  
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the  
keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn

## XXXVII

I envy not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unstirr'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes,

Nor, wht may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,  
Nor any want begotten rest

I hold it true, white'er befall,  
I feel it, when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have lov'd at all

## XXXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ  
The moon is hid, the night is still,  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From fair and new, on mead and  
moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
I hat now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and  
peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no moe to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy,  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with  
joy,  
The merry merry bells of Yule

## XXXI

With such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regiet to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas eve,

Which brings no moe a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight  
In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
Make one wreath more for Use and  
Want,  
That guard the portals of the house,

Old sisters of a day gone by,  
Gay nurses, loving nothing new,  
Why should they miss their yearly  
due  
Before their time? They too will die

## XXXII

With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas  
hearth,  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas eve

At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gambol'd, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all

We paused the winds were in the beech  
We heard them sweep the winter  
land,  
And in a circle hand in hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each

II

Then echo like our voices rang,  
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,  
A mery song we sang with him  
Last year impetuously we sang

We ceased a gentler feeling crept  
Upon us surely rest is meet  
‘They rest,’ we said, ‘then sleep is  
sweet,’  
And silence follow'd, and we wept

Our voices took a higher range,  
Once more we sang ‘They do not  
die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change,

‘Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
With gather'd power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphim flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil’

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
D raw forth the cheerful day from  
night  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was  
born

## XXXIII

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?

‘Where werst thou, brother, those four  
days?’  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise

From every house the neighbours met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful  
sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd,  
He told it not, or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist

## XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent pity,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's  
feet

With costly spikenard and with tears

Thrice blest whose lives we faithful  
prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure,  
What souls possess themselves so  
pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

## XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm  
Mayst seem to have reach'd a quiet  
au,  
Whose faith has centred everywhere,  
Nor canes to fix itself to form,

I leave thou thy sister when she perys,  
Her early Heaven, her happy views,  
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days

Her truth thro' form is pure as thine,  
Her hands we quicke unto good  
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe  
In holding by the law within,  
Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
And ev'n for want of such a type

## XXXIV

My own dam life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is,

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
Fantastic beauty, such as lurks  
In some wild Poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim

What then were God to such as I?  
'Twere hardly worth my while to  
choose  
Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die,

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the churning serpent  
drowns,  
To drop head foremost in the jaws,  
Of vacant darkness and to cease

## XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust  
Should murmur from the narrow  
house,  
'The cheeks drop in, the body bows,  
Man dies nor is there hope in dust'

Might I not say? 'Yet even here,  
But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
To keep so sweet a thing alive'  
But I should turn nine cars and hear

The mornings of the homeless sea,  
The sound of streams that swift or  
slow  
Drown downonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be,

And I o'er world answer with a sigh,  
'The sound of that forgetful shore  
Will change my sweetness more and  
more,  
Half dead to know that I shall die'

O me, what profits it to put  
An idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut,

More fellowship of sluggish moods,  
Or in his coarsest Satyr shape  
Had bruised the herb and crush'd  
the grape,  
And brusk'd and bitten'd in the wood.

## XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,  
Deep seated in our mystic flame,  
We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin ,  
  
For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
Where truth in closest words shall  
ful,  
When truth embodied in a tale  
Shall enter in at lowly doors  
  
And so the Wold had breath, and  
wrought  
With humn hands the creed of  
creeds  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought ,  
Which he may read that binds the sheep,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the  
wave  
In rowings round the coral reef

## XXXVII

Uiania speaks with dulan'd brow  
'Thou piastes here where thou art  
lest ,  
This sulh has many a pure priest,  
And many an able voice than thou  
'Go down beside thy native hill,  
On thy Pynassus set thy feet,  
And heu thy luel whisper sweet  
About the ledges of the hill '  
  
And my Melpomene iephes,  
A touch of shame upon hei cheek  
'I am not worthy ev'n to speak  
Of thy prevailing mysteries ,  
'For I am but an eathly Muse,  
And owning but a little ait  
To lull with song an aching heart,  
And render human love his dues ,  
' But broiding on the deer one dead,  
And all he sud of things divine,  
( And dear to me as sacred wine  
To dying lips is all he sud),

'I murmur'd, as I came along,  
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd ,  
And loiter'd in the master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song '

## XXXVIII

With weary steps I loiter on,  
Tho' always under altei'd skies  
The purple from the distance dies,  
My prospect and horizon gone

No joy the blowing season gives,  
The herald melodies of spring,  
But in the songs I love to sing  
A doubtful gleam of solace lives

If any care for what is here  
Survive in spirits render'd free,  
Then are these songs I sing of thee  
Not all ungrateful to thine ear

## XXXIX

Old warden of these buried bones,  
And answering now my random  
stroke  
With frutful cloud and living smoke,  
Daik yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippes toward the dreamless head,  
To thee too comes the golden hou  
When flower is feeling after flower .  
But Sorrow—fit upon the dead,

And dulanening the dark graves of men,—  
What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
And passes into gloom again

## XL

Could we forget the widow'd hou  
And look on Spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange flower '

When ciown'd with blessing she doth  
rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that  
come  
Make April of hei tender eyes ,

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love,

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
Becoming is is meet and fit  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each,

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In those great offices that suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
How often shall her old fireside  
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her  
boast,  
Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things, as dear as old

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low,  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands

## VII

Thy spirit e'er our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to higher,  
As mounts the heavenward altar fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross

But thou art turn'd to something strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes, here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change

Deep folly ! yet that this could be—  
That I could wing my will with  
might  
To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee

For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death,  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields,

Yer oft when sundown skirts the moor  
An inner trouble I behold,  
A spectral doubt which makes me  
cold,  
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind  
The wonders that have come to  
thee,  
I thro' all the secular to be,  
But evermore a life behind

## VIII

I see my heart with fancies dim  
It still outstrip me in the race,  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I rank'd with him

And so may Place retain us still,  
And he the much beloved agam,  
A lord of large experience, true  
To riper growth the mind and will

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not,  
It ups  
A truth from one that loves and knows ?

## IX X

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Thro' all its intervall gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on.

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Barc of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the colour of the flower

So then were nothing lost to man,  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figur'd leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began,

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in  
Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul

## XLIV

How flies it with the happy dead?  
For here the man is more and more,  
But he forgets the days before  
God shut the doorway of his head

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
Gives out at times (he knows not  
whence)

A little flash, a mystic hint,  
And in the long harmonious years  
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),  
May some dim touch of earthly  
things

Surprise thee ranging with thy peers

If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt,  
My guardian angel will speak out  
In that high place, and tell thee all

## XLV

The baby new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is prest  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that 'this is I'

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'  
And finds 'I am not what I see,  
And other than the things I touch'

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From whence clear memory may  
begin,  
As thro' the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined

This use may lie in blood and breath,  
Which else were fruitless of their due,  
Had man to learn himself anew  
Beyond the second birth of Death

## XLVI

We ranging down this lower track,  
The path we came by, thorn and  
flower,  
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,  
Lest life should fail in looking back

So be it there no shade can last  
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
But clear from marge to marge shall  
bloom

The eternal landscape of the past,

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd,  
The fruitful hours of still increase,  
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
And those five years its richest field

O Love, thy province were not large,  
A bounded field, nor stretching far,  
Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
A rosy warmth from marge to marge

## XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing  
all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Reemerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside,  
And I shall know him when we meet

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good  
What waste dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light'

## XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
Were taken to be such as closed  
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,  
Then these were such as men might scorn

Her care is not to part and prove,  
She takes, when harsher moods  
remit,  
What slender shade of doubt may  
flit,  
And makes it vassal unto love

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,  
But better serves a wholesome law,  
And holds it sin and shame to draw  
The deepest measure from the chords

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Shortswallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away

## VII

From art, from nature, from the school,  
Let random influences glance,  
Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dimpled pools

The lightest wave of thought shall hisp,  
The fancy's tenderest eddy murmur,  
The slightest air of song shall breathe  
To make the sullen surface crisp

And look thy look, and go thy way,  
But blame not thou the winds that make  
The seeming wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencil'd shadow play

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears  
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,  
Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bises of my life in tears

## I

Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick  
And tingle, and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer  
trust,  
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a Fury slinging flunc

Be near me when my futh is dry,  
And men the flies of litter sprung,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
And weave their petty cells and die

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of mortal day

## II

Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side?  
Is there no baseness we would hide?  
No inner weakness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eyes some hidden  
shame  
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue  
Shall love be blunted for want of futh?  
There must be wisdom with great  
Death

The dead shall look me thro' and thro'

Be near us when we climb or fall  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all

## III

I cannot love thee, I ought,  
For love reflects the thing beloved,  
My words are only words, and moved  
Upon the topmost froth of thought

'Let blame not thou thy plaintive song,'  
The Spirit of true love replied,  
'Thou canst not move me from thy side,

Nor human fruitly do me wrong

'What keep, a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears?  
What record? not the sinless years  
That breathed beneath the Sun in blue

'So fact not, like an idle girl,  
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin  
Abide thy wealth is giv'n'd in,  
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl'

## LXXX

How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man, among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish  
noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and green  
And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild oat not been  
sown,  
The soil, left barren, scarce had  
grown  
The grain by which a man may live?  
Or, if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round?  
Hold thou the good define it well  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and  
be  
Procress to the Lords of Hell

## I IV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood,  
That nothing walks with umless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
O'er cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete,

That not a worm is cloven in vain,  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
O'er but subserves another's gain

Behold, we know not anything,  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And evey winter change to spring

So runs my dream but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night  
An infant crying for the light  
And with no language but a cry

## LV

The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likeliest God within the soul?  
Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life,  
That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,  
I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stans  
I hat slope thro' darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope

## LV I

'So cueful of the type?' but no  
From scuped cliff and quairied stone  
Shecries, 'A thousand types a'regone  
I care for nothing, all shall go

'Thou makest thine appeal to me  
I bring to life, I bring to death  
The spint does but mean the breath  
I know no more' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid puipose in his eycs,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shick'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown 'bout the desert dust,  
O'er seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil

## LXII

Peace, come away the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song  
Peace, come away we do him  
wrong  
To sing so wildly let us go

Come, let us go your cheeks are pale  
But half my life I leave behind  
Methinks my friend is richly shined,  
But I shall pass, my work will fail

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead,  
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said  
'Adieu, adieu' for evermore

## LXIII

In those sad words I took farewell  
Like echoes in sepulchral hall,  
As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fall,

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
Of hearts that beat from day to  
day,  
Half conscious of their dying day,  
And those cold crypts where they shall  
cease

The high Muse answer'd 'Wherfore  
grieve  
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?  
Abide a little longer here,  
And thou shalt take a nobler leave'

## LX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me  
No casual mistress, but a wife,  
My bosom-friend and half of life,  
As I confess it needs must be,

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
And put thy harsher moods aside,  
If thou wilt have me wise and good

My centred passion cannot move,  
Nor will it lessen from to day,  
But I'll have leave at times to play  
As with the creature of my love,

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
With so much hope for you to come,  
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some  
Could hardly tell what name were thine

## LX

He past, a soul of nobler tone  
My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
Like some poor girl whose heart is  
set

On one whose rank exceeds her own

He mixing with his proper sphere,  
She finds the baseness of her lot,  
Half jealous of she knows not what,  
And envying ill that meet him there

The little village looks forlorn,  
She sighs amid her narrow days,  
Moving about the household ways,  
In that dark house where she was born

The foolish neighbour is come and gone,  
And leaves her till the day draws by  
At night she weeps, 'How vain  
am I!'

How should he love a thing so low?

## LXI

If, in thy second state sublime,  
Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
With all the circle of the wise,  
The perfect flower of human time,

And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
How dimly character'd and slight,  
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and  
night,

How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Wherethy firstform was made a man ,  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more

## I XII

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast  
Could make thee somewhat blench  
or fail,

Then be my love an idle tale,  
And fading legend of the past ,

And thou, as one that once declined ,  
When he was little more than boy ,  
On some unworthy heat with joy ,  
But lives to wed an equal mind ,

And breathes a novel world, the while  
His other passion wholly dies ,  
Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile

## I XIII

Yet pity for a horse o'er driven ,  
And love in which my hound has  
part ,  
Can hang no weight upon my heart  
In its assumptions up to heaven ,

And I am so much more than these ,  
As thou, perchance, art more than I ,  
And yet I spare them sympathy ,  
And I would set them pangs at ease

So myst thou watch me where I weep ,  
As, unto vnter motions bound ,  
The circuits of thine orbit round  
A higher height, a deeper deep

## I XIV

Dost thou look back on what hath been ,  
As some divinely gifted man ,  
Whose life in low estate begun  
And on a simple village green ,

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar ,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance ,  
And breasts the blows of circum-  
stance ,

And grapples with his evil star ,

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden key ,  
To mould a mighty state's decree ,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ,

And moving up from high to higher ,  
Becomeson Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope ,  
The centre of a world's desire ,

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream ,  
When all his active powers are still ,  
A distant dearness in the hill ,  
A secret sweetness in the stream ,

The limit of his narrower fate ,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings ,  
With one that was his earliest mate ,

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labour of his hands ,  
Or in the sunnow musing stands ,  
'Does my old friend remember me ?'

## I XV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt ,  
I lull a fancy trouble tost  
With 'Love's too precious to be lost ,  
A little grain shall not be spilt '

And in that solace can I sing ,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought ,  
Self balanced on a lightsome wing

Since we deserved the name of friend ,  
And thine effect so lives in me ,  
A part of mine may live in thee  
And move thee on to noble ends

## I XVI

You thought my heart too far diseased ,  
You wonder when my fancies play  
To find me gay among the gay ,  
Like one with any tuse pleased

The shade by which my life is cast,  
Which makes a desert in the mind,  
Has made me kindly with my kind,  
And like to him whose sight is lost,

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is  
free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand

He plays with friends, he beats his chan  
For pasture, dreaming of the sky,  
His inner dry can never die,  
His night of loss is always there

## LXXII

When on my bed the moonlight fills,  
I know that in thy place of rest  
By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name  
And over the number of thy years

The mystic glory swims away,  
From off my bed the moonlight dies,  
And closing eyes of weeping eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gauze

And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn

## LXXIII

When in the down I sink my head,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times  
my breath,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows  
not Death,  
Nor can I dicum of thee as dead

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
When all our path was strewed with  
dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blow  
Revellee to the breaking morn

But what is this? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad I know not why,  
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt

But ere the lark hath left the lea  
I wake, and I discern the truth,  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to thee

## LXXIV

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,  
I hit Nature's ancient power was  
lost  
The streets were black with smoke  
and frost,  
They chitter'd twines at the door

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and bairn and hoary  
husks  
They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child  
I found an angel of the night,  
The voice was low, the look was  
bright,

He look'd upon my crown and smiled

He teach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into leaf  
The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand

## LXXV

I cannot see the features right,  
When on the gloom I strive to print  
The face I know, the hue is faint  
And mix with hollow marks of night,

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,  
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
A hand that points, and pulled shape,  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought,

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,  
And shoals of pucker'd faces drove,  
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores,

Till all at once beyond the will  
I hear a wizard music roll,  
And thro' a lattice on the soul  
Looks thy fair face and makes it still

## LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and taint  
And madness, thou hast forged at last  
A night long Present of the Past  
In which we went tho' summer France

Hadst thou such credit with the soul ?  
Then bring an opiate tiebly strong,  
Drug down the blindfold sense of  
w<sup>i</sup>ong

That so my pleasure may be whole ,

While now we talk as once we talk'd  
Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
The days that grow to something  
strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,  
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
The cataract flashing from the budge,  
The breaker breaking on the beach

## LXXII

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
And howlest, issuing out of night,  
With blasts that blow the poplar  
white,  
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

Dry, when my crown'd estate began  
To pine in that reverse of doom,  
Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
And blur'd the splendour of the sun ,

Who ushest in the dolorous hour  
With thy quick tears that make the  
rose  
Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
Her crimson flinges to the shower ,

Whomight'st have heaved a windless flame  
Up the deep East, or, whispering,  
play'd  
A chequer work of beam and shade  
Along the hills, yet look'd the same

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ,  
Day, mark'd as with some hideous  
crime,  
When the dark hand struck down  
tho' time,  
And cancell'd nature's best but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows  
Thro' clouds that drench the morning  
star,  
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,  
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound  
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day  
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
And hide thy shame beneath the ground

## LXXIII

So many wold's, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou werst strong as thou werst true ?

The fame is quench'd that I foiesaw,  
I he head hath mis'd an earthly  
wreath  
I curse not nature, no, nor death ,  
For nothing is that eirs from law

We pass , the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age ? It rests with God

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name

## LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watchit more and more,  
A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
They kindred with the great of old

But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has  
made  
His darkness beautiful with thee

## LXXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd,

What practice howsoe'er expect  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest ton'd that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou went'

I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of  
song  
To stir a little dust of pruse

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
And, while we live beneath the  
sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been

So here shall silence guard thy fame,  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim

## LXXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,  
And in a moment set thy face  
Where all the starry heavens of  
space  
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end,

Take wings of foresight, lighten thou'  
The secular abyss to come,  
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
Before the mouldeing of a yew,

And if the matin songs, that woke  
The darkness of our planet, last,  
Thine own shall wither in the vast,  
Ere half the lifetime of an oak

Ere these have clothed their branchy  
boughs  
With fifty Mys, thy songs are run,  
And what are they when these remain  
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXXVII

What hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him, who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that  
lie  
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks,  
Or when a thousand moon, shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that tells  
A girl, then changed to something  
else,  
Sung by a long forgotten mind

But what of that? My drunken ways  
Shall ring with music ill the same,  
To bid the my loss is more th' in sum,  
To utter love more sweet than pruse

## LXXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we meet  
The holly round the Christmas  
heath,  
The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas eve

The yule log sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost

As in the winter left behind,  
Again our ancient games had place,  
The mimic picture's bicathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman blind

Who show'd a token of distress?  
 No single tear, no mark of pain  
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?  
 O last regret, regret can die!  
 No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
 Her deep relations are the same,  
 But with long use her tears are dry

## LXIV

'More than my brothers aie to me,'—  
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
 I know thee of what force thou art  
 To hold the costliest love in fee  
 But thou and I are one in kind,  
 As moulded like in Nature's mint,  
 And hill and wood and field did print  
 The same sweet forms in either mind  
 For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
 Thro' all his eddying coves, the same  
 All winds that oam the twilight came  
 In whispers of the beauteous wold  
 At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
 One lesson from one book we learn'd,  
 Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
 To black and brown on kindied brows  
 And so my wealth resembles thine,  
 But he was rich where I was poor,  
 And he supplied my want the more  
 As his unlikeness fitted mine

## LXX

If any vague desire should use,  
 That holy Death ere Arthur died  
 Had moved me kindly from his side,  
 And dropt the dust on tearless eyes,  
 Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,  
 A grief as deep as life or thought,  
 But stay'd in peace with God and man  
 I make a picture in the brain,  
 I hear the sentence that he speaks,  
 He bears the burthen of the weeks  
 But turns his burthen into gun

His credit thus shall set me free,  
 And, influence rich to soothe and  
 save,  
 Unused example from the grave  
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me

## LXXXI

Could I have said while he was here,  
 'My love shall now no further range,  
 There cannot come a mellower  
 change,  
 For now is love mature in eau'

Love, then, had hope of richer store  
 What end is here to my complaint?  
 This haunting whisper makes me  
 faint,  
 'More years had made me love thee more'

But Death returns an answer sweet  
 'My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,  
 It might have diawn from after heat'

## LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death  
 For changes wrought on form and  
 face,  
 No lower life that earth's embrace  
 May breed with him, can fright my faith

Eternal process moving on,  
 From state to state the spirit walks,  
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,  
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
 The use of virtue out of earth  
 I know transplanted human worth  
 Will bloom to profit, otherwhere

For this alone on Death I wreak  
 The wrath that garners in my heart,  
 He put our lives so far apart  
 We cannot hear each other speak.

## LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northein shore,  
 O sweet new yea! delaying long,  
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong,  
 Delaying long, delay no more

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bung orchis, bung the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
Lirubums, dropping wells of fire

O thou, new year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud  
And flood a fleshier throat with song

## I XXXIV

When I contemplate all alone  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood,

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine  
For now the day was dawning on,  
When thou should'st link thy life  
with one

Of mine own house, and boys of thine

I had bubbled 'Uncle' on my knee,  
But that remorseless iron hand  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee

I seem to meet them least desire,  
To clasp their cheeks, to call them mine  
I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire

I see myself an honour'd guest,  
Thy partner in the flowery walk  
Of letters, genial table talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest,

While now thy prosperous labour fills  
The lips of men with honest pruse,  
And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hill,

With promise of a morn as fair,  
And all the train of bounteous hours  
Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair,

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
Her hivish mission richly wrought,  
Leaving great legacies of thought,  
Thy spirit should sail from off the globe,

What time mine own might also flee,  
As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait  
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Ariue at last the blessed goal,  
And I, that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul

What reel was that on which I leaned?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wak.  
The old bitterness agun, and break  
The low beginnings of content

## I XXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all —

O true in word, and tried in deed,  
Demanding, so to bring relief  
To this which is our common grief,  
What kind of life is that I lead,

And whether trust in things above  
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd,  
And whether love for him have  
drown'd  
My capabilities of love ,

Your words have virtue such as draws  
A faithful answer from the breast,  
Thro' light reproaches, half prest,  
And loyal unto kindly laws

My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept

The great Intelligences fui  
 That range above our mortal state,  
 In circle round the blessed gate,  
 Received and gave him welcome there,  
  
 And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
 And show'd him in the fountain fresh  
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
 Shall gather in the cycled times  
  
 But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little  
 worth,  
 To wander on a daiken'd earth,  
 Where all things round me breathed of  
 him  
  
 O friendship, equal poised control,  
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
 O sacred essence, other form,  
 O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !  
  
 Yet none could better know than I,  
 How much of act at human hands  
 The sense of human will demands  
 By which we dare to live or die  
  
 Whatever wily my days decline,  
 I felt and feel, tho' left alone,  
 His being working in mine own,  
 The footsteps of his life in mine,  
  
 A life that all the Muses deck'd  
 With gifts of grace, that might express  
 All comprehensive tenderness,  
 All subtilising intellect —  
  
 And so my passion hath not swerved  
 To works of weakness, but I find  
 An image comforting the mind,  
 And in my grief a strength received  
  
 Likewise the imaginative woe,  
 That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
 Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
 But in the present broke the blow  
  
 My pulses therefore beat again  
 For other friends that once I met,  
 Nor can it suit me to forget  
 The mighty hopes that make us men

I woo you love I count it crime  
 To mourn for any overmuch,  
 I, the divided half of such  
 A friendship as had master'd Time,  
  
 Which masters Time indeed, and is  
 Eternal, separate from fears  
 The all assuming months and years  
 Can take no part away from this  
  
 But Summer on the steaming floods,  
 And Spring that swells the narrow  
 brooks,  
 And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
 That gather in the waning woods,  
  
 And every pulse of wind and wave  
 Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
 My old affection of the tomb,  
 And my prime passion in the grave  
  
 My old affection of the tomb,  
 A part of stillness, yearns to speak  
 'Aise, and get thee forth and seek  
 A friendship for the years to come  
  
 'I watch thee from the quiet shore,  
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach,  
 But in dear words of human speech  
 We two communicate no more'  
  
 And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain  
 The stilly clearness of the free ?  
 How is it ? Canst thou feel for me  
 Some painless sympathy with pain ?'  
  
 And lightly does the whisper fall,  
 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this,  
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
 And that serene result of ill '  
  
 So hold I commerce with the dead,  
 Or so methinks the dead would  
 say,  
 Or so shall grief with symbols play  
 And pining life be fancy fed  
  
 Now looking to some settled end,  
 That these things pass, and I shall  
 prove  
 A meeting somewhere, love with love,  
 I crave your pardon, O my friend ,

If not so fresh, with love as true,  
I, clasping brother hands, aver  
I could not, if I would, transfer  
The whole I felt for him to you

For which be they that hold apart  
The promise of the golden hours?  
First love, first friendship, equal  
powers,  
That mury with the virgin heut

Still mine, that cannot but deploie,  
That beats within a lonely place,  
That yet remembres his embrace,  
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
Quite in the love of what is gone,  
But seeks to beat in time with one  
That warms another living breast

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
Knowing the primrose yet is deu,  
The primrose of the later year,  
As not unlike to that of Spring

## LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial sun,  
That rolllest from the gorgeous  
gloom  
Of evening over brake and bloom  
And meadow, slowly birthing brue

The round of space, and rapt below  
Thro' all the dewy tissell'd wood,  
And shadowing down the horned  
flood  
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
The full new life that feeds thy  
breath  
Throughout my flame, till Doubt  
and Death,  
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson sea,  
On leagues of odour streaming fair,  
To where in yonder orient sun  
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace'

## LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown;  
I roved at random thro' the town,  
And saw the tumult of the hills,

And heid once more in college fanes  
The storm their high built orgins  
make,  
And thunder music, rolling, shake  
The prophet blazon'd on the pines,

And caught once more the distant shout,  
The misued pulse of racing oars  
Among the willows, paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
The same, but not the same, and  
last  
Up that long walk of limes I past  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt

Another name was on the door  
I linger'd, all within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and  
boys  
That crush'd the glass and beat the floor,

Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labour, and the changing mut,  
And all the framework of the lind,

When one would rum in now fur,  
But send it shclly from the sting  
And one would picice an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there,

And last the master bowman, he,  
Would cleave the muk A willing  
ear  
We lent him Who, but hung to  
heal

The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and  
grace  
And music in the bounds of law,  
To those conclusions when we saw  
The God within him light his fire,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
In azure orbits heavenly wise,  
And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo

## LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,  
O tell me where the senses mix,  
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate fierce extremes employ  
Thy spirits in the dawning leaf,  
And in the midmost heart of grief  
Thy passion clasps a secret joy

And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
I cannot all command the strings,  
The glory of the sum of things  
Will flash along the chords and go

## LXXXIX

Witch elms that countechange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright,  
And thou, with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore,

How often, hithe wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fur,  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town

He brought an eye for aye he saw,  
He mixt in all our simple spoils,  
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts  
And dusty pulieus of the law

O joy to him in this retreat,  
Immortal'd in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler wine, and mark  
The landscape winking thro' the heat

O sound to rout the blood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing peirs!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn

O in the all golden afternoon  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the hymn and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon

No less it pleased in livelier moods,  
Beyond the bounding hill to stay,  
And break the lifelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some 'sciaciatic dream,

But if I praised the busy town,  
He loved to rail 'gainst it still,  
For 'ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down,  
  
'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man'  
We talk'd the stream beneath us  
ian,  
The wine flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave,  
And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson encled star  
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honied hours

## xc

He tasted love with half his mind,  
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
Where nighest heaven, who first  
could fling  
This bitter seed among mankind,

That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their  
life,  
They would but find in child and wife  
An non welcome when they rise

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine  
To pledge them with a kindly tear,  
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
To count their memories half divine,

But if they came who past away,  
Behold then birds in other hands  
The hard heir strides about the  
lands,  
And will not yield them for a day

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
Not less the yet loved sire would  
make  
Confusion worse than death, and  
shake

The pillars of domestic peace

Ah dear, but come thou back to me  
Whatever change the years have  
wrought,  
I find not yet one lonely thought  
That cries aginst my wish for thee

VCI

When rosy plumelets tust the larch,  
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,  
Or underneath the buren bush  
Flits by the set blue bird of Much,

Come, wear the form by which I know  
Thy spirit in time among thy peers,  
The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
Be large and lucid round thy brow

When summer's hourly mellowing change  
May breathe, with many rosses sweet,  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
That ripple round the lonely grange,

Come not in watches of the night,  
But where the sunbeam broodeth  
warm,  
Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
And like a finer light in light

XCI  
If my vision should reveal  
thy likeness, I might count it vain  
As but the canker of the brain,  
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast  
Together in the days behind,  
I might but say, I hear a wind  
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yet, tho' it spoke and bared to view  
A fact within the coming year,  
And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,  
But spiritual presentiments,  
And such reflection of events  
As often rises ere they rise

XCII

I shall not see thee Dost I say  
No spirit ever broke the bind  
That strays him from the native land  
Where lust he walk'd when clost in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
Where all the nerve of sense is  
numb,

Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost

O, therefore from thy sightless range  
With gods in unconjectured bliss,  
O, from the distance of the abyss,  
Of tenfold complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and entice, hear  
The wish too strong for words to  
name,  
That in this blindness of the frame  
My Ghost may feel that thine is ncu

XCIV

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold  
Should be the man whose thought  
would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except like them, thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates,  
And huu the household jar within

VCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry,  
And genial warmth, and o'er the sky  
The silv'ry haze of summer drawn,

And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwerving not a cricket chirr'd  
The brook alone far off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
I hat haunt the dusk, with eimine  
capes

And woolly breasts and beaded eyes,

While now we sing old songs that peal'd  
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd  
at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the  
trees

Laid their dark arms about the field

But when those others, one by one,  
Withdrew themselves from me and  
night,

And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart, I read  
Of that glad you which once had  
been,  
In those fall'n leaves which kept  
their green,  
The noble letters of the dead

And strangely on the silence broke  
The silent speaking words, and  
strange  
Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
Ondoubts that drive the coward back,  
And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell

So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the  
past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
About empyreal heights of thought,  
And came on that which is, and  
caught

The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
The steps of Time—the shocks of  
Chance—  
The blows of Death At length  
my tiance

Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
In mattei moulded forms of speech,  
Or ev'n for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knolls once more where, couch'd  
at ease,  
The white line glimmer'd, and the  
trees

Laid then dark arms about the field

And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full foliaged elms, and  
swung  
The heavy folded rose, and flung  
The hlies to and fro, and said

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away,  
And East and West, without a  
breath,  
Mixt them dim lights, like life and  
death,  
To broaden into boundless day

## xcvi

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light  
blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning fife,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil born

I know not one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touch'd a juring lyte at first,  
But ever strove to make it true

Perplex'd in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out  
There lives more faith in honest  
doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds

He fought his doubts and gather'd  
strength,  
He would not make his judgment  
blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind

And laid them thus he came at length  
To find a stronger faith his own,  
And Power was with him in the  
night,  
Which makes the darkness and the  
light,

And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of  
gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud

## xcvii

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees,  
He finds on misty mountain ground  
His own vast shadow glory crown'd,  
He sees himself in all he sees

Two partners of a murred life—  
I look'd on these and thought of thee  
In vastness and in mystery,  
And of my spirit as of a wife

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,  
Their hearts of old have beat in  
tune,  
Then meetings made December June  
Their every parting was to die

Their love has never past away,  
The days she never can forget  
Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
What'er the faithless people say

Her life is lone, he sits apart,  
He loves her yet, she will not weep,  
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
He seems to slight her simple heart

He thuds the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold she thinks him kind

She keeps the gift of years before,  
A wither'd violet is her bliss  
She knows not what his greatness is,  
For that, for all, she loves him more

For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and blighted vows,  
She knows but masters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things

Her truth is fixed and cannot move,  
She darkly feels him great and wise,  
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
'I cannot understand I love'

## xcviii

You leave us you will see the Rhine,  
And those sun hills I call'd below,  
When I was there with him, and go  
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
That City All her splendour seems  
No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
On I thee in the eyes of Death

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
Enwind her isles, unmaul'd of me  
I have not seen, I will not see.  
Vienna, rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
The bath, the bridal, fiend from  
fiend  
Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
By each cold heath, and sadness  
flings  
Her shadow on the blaze of kings  
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town  
With statehei progress to and fro  
The double tides of chariots flow  
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves, nor more content,  
He told me, lives in any crowd,  
When all is gay with lamps, and  
loud  
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain,  
And wheels the circled dance, and  
breaks  
The rocket molten into flakes  
Of crimson or in emerald rain

## VCIX ~

Riseſt thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
So loud with voices of the birds,  
So thick with lowings of the herds,  
Day, when I lost the flower of men,

Who trembleſt thro' thy darkling red  
On yon ſwoll'n brook that bubbles  
firſt  
By meadows breathing of the past,  
And woodlands holy to the dead,

Who murmurſt in the folaged eaves  
A ſong that ſlightſ the coming care,  
And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves,

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath  
To myriads on the genial earth,  
Memories of bridal, or of bath,  
And unto myriads more, of death

O wheresoever those may be,  
Betwixt the ſlumber of the poles,  
To day they count as kindred souls,  
They know me not, but mourn with me

## C

I climb the hill from end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath,  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend,

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
Or low morass and whispering  
reed,  
Or ſimple ſtile from mead to mead,  
Or ſheepwalk up the windy wold,

Nor hoary knoll of iſh and haw  
That hears the latest linnet trill,  
Nor quiv'ry trench'd along the hill  
And haunted by the wrangling daw,

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock,  
Nor pastoral ivylet that ſwerves  
To left and right thro' meadowy  
curves,  
That feed the mothers of the flock,

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day,  
And, leaving these, to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die

## CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough ſhall ſway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unloved, that beech will gather  
blown,

This maple burn itſelf away,

Unloved, the sun flower, ſhining fan,  
Ray round with flames her disk of  
seed,  
And many a rose carnation feed  
With ſummer spice the humming air,

Unloved, by many a sandy bñ,  
The brook shall babble down the  
plain,  
At noon or when the lesser sun  
Is twisting round the polar star,

Uncared for, gud the windy grove,  
And flood the haunts of hein and  
crae,  
Or into silver arrows break  
The sailing moon in creek and cove,

Till from the guuden and the wild  
A flesh association blow,  
And yea by year the landscape  
glow  
Familiar to the stranger's child,

As year by year the labourer tills  
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades,  
And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills,

## CII

We leave the well belov'd place  
Where first we gazed upon the sky,  
The roofs, that heard our earliest  
cry,

Will shelter one of stranger race

We go, but ere we go from home,  
As down the guuden walks I move,  
Two spirits of a diverse love  
Contend for loving masterdom

One whispers, 'Here thy boyhood sung  
Long since its matin song, and  
heard  
The low love-language of the bud  
In native hazels tassel hung'

The other answers, 'Yea, but here  
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours  
With thy lost friend among the  
bowers,  
And this hath made them trebly dear'

These two have striven half the day,  
And each prefers his separate claim,  
Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way

I turn to go my feet are set  
To leave the pleasant fields and  
farms,  
They mix in one another's aims  
To one pure image of regret

## CIII

On that last night before we went  
From out the doors where I was bid,  
I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
Which left my asti moan content

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
And maidens with me distant hills  
From hidden summits fed with hills,  
A river sliding by the wall

The hall with harp and carol rang  
They sing of what is wise and good  
And graceful In the centre stood  
A statue wld, to which they sang,

And which, tho' veild, w is known to me,  
The shape of him I loved, and love  
For ever then flew in a dove  
And brought a summons from the sea

And when they learnt that I must go  
They wept and wuld, but led the  
way  
To where a little shallop lay

At anchor in the flood below,

And on by many a level mead,  
And shadowing bluff that made the  
banks,  
We glided winding under banks  
Of iris, and the golden reed,

And still a wister grew the shore  
And roll'd the floods in grander  
space,  
The maidens gather'd strength and  
grace

And presence, lordlier than before

And I myself, who sat apart  
And watch'd them, waid in every  
limb,  
I felt the thaws of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart,

As one would sing the death of war,  
 And one would chant the history  
 Of that great race, which is to be,  
 And one the shaping of a star,  
 Until the forward creeping tides  
 Began to foam, and we to draw  
 From deep to deep, to where we saw  
 A great ship lift her shining sides  
 The man we loved was there on deck,  
 But thrice as large as man he bent  
 To greet us Up the side I went,  
 And fell in silence on his neck.  
 Wheateat those maidens with one mind  
 Bewail'd their lot, I did them wrong  
 'We served thee here,' they said,  
 'so long,  
 And will thou leave us now behind?'  
 So rapt I was, they could not win  
 An answer from my lips, but he  
 Replying, 'Enter likewise ye  
 And go with us' they enter'd in  
 And while the wind began to sweep  
 A music out of sheet and shroud,  
 Westerl'd hei toward a cumson cloud  
 That landlike slept along the deep

## CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ,  
 The moon is hid, the night is still,  
 A single church below the hill  
 Is pealing, folded in the mist

A single peal of bells below,  
 That wakens at this hour of rest  
 A single murmur in the breast,  
 That these are not the bells I know  
 Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
 In lands where not a memory stirrs,  
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
 But all is new unhallow'd ground

## CV

To night ungather'd let us leave  
 This land, let this holly stand  
 We live within the stranger's land,  
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve

Our father's dust is left alone  
 And silent under other snows  
 There in due time the woodbine  
 blows,  
 The violet comes, but we are gone  
 No more shall wayward grief abuse  
 The genial hour with mask and  
 mime,  
 For change of place, like growth of  
 time,  
 Has broke the bond of dying use  
 Let cues that petty shadows cast,  
 By which our lives are chiefly  
 proved,  
 A little spake the night I loved,  
 And hold it solemn to the past  
 But let no footstep beat the floor,  
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle wain,  
 For who would keep an ancient form  
 Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?  
 Be neither song, nor game, nor feast,  
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be  
 blown,  
 No dance, no motion, save alone  
 What lightens in the lucid east  
 Of rising worlds by yonder wood  
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed,  
 Run out your measured arcs, and  
 lead  
 The closing cycle rich in good

## CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light  
 The year is dying in the night,  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die  
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow  
 The year is going, let him go,  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true  
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more,  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying curse,  
And ancient forms of party strife,  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The fruitless coldness of the times,  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of soul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand woes of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be

## CVII

It is the day when he was born  
A bitter day that early sunk  
Behind a purple frosty bank  
Of vapour, leaving night so lovin

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of North and East, and ice  
Makes daggars at the shrunken' d eves,

And bustles all the brakes and thorns  
To yon hid crescent, as she hangs  
Above the wood which guides and  
clangs

Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
To darken on the rolling brine  
That breaks the coast But fetch  
the wine,

Arrange the board and bum the glass,

Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
To make a solid core of heat,  
Be cheerful minded, talk and treat  
Of all things ev'n as he were by,

We keep the day With festal cheer,  
With books and music, surely we  
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear

## CVIII

I will not shut me from n<sup>o</sup> kin<sup>1</sup>,  
And, lest I stiffen into stone  
I will not eat my heart alone,  
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind

What profit lies in buri'en fath,  
And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
To scale the heaven's highest height,  
Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,  
But mine own phantom chanting  
hymns?  
And on the depths of death there  
swims

The reflex of a human face

I'll rather take what fruit may be  
Of sorrow under human skies  
'Tis held that sorrow makes us  
wise,  
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee

## CIX

Heart influence in discursive talk  
From household fountain, never  
dry,  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw th<sup>o</sup>' ill the Muses' walk,

Scriplic intellect and force  
To scare and throw the doubts of  
man,  
Impression'd logic, which outlran  
The heart in its fiery course,

High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom,  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the zecus of April blood,

A love of freedom ruelly felt,  
Of freedom in her legal seat  
Of England, not the schoolboy heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt,

And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face ,

All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
Have look'd on if they look'd in  
vun,  
My shme is greater who remuin,  
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise

## CX

Thy converse diew us with delight,  
The men of rute and iuper years  
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight

On thee the loyal heared hung  
The proud was half disarm'd of  
pride,  
Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue

The stern weie mild when thou wert by,  
The flippint put himself to school  
And heud thee, and the brazen fool  
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ,

While I, thy neuest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine ,  
And loved them moie, that they  
weie thine,  
The graceful tact, the Christman art ,  
Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,  
But mine the love that will not tue,  
And, boin of love, the vague desire  
That spuis an imitative will

## CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down  
Along the scale of ralks, thro' ill,  
To him who grasps a golden bull,  
By blood & king, at heart a clown ,

The churl in spirit, how'eis he veil  
IIs want in forms for fashion's  
sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale

For who can always act? but he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but moie than all  
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd  
Each ofice of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind ,

Nor ever narowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye,  
Where God and Nature met in light ,

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use

## CXII

High wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
That I, who gaze with tempeiate  
eyes  
On glorious insufficiencies,  
Set light by narower perfectness

But thou, that fillcst all the room  
Of all my love, ait reason why  
I seem to cast a careless eye  
On souls, the lesser lords of doom

For what wert thou? some novel power  
Sprang up for ever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too  
much,  
In watching thee from hou to hou,

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest  
made,  
And world wide fluctuation sway'd  
In vassal tides that follow'd thought

## CXIII

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise ,  
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with  
thee  
Which not alone had guided me,  
But seived the seasons that may use ,

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen  
 In intellect, with force and skill  
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
 I doubt not what thou wouldest have been

A life in civic action wonn,  
 A soul on highest mission sent,  
 A potent voice of Puliament,  
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,  
 Should licensed boldness gather force,  
 Becoming, when the time has bith,  
 A lover to uplift the earth  
 And roll it in another course,  
 With thousand shocks that come and go,  
 With agonies, with energies,  
 With overthowings, and with cries,  
 And undulations to and fro

## CIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall  
 rule  
 Against her beauty? May she mix  
 With men and prosper! Who shall  
 fix  
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail  
 But on her forehead sits a fire  
 She sets her forward countenance  
 And leaps into the future chance,  
 Submitting all things to desire  
 Half grown as yet, a child, and wan—  
 She cannot fight the fiend of death  
 What is she, cut from love and faith,  
 But some wild Pallas from the brain  
 Of Demons? fiery hot to burst  
 All barriers in her onward race  
 For power I let her know her place,  
 She is the second, not the first  
 A higher hand must make her mild,  
 If all be not in vain, and guide  
 Her footsteps, moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child  
 For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul  
 O, friend, who comest to thy goal  
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
 Who givest not alone in power  
 And knowledge, but by year and  
 hour  
 In reverence and in charity

## CV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now bugeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and  
 thick

By ashen roots the violets blow

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And down'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sul  
 On winding stream or distant sea,

Where now the sermew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy buds, that change their  
 sky

To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land, and in my bier  
 Spring wakens too, and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest

## CVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time  
 That knocketh in sweet April wiles,  
 And meets the year, and gives and  
 takes  
 The colours of the crescent pime?

Not all the songs, the stirring sun,  
 The life re ouicut out of dust,  
 Cry tho' the sense to hearten trust  
 In that which made the world so fair

Not all regret the face will shine  
 Upon me, while I muse alone,  
 And that dear voice, I once have  
 known,  
 Still speak to me of me and mine

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead ,  
 Less yearning for the friendship  
 fled,  
 Than some strong bond which is to be

## CXVII

O days and hours, your work is thus  
 To hold me from my proper place,  
 A little while from his embracie,  
 For fuller gan of after bliss

That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet ,  
 And unto meeting when we meet ,  
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs ,  
 And every span of shade that  
 steals ,  
 And every kiss of toothed wheels ,  
 And all the courses of the suns

## CXVIII

Contemplate all this woik of Time ,  
 The giant labouring in his youth ,  
 Nor dream of human love and truth ,  
 As dying Natura's earth and lime ,

But trust that those we call the dead  
 Are breathers of an ampler day  
 For ever nobler ends They say ,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat begin ,  
 And grew to seeming random forms ,  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms ,  
 Till at the last aisoce the man ,

Who thrave and branch'd from clime to  
 clime ,  
 The heird of a higher race ,  
 And of himself in higher place ,  
 If so he type this woik of time

Within himself , from more to more ,  
 Oi , crown'd with attributes of woe  
 Like glories, move his course , and  
 show  
 That life is not as idle oie ,

But iron dug from central gloom ,  
 And heated hot with burning fears ,  
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears ,  
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use Arise and fly  
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ,  
 Move upward, working out the beast ,  
 And let the ape and tiger die

## CIX

Doois, where my heart was used to beat  
 So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more , the city sleeps ,  
 I smell the meadow in the street ,

I hear a chup of birds , I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long with  
 diaun

A light-blue lane of early dawn ,  
 And think of early days and thee ,

And bless thee , for thy lips aie bland ,  
 And bright the friendship of thine  
 eye ,  
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh

I take the piessure of thine hand

## CXV

I trust I have not wasted breath  
 I think we aie not wholly brain ,  
 Magnetic mockeries , not in vain ,  
 Like Paul with beasts , I fought with  
 Death ,

Not only cunning casts in clay  
 Let Science prove we are , and then  
 What matteis Science unto men ,  
 At least to me ? I would not stay

Let him , the wiser man who springs  
 Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
 His action like the greater ape ,  
 But I was boin to other things

## CXXI

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun  
 And ready, thou , to die with him ,  
 Thou watchest all things ever dim  
 And dimmer , and a glory done

The team is loosen'd from the wun,  
The boat is drawn upon the shore,  
Thou listenest to the closing door,  
And life is darken'd in the brain

Bright Phosphor, fiesher for the night,  
By thee the world's great work is  
heard  
Beginning, and the wakeful bird,  
Behind thee comes the greater light

The market boat is on the stream,  
And voices hail it from the brink,  
Thou hearst the village hammer  
clink,  
And see'st the moving of the team

Sweet Hesper Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my  
past,  
Thy place is changed, thou art the  
same

## CVVII

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,  
While I rose up against my doom,  
And yearn'd to burst the folded  
gloom,  
To bare the eternal H~~ec~~vens agen,

To feel once more, in placid awe,  
The strong imagination roll  
A sphere of stars about my soul,  
In all her motion one with law,

If thou went with me, and the grave  
Divide us not, be with me now,  
And enter in at breast and brow,  
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,  
And like an inconsiderate boy,  
As in the former flush of joy,  
I slip the thoughts of life and death,

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
And every dew drop prints a bow,  
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
And every thought bursts out a rose

## CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree  
O earth, what changes hast thou  
seen!

There where the long street roars,  
hath been

The stillness of the cential sea

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing  
stands,

They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and  
go

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
And dream my dream, and hold it  
true,  
For tho' my lips may brie~~the~~the adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell

## CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless,  
Our dearest faith, our ghastliest  
doubt,  
He, They, One, All, within, with  
out,

The Power in darkness whom we guess,

I found H~~im~~ not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,  
Nor thro' the questions men may  
try,

The petty cobwebs we have spun

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heud a voice 'believe no more'  
And heaid an ever breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in writh the heart  
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt'

No, like a child in doubt and fear  
But that blind clamour made me  
wise,  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near,

And what I am beheld again  
 What is, and no man understands ,  
 And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach tho' nature, moulding men

## CXXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,  
 Some bitter notes my harp would give,  
 Yea, tho' there often seem d to live  
 A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost hei youth ,  
 She did but look through dimmer  
 eyes ,  
 Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,  
 Because he felt so fir'd in truth

And if the song were full of care ,  
 He breathed the spirit of the song ,  
 And if the words were sweet and  
 strong

He set his royal signet there ,

Abiding with me till I sail  
 To seek thee on the mystic deeps ,  
 And this electric force, that keeps  
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail

## CXXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King ,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend ,  
 Which every hour his couriers bring

Love is and was my King and Lord ,  
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompiss'd by his faithful guard ,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from placeto place ,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space ,  
 In the deep night, that all is well

## CXXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form  
 Be sunder'd in the night of feu ,  
 Well rous the storm to those that  
 hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm ,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread ,  
 And justice, ev'n tho' thince again  
 The ied fool fury of the Seine  
 Should pule her barricades with dead

But ill for him that wears a crown ,  
 And him, the Izu, in his rags  
 They tremble, the sustaining crags  
 The spines of ice are toppled down ,

And molten up, and roar in flood ,  
 The fortress clashes from on high ,  
 The blute earth lightens to the sky ,  
 And the great Æon sinks in blood ,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ,  
 While thou, dear spuit, happy star ,  
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar ,  
 And smilest, knowing all is well

## CXXXVIII

The love that rose on stronger wings ,  
 Unpalsied when he met with Death ,  
 Is comrade of the lesser faith  
 That sees the course of human things

No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
 Of onward time shall yet be made ,  
 And throned races may degrade ,  
 Yet O ye mysticks of good ,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear ,  
 If all your office hid to do  
 With old results that look like new ,  
 If this were all your mission here ,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword ,  
 To fool the crowd with glorious  
 lies ,  
 To cleave a creed in sects and cries ,  
 To change the bearing of a word ,

To shift an arbitrary power ,  
 To cramp the student at his desk ,  
 To make old lancess picturesue  
 And tuft with grass a feudal tower ,

Why then my scorn might well descend  
 On you and yours I see in part  
 That all, as in some piece of art ,  
 Is toil cooperant to an end

## CXXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal,  
O loved the most, when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher,

Known and unknown, human, divine,  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not  
die,

Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine,

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,  
Loved deeper, darklier understood,  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee

## CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air,  
I hear thee while the waters run,  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair

What art thou then? I cannot guess,  
But tho' I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less

My love involves the love before,  
My love is vastest passion now,  
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature  
thou,

I seem to love thee more and more

Fare off thou art, but ever nigh,  
I have thee still, and I rejoice,  
I prosper, circled with thy voice,  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die

## CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer  
shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that heus,  
A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul

O true and tried, so well and long,  
Demand not thou a marriage lay,  
In that it is thy marriage day  
Is music more than any song

Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
Since first he told me that he loved  
A daughter of our house, nor proved  
Since that dark day a day like this,

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
Some thrice three years they went  
and came,  
Renew'd the blood and changed the  
frame,

And yet is love not less, but more,

No longer caring to embalm  
In dying songs a dead regret,  
But like a statue solid set,  
And moulded in colossal calm

Regret is dead, but love is more  
Than in the summers that are flown,  
For I myself with these have grown  
To something greater than before,

Which makes appear the songs I made  
As echoes out of weaker times,  
As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
The sport of random sun and shade

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
That must be made a wife ere noon?  
She enters, glowing like the moon  
Of Eden on its bridal bower

On me she bends her blissful eyes  
And then on thee, they meet thy look  
And brighten like the sun that shone  
Betwixt the palms of paradise

O when her life was yet in bud,  
He too foretold the perfect rose  
For thee she grew, for thee she grows  
For ever, and as fair as good

And thou art worthy, full of power,  
As gentle, liberal minded, great,  
Consistent, wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower

But now set out the noon is near,  
And I must give away the bride,  
She fears not, or with thee beside  
And me behind her, will not fear

For I that danced her on my knee,  
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
That shielded all her life from harm,  
At last must part with her to thee,

Now waiting to be made a wife,  
Her feet, my darling, on the dead,  
Their pensive tablets round her head,  
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear The ring is on,  
The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again  
The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of  
twain

Her sweet 'I will' has made you one

Now sign your names, which shall be  
read,  
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
By village eyes as yet unbrown,

The names we sign'd, and overheard  
Begins the clash and clang that tells

The joy to every wandering breeze,  
The blind will rocks, and on the trees  
The dead leaf trembles to the bells

O happy hours, and happier hours  
Await them Many a merry face  
Salutes them—maidens of the place,  
That peopled us in the porch with flowers

O happy hours, behold the bride  
With him to whom her hand I gave  
They leave the porch, they pass the  
grave

That has to day its sunny side

To day the grave is bright for me,  
For them the light of life increased,  
Who stay to shew the morning frost,  
Who rest to night beside the sea

Let all my genial spirits advance  
To meet and greet a whiter sun,  
My drooping memory will not shun  
The forming grape of eastern France

It circles round, and fancy plays,  
And hearts are warm'd and faces  
bloom,  
As drinking health to bride and  
groom

We wish them store of happy days

Nor count me all to blame if I  
Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
Perchance, perchance, among the  
rest,

And, tho' in silence, wishing joy

But they must go, the time draws on,  
And those white-favour'd houses  
wait,  
They rise, but linger, it is late,  
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone

A shade falls on us like the dark  
From little cloudlets on the grass,  
But sweeps away as out we pass  
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,  
And talk of others that are wed,  
And how she look'd, and what he  
said,

And back we come at fall of dew

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,  
The shade of passing thought, the  
wealth  
Of words and wit, the double health,  
The crowning cup, the three times-three,

And last the dance,—till I retire  
Dunab is that tower which spake so  
loud,  
And high in heaven the streaming  
cloud,

And on the downs a rising fire

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,  
Till over down and over dale  
All night the shining vapour sail  
And pass the silent lighted town,

The white faced hills, the glancing hills,  
And catch at every mountain head,  
And o'er the firths that branch and  
spread  
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills,  
And touch with shade the bridal doots,  
With tender gloom the roof, the  
wall,  
And breaking let the splendour fall  
To sparkle all the happy shores  
By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
And, star and system rolling past,  
A soul shall draw from out the vast  
And strike his being into bounds,  
And, moved thro' life of lower phrase,  
Result in man, be born and think,  
And act and love, a closer link  
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
On knowledge, under whose command  
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their  
hand  
Is Nature like an open book,  
No longer half akin to brute,  
For all we thought and loved and did,  
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit,  
Whereof the man, that with me tried  
This planet, was a noble type  
Appearing e're the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God,  
That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves

## MAUD, A MONODRAMA

### PART I

#### I

#### I

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,  
Its lips in the field above me dribbled with blood red heath,  
The red ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death'

#### II

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,  
His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—  
Mangled, and fluten'd, and crush'd, and din'd into the ground  
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell

#### III

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had ful'd,  
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever winn'd with despan,  
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wul'd,  
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air

#### IV

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stin'd  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd flight,  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard  
The shill edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night

## V

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all  
 Not he his honest fame should at least by me be maintained  
 But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hill,  
 Dropped off goaded from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd

## VI

Why do they piate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,  
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own,  
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse  
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in woe on his own heathstone?

## VII

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,  
 When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?  
 Is it peace or war? Civil war, I think, and that of a kind  
 The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword

## VIII

Soore or late I too may passively take the print  
 Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust,  
 May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,  
 Cheat and be cheated, and die who knows? we are ashes and dust

## IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and sluming the days gone by,  
 When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each set, like swine,  
 When only the ledger lives, and when only not all run he,  
 Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine

## X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
 Till the filthy by knowings to the yell of the trampled wife,  
 And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
 And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,

## XI

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centaur-bits  
 Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
 While another is cheating the sick of a few last grasps, as he sits  
 To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights

## XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
 And Timon Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
 Is it peace or war? better, wu' loud war by land and by sea,  
 War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones

## XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
 And the rushing battle bolt sang from the three decker out of the foam,  
 That the smooth faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,  
 And strike, if he could, weie it but with his cheating yardwand, home —

## XIV

What ! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood ?  
 Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die  
 Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevemoore to blood  
 On a honor of shattered limbs and a wretched swindler's lie ?

## XV

Would there be sorrow for me ? there was love in the passionate shriek,  
 Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave—  
 Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak  
 And rave at the lie and the hai, ah God, as he used to rave

## XVI

I am sick of the Hill and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the moor  
 Why should I stay ? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here ?  
 O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,  
 Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear ?

## XVII

Workmen up at the Hill !—they are coming back from abroad  
 The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire  
 I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud ,  
 I play'd with the girl when a child , she promised then to be fair

## XVIII

Maud with her venturesous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,  
 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,  
 Maud with her sweet purse mouth when my father dangled the grapes,  
 Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon faced darling of all,—

## XIX

What is she now ? My dreams are bad She may bring me a curse  
 No, there is fitter game on the moor , she will let me alone  
 Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse  
 I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe to his own

## II

Long have I sigh'd for a calm God grant I may find it at last !  
 It will never be broken by Maud , she has neither savour nor salt,  
 But a cold and clean cut face, as I found when her courage past,  
 Perfectly beautiful let it be granted her where is the fault ?

All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)  
 Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
 Dead perfection, no more, nothing more, if it had not been  
 For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,  
 Or an undelip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,  
 Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,  
 From which I escaped heart free, with the least little touch of spleen

## III

Cold and clear cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,  
 Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,  
 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,  
 Passionless, pale, cold face, star sweet on a gloom profound,  
 Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong  
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before  
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,  
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long  
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,  
 But a loose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,  
 Listening now to the tide in its broad flung shipwrecking roar,  
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,  
 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found  
 The shining daffodil dead, and Oonon lov in his grave

## IV

## I

A million emeralds break from the ruby budded lime  
 In the little grove where I sit—ah, whereso're cannot I be  
 Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,  
 When the fair oif sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,  
 Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,  
 The silent sapphire spangled marriage ring of the land?

## II

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!  
 And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite,  
 And Jack on his ale house bench has as many lies as a Czar,  
 And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall,  
 And up in the high Hall garden I see her pass like a light,  
 But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

## III

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the rice?  
 I met her to dry with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd  
 I bow'd to his lady sister as she rode by on the moor,  
 But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face  
 O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud,  
 Your father has wealth well gotten, and I am nameless and poor

## IV

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal,  
 I know it, and smile a hard set smile, like a stoic, or like  
 A wise epicurean, and let the world have its way  
 For nature is one with sapience, a hum no preachei can heal  
 The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,  
 And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and piey

## V

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty full in her flower,  
 Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game  
 That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?  
 Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour,  
 We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame,  
 However we drive it out, we men are a little breed

## VI

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,  
 For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,  
 And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race  
 As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,  
 So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man  
 He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

## VII

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,  
 An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor,  
 The passionate heart of the poet is whil'd into folly and vice  
 I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain,  
 For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more  
 Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice

## VIII

For the dust of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil  
 Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?  
 Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide  
 Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?  
 Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout?  
 I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide

## IX

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,  
 Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,  
 Far off from the clamour of hairs belied in the hubbub of lies,  
 From the long neck'd geese of the world that ne'er hissing dispraise  
 Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,  
 Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies

## X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,  
 The honey of poison flowers and all the measureless ill  
 Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife  
 Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above,  
 Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will,  
 You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life

## V

## I

A voice by the cedar tree  
 In the meadow under the Hall !  
 She is singing an air that is known to me,  
 A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
 A martial song like a trumpet's call !  
 Singing alone in the morning of life,  
 In the happy morning of life and of May,  
 Singing of men that in battle array,  
 Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
 March with banner and bugle and fife  
 To the death, for their native land

## II

Maud with her exquisite face,  
 And wild voice pealing up to the sunny  
     sky,  
 And feet like sunny gems on an English  
     green,  
 Maud in the light of her youth and her  
     grace,  
 Singing of Death, and of Honour that  
     cannot die,  
 Till I well could weep for a time so sordid  
     and mean,  
 And myself so languid and base

## III

Silence, beautiful voice !  
 Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
 With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
 A glory I shall not find  
 Still ! I will hear you no more,  
 For your sweetness hardly leaves me a  
     choice  
 But to move to the meadow and fall before  
 Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
 Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,  
 Not her, not her, but a voice

## VI

## I

Morning arises stormy and pale,  
 No sun, but a wannish glare  
 In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
 And the budded peaks of the wood are  
     bow'd  
 Caught and cuff'd by the gale  
 I had fancied it would be fair

## II

Whom but Maud should I meet  
 Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
 On the blossom'd gable-ends  
 At the head of the village street,  
 Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
 And she touch'd my hand with a smile  
     so sweet,  
 She made me divine amends  
 For a courtesy not return'd

## III

And thus a delicate spark  
 Of glowing and growing light  
 Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
 Kept itself warm in the heart of my  
     dreams,  
 Ready to burst in a colour'd flame,  
 Till at last when the morning came  
 In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
 But an ashen-gray delight

## IV

What if with her sunny hair,  
 And smile as sunny as cold,  
 She meant to weave me a snare  
 Of some coquettish deceit,  
 Cleopatra-like as of old  
 To entangle me when we met,  
 To have her lion roll in a silken net  
 And fawn at a victor's feet

V  
Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
Should Nature keep me alive,  
If I find the world so bitter  
When I am but twenty five?  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile were all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet

## VI

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy despot, he,  
That jewell'd muss of millinery,  
That oil'd and cuil'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own bchoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—  
What if he had told her yestermorn  
How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist minge in desert eyes,  
I hit so, when the rotten hustings shake  
In another month to his banish'd lie,  
A wretched vote may be giv'n'd

## VII

For a riven e'er crooks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and  
ward,  
Or thou wilt prove their tool  
Yea, too, myself from myself I quird,  
For often a man's own angry pride  
Is cap and bells for a fool

## VIII

Perhaps the smile and tender tone  
Came out of her pitying womanhood,  
For am I not, am I not, here alone  
So many a summer since she died,  
My mother, who was so gentle and  
good?  
Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the doad at midday moan,

And the shrieking rush of the wainscot  
mouse,  
And my own sad name in cornets cried,  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is  
thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,  
Till a morbid hate and horor have  
grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,  
And a morbid eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half turn'd to stone

## IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and fraught  
By that you swore to withstand?  
For what was it else within me wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of  
love,  
That made my tongue so stammer and  
trip  
When I saw the treasured splendour her  
hand,  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

## X

I have play'd with her when a child,  
She remembers it now we meet  
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile hid all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet

## VII

## I

Did I hear it half in a doze  
Long since, I know not where?  
Did I dream it in hour ago,  
When asleep in this um chun?

## II

Men were dunking together,  
Drinking and talking of me,  
'Well, if it prove a guil, the boy  
Will have plenty so let it be'

## III

Is it an echo of something  
Reid with a boy's delight,  
Viziers nodding together  
In some Arabian night?

## IV

Strange, that I hear two men,  
Somewhere, talking of me,  
'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy  
Will have plenty' so let it be'

## VIII

She came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone,  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her, carved in stone,  
And once, but once, she lifted her  
eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed  
To find they were met by my own,  
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat  
stronger  
And thicker, until I heard no longer!  
The snowy banded, dilettante,  
Delicate hundred priest intone,  
And thought, is it pride, and mused and  
sigh'd  
'No surely, now it cannot be pride'

## IX

I was walking a mile,  
More than a mile from the shooe,  
The sun look'd out with a smile  
Betwixt the cloud and the moor  
And riding at set of day  
Over the dark moor land,  
Rapidly riding far away,  
She waved to me with her hand  
There were two at her side,  
Something flash'd in the sun,  
Down by the hill I saw them ride,  
In a moment they were gone  
Like a sudden spook.  
Struck unly in the night,  
Then returns the dark.  
With no more hope of light

## X

## I

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?  
Was not one of the two at her side  
This new made lord, whose splendour  
plucks  
The slavish hit from the villager's head?  
Whose old grandfather has lately died,  
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom  
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks  
And laying his tiams in a poison'd gloom  
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted  
mine

Mastei of half a sevile shire,  
And left his coal all turn'd into gold  
To a grandson, fist of his noble line,  
Rich in the gracie all women desire,  
Strong in the power that all men adore,  
And simper and set their voices lower,  
And soften as if to a girl, and hold  
Ave stricken breaths at a wolk divine,  
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,  
New is his title, built last year,  
There amid peiky larches and pine,  
And over the sullen-purple moor  
(Look at it) prickling a cockney ear

## II

What, has he found my jewel out?  
For one of the two that rode at her side  
Bound for the Hill, I am sue was he  
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a  
bride

Blithe would her brother's acceptance be  
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt  
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
A bought commission, a waxen face,  
A rabbit mouth that is evel agape—  
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?  
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,  
A wounded thing with a runcorous cry,  
At war with myself and a wretched race,  
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I

## III

Last week came one to the county town,  
To pierce our poor little 'my down,  
And phye the gune of the despot kings,

Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well  
 This blond-blumm'd hawker of holy things,  
 Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings  
 Even in dreams to the chunk of his pence,  
 This huckster put down wu' can he tell  
 Whether wu' be a cause or a consequence?  
 Put down the passions that make euth Hell !

Down with ambition, avarice, pride,  
 Jealousy, down ! cut oft from the mind  
 The bitter sprigs of anger and fear,  
 Down too, down at your own fireside,  
 With the evil tongue and the evil eye,  
 For each is at wu' with mankind

## IV

I wish I could hear again  
 The chivalious battle song  
 That she warbled alone in her joy !  
 I might persuade myself then  
 She would not do herself this great wrong,  
 To take a wanton dissolute boy  
 For a man and leader of men

## V

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
 Like some of the simple great ones gone  
 For ever and ever by,  
 One still strong man in a blithous land,  
 Whichever they call him, what care I,  
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
 Who can rule and due not lie

## VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,  
 That the man I am my curse to be !

## XI

## I

O let the solid ground  
 Not fail beneath my feet  
 Before my life has found  
 What some have found so sweet,  
 Then let come what come may,  
 What matter if I go mad,  
 I shall have had my day

## II

Let the sweet heavens endue,  
 Not close and darken above me  
 Before I am quite quite sure  
 That there is one to love me,  
 Then let come what come may  
 To a life that has been so sad,  
 I shall have had my day

## XII

## I

Buds in the high Hall garden  
 When twilight was falling,  
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
 They were crying and calling

## II

Where was Maud ? in our wood,  
 And I, who else, w is with her,  
 Gathering woodland lilles,  
 Myrds blow together

## III

Buds in our wood sang  
 Ringing thro' the valleys,  
 Maud is here, here, here  
 In among the lilles

## IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
 She took the kiss sedately,  
 Maud is not seventeen,  
 But she is tall and stately

## V

I to cry out on pride  
 Who have won her favour ?  
 O Maud were wile of Heaven  
 If lowliness could save her

## VI

I know the way she went  
 Home with her maiden posy,  
 For her feet have touch'd the meadows  
 And left the daisies rosy

## VII

Buds in the high Hall garden  
 Were crying and calling to her,  
 Where is Maud, Maud, Maud ?  
 One is come to woo her

## VIII

Look, a horse at the door,  
And little King Charley snarling,  
Go back, my loid, 'cross the moor,  
You are not her darling

## XIII

## I

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn',  
Is that a matter to make me fiet?  
That a calamity hard to be borne?  
Well, he may live to hate me yet  
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!  
I past him, I was crossing his lands,  
He stood on the path a little aside,  
His face, 's I grant, in spite of spite,  
Has a broad blown comeliness, red and  
white,  
And six feet two, as I think, he stands,  
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands

## II

Who shall call me ungentle, unfau,  
I long'd so heartily then and there  
To give him the grasp of fellowship,  
But while I prest he was humming an 'ur,  
Stopt, and then with a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And cuiving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonised me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare

## III

Why sits he here in his father's chan?  
That old man never comes to his place  
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?  
For only once, in the village street,  
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,  
A gray old wolf 'nd a lean  
Scaicely, now, would I call him a cheat,  
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,  
She might by a true descent be untrue,  
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet  
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due  
To the sweet'r blood by the other side,  
Her mother has been a thing complete,  
However she came to be so illied

And fan without, faithful within,  
Maud to him is nothing akin  
Some peculiar mystic grace  
Made her only the child of her mother,  
And heap'd the whole inherited sun  
On that huge scapegoat of the race,  
All, 'll upon the brother

## I'

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!  
Has not his sister smiled on me?

## XIV

## I

Maud has a garden of roses  
And lilies fan on a lawn,  
There she walks in her state  
And tends upon bed and bower,  
And thither I climb'd at dawn  
And stood by her guinden gate,  
A lion ramps 't the top,  
He is claspt by a passion flower

## II

Maud's own little oak room  
(Whlich Maud, like a precious stone  
Set in the heart of the caiven gloom,  
Lights with herself, when alone  
She sits by h a music and books  
And her brother lingers late  
With a roystering company) looks  
Upon Maud's own garden gate  
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as  
white

As ocean foam in the moon, weie laid  
On the hasp of the window, and my  
Delight  
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost,  
to glide,  
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down  
to my side,  
There weie but a step to be made

## III

The fancy flatter'd my mind,  
And again seem'd overbold,  
Now I thought that she cared for me,  
Now I thought she was kind  
Only because she was cold

## IV

I heard no sound where I stood  
 But the livulet on from the lawn  
 Running down to my own dark wood ,  
 Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it  
 swell'd  
 Now and then in the dim gray dawn ,  
 But I look'd, and I sound, all sound the  
 house I beheld  
 The death-white curtain drawn ,  
 Felt a horror over me creep ,  
 Prickle my skin and catch my breath ,  
 Knew that the death white curtain meant  
 but sleep ,  
 Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool  
 of the sleep of death

## XV

So dark a mind within me dwells ,  
 And I make myself such evil cheer ,  
 That if I be dear to some one else ,  
 Then some one else may have much to  
 fear ,  
 But if I be dear to some one else ,  
 Then I should be to myself more dear  
 Shall I not take care of all that I think ,  
 You ev'n of wretched meat and drink ,  
 If I be dear ,  
 If I be dear to some one else

## XVI

## I

This lump of earth has left his estate  
 The lighter by the loss of his weight ,  
 And so that he find what he went to  
 seek ,  
 And fulsome Pleasure clog him , and  
 drown  
 His heart in the gross mud-honey of town ,  
 He may stay for a year who has gone for  
 a week  
 'But this is the day when I must speak ,  
 And I see my Oread coming down ,  
 O this is the day !  
 O beautiful creature , what am I  
 That I due to look her way ,  
 Think I may hold dominion sweet ,  
 Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast ,

And dream of her beauty with tender  
 dread ,  
 From the delicate Arab arch of her feet  
 To the grace that , bright and light as the  
 cress  
 Of a peacock , sits on her shining head ,  
 And she knows it not O , if she knew it ,  
 To know her beauty might half undo it  
 I know it the one bright thing to save  
 My yet young life in the wilds of Time ,  
 Perhaps from madness , perhaps from crime ,  
 Perhaps from a selfish grave

## II

What , if she be fasten'd to this fool lord ,  
 Date I bid her abide by her word ?  
 Should I love her so well if she  
 Had given her word to a thing so low ?  
 Shall I love her as well if she  
 Can break her word were it even for me ?  
 I trust that it is not so

## III

Catch not my breath , O clamorous heart ,  
 Let not my tongue be a thiall to my eye ,  
 For I must tell her before we part ,  
 I must tell her , or die

## XVII

Go not , happy day ,  
 From the shining fields ,  
 Go not , happy day ,  
 Till the maiden yields  
 Rosy is thy West ,  
 Rosy is thy South ,  
 Rose are her cheeks ,  
 And a rose her mouth  
 When the happy Yes  
 Falter from her lips ,  
 Pass and blush the news  
 Over glowing ships ,  
 Over blowing seas ,  
 Over seas at rest ,  
 Pass the happy news ,  
 Blush it thro' the West ,  
 Till the red man dance  
 By his red cedar tree ,  
 And the red man's bark  
 Leap , beyond the sea

Blush from West to East,  
 Blush from East to West,  
 Till the West is East,  
 Blush it thro' the West  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses ue hei cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth

## XVIII

## I

I have led her home, my love, my only friend  
 There is none like her, none  
 And never yet so warmly ian my blood  
 And sweetly, on and on  
 Calming itself to the long wish'd for end,  
 Full to the banks, close on the promised good

## II

None like her, none  
 Just now the diy tongued lauel's pitter ing talk.  
 Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,  
 And shook my heart to think she comes once more,  
 But even then I heud hei close the door,  
 The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone

## III

There is none like hei, none  
 Nor will be when our summers have de ceased  
 O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
 In the long breeze that steams to thy delicious East,  
 Sighing for Lebanon,  
 Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here in creased,  
 Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
 And looking to the South, and fed  
 With honey'd run and delicate air,  
 And haunted by the stony head  
 Of her whose gentle will has chunged my fite,

And made my life a perfumed altar flame,  
 And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
 With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
 Forefathers of the thonless garden, there Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came

## IV

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,  
 And you fan stais that crown a happy day  
 Go in and out as if it merry play,  
 Who am no more so all forloin,  
 As when it seem'd fur better to be boin  
 To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,  
 Than nursed at ease and brought to un deistand  
 A sad astiology, the boundless plan  
 That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,  
 Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
 Cold fies, yet with power to burn and brand  
 His nothingness into man

## V

But now shine on, and what care I,  
 Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl  
 The countercharm of spice and hollow sky,  
 And do accept my madness, and would die  
 To sue from some slight shame one simple girl

## VI

Would die, for sullen seeming Death may give  
 More life to Love than is or ever was  
 In ouw low wold, where yet 'tis sweet to live  
 Let no one ask me how it came to pass,  
 It seems that I am happy, that to me  
 A livelier eme'ld twinkles in the grass,  
 A purel sapphire melts into the sea

## VII

Not die, but live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal  
wrongs

O, why should Love, like men in drink-  
ing-songs,  
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of  
death?

Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
Maud made my Maud by that long loving  
kiss,

Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?  
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven  
here'

With deu' Love's tie, makes Love himself  
more dear'

## VIII

Is that enchanted morn only the swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?  
And hark the clock within, the silver  
knell

Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal  
white,

And died to live, long as my pulses play,  
But now by this my love has closed her  
sight

And given false death her hand, and stol'n  
away

To dreamful wastes where footless fancies  
dwell

Among the fragments of the golden day  
May nothing there her maiden grace  
afflict!

Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy  
spell

My bide to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart, my ownest own,  
farewell,

It is but for a little space I go  
And ye meanwhile fri over moor and fell  
Beat to the noiseless music of the night'  
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the  
glow

Of your soft splendours that you look so  
bright?

I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell  
Beat, happy stars, tuning with things  
below,

Beat with my heart more blest than heart  
can tell,  
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent  
woe

That seems to draw—but it shall not be  
so

Let all be well, be well

## XIX

## I

Her brother is coming back to night,  
Breaking up my dream of delight

## II

My dream? do I dream of bliss?  
I have walk'd awife with Truth  
O when did a morning shine  
So rich in atonement as this  
For my dark dawning youth,  
Dunken'd watching a mother decline  
And that dead man at her heut and  
mine

For who was left to watch her but I?  
Yet so did I let my freshness die

## III

I trust that I did not talk  
To gentle Maud in our walk  
(For often in lonely wanderings  
I have cursed him even to lifeless things)  
But I trust that I did not talk,  
Not touch on her father's sin  
I am sure I did put speak  
Of my mother's fisted check  
When it slowly grew so thin,  
That I felt she was slowly dying  
Vext with lawyers and harrass'd with  
debt  
For how often I caught her with eyes all  
wet,  
Shrinking her head at her son and sighing  
A world of trouble within!

## IV

And Maud too, Maud was moved  
To speek of the mother she loved  
As one scarce less forlorn,  
Dying abroad and it seems apart

From him who had ceased to share her  
heait,  
And ever mourning o'er the feud,  
The household Fury sprinkled with blood  
By which our houses are torn  
How strange was what she said,  
When only Maud and the brother  
Hung o'er her dying bed—  
That Maud's dark father and mine  
Had bound us one to the other,  
Betiothed us over their wine,  
On the day when Maud was born,  
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet  
breath  
Mine, mine by a right, from bith till  
death  
Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn

## V

But the true blood spilt had in it a heat  
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,  
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so  
sweet  
And none of us thought of a something  
beyond,  
A desire that awoke in the heart of the  
child,  
As it were a duty done to the tomb,  
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled,  
And I was cursing them and my doom,  
And letting a dangerous thought run  
wild  
While often abroad in the fragrant gloom  
Of foreign churches—I see her there,  
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer  
To be friends, to be reconciled!

## VI

But then what a flint is he!  
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,  
I find whenever she touch'd on me  
This brother had laugh'd her down,  
And at last, when eich cime home,  
He hid daiken'd into a frown,  
Chid her, and forbid her to speak  
To me, her friend of the years before,  
And this was what had redd'n'd her  
cheek  
When I bow'd to her on the moor

VII  
Yet Maud, altho' not blind  
To the faults of his heut and mind,  
I see she cannot but love him,  
And says he is rough but kind,  
And wishes me to approve him,  
And tells me, when she ly  
Sick once, with a fear of woise,  
That he left his wine and horses and play,  
Sat with her, read to hei, night and day,  
And tended hei like a nurse

## VIII

Kind? but the deathbed desire  
Spurn'd by this heir of the hr—  
Rough but kind? yet I know  
He has plotted aginst me in this,  
That he plots against me still  
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss  
Well, rough but kind, why let it be so  
For shall not Maud have her will?

## IX

For, Maud, so tender and true,  
As long as my life endures  
I feel I shill owe you a debt,  
That I never can hope to pay,  
And if ever I should forget  
That I owe this debt to you  
And for your sweet sake to yours,  
O then, what then shall I say?—  
If ever I should forget,  
My God make me more wretched  
Than ever I have been yet!

## X

So now I have swoin to bury  
All this dead body of hate,  
I feel so free and so clear  
By the loss of that dead weight,  
That I should grow light headed, I fear,  
Fantastically merry,  
But that her brother comes, like a blight—  
On my flesh hope, to the Hall to night

## XX

## I

Strange, that I felt so gay,  
Strange, that I tried to day

To beguile her melancholy,  
The Sultan, as we name him,—  
She did not wish to blame him—  
But he vexed her and perplexed her  
With his worldly talk and folly  
Was it gentle to reprove her  
For stealing out of view  
From a little lazy lover  
Who but claims her as his due?  
Or for chilling his caresses  
By the coldness of her manners,  
Nay, the plainness of her dresses?  
Now I know her but in two,  
Nor can pronounce upon it  
If one should ask me whether  
The habit, hat, and feather,  
Or the flock and gosby bonnet  
Be the neater and completer,  
For nothing can be sweeter  
Than maiden Maud in either.

## II

But to morrow, if we live,  
Our ponderous squire will give  
A grand political dinner  
To half the squinelings now,  
And Maud will wear her jewels,  
And the bird of prey will hover,  
And the titmouse hope to win her  
With his chirrup at her ear.

## III

A grand political dinner  
To the men of many acres,  
A gathering of the Toyle,  
A dinner and then a dance  
For the maids and marriage-makars,  
And every eye but mine will glance  
At Maud in all her glory.

## IV

For I am not invited,  
But, with the Sultan's pardon,  
I am all as well delighted,  
For I know her own rose garden,  
And mean to linger in it  
Till the dancing will be over,  
And then, oh then, come out to me  
For a minute, but for a minute,

Come out to your own true lover,  
That your true lover may see  
Your glory also, and tender  
All homage to his own darling,  
Queen Maud in all her splendour.

## XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,  
And bringing me down from the Hall  
This garden rose that I found,  
Forgetful of Maud and me,  
And lost in trouble and moving round  
Here at the head of a tinkling full,  
And trying to pass to the sea,  
O Rivulet, born at the Hill,  
My Maud has sent it by thee  
(If I read her sweet will right)  
On a blushing mission to me,  
Saying in odour and colour, 'Ah, be  
Among the roses to night'

## XXII

## I

Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone,  
And the woodbine spiccs are wafted  
abroad,  
And the musk of the rose is blown

## II

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the plent of Love is on high,  
Beginning to fume in the light that she  
loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To fume in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die

## III

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon,  
All night has the cresent jessamine  
stir'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune,  
Till a silence fell with the walking bnd,  
And a hush with the setting moon

## IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay,  
When will the dances leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play'  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day,  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away

## V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine,' so I swore to the  
rose,  
'For ever and ever, mine'

## VI

And the soul of the rose went into my  
blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall,  
And long by the gruden lake I stood,  
For I heard your ivyulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to  
the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all,

## VII

From the meadow your walks have left  
so sweet  
That whenever a March wind sighs  
He sets the jewel punt of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise

## VIII

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk bloom on the tree,  
The white lake blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea,  
But the rose was awake all night for you  
sake,  
Knowing your promise to me,  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and the

## IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of guls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one,  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with  
curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun

## X

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion flower at the gate  
She is coming, my dove, my deer,  
She is coming, my life, my fate,  
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is  
near,'  
And the white rose weeps, 'She is  
late,'  
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'  
And the lily whispers, 'I wait'

## XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet,  
Were it ever so any i tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed,  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead,  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red

## PART II

## I

## I

'THE fault was mine, the fault was  
mine'—  
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,  
Plucking the hairless wild-flower on the  
hill?—  
It is this guilty hind!—  
And there rises ever a passionate cry  
From underneath in the darkening land—  
What is it, that has been done?  
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,  
The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising  
sun,  
The fires of Hell and of Hate,

Toi she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,  
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,  
He came with the babe faced lord,  
Help'd on her terms of disgrace,  
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,  
He fiercely gave me the lie,  
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,  
And he struck me, madman, over the face,  
Struck me before the languid fool,  
Who was griping and gunning by  
Struck for himself an evil stroke,  
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe,  
For front to front in an hour we stood,  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke  
From the red ribb'd hollow behind the wood,  
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christ less code,  
That must have life for a blow  
Eve and ever afresh they seem'd to grow  
Was it he lay there with a fiding eye?  
'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly'  
Then glided out of the joyous wood  
The ghastly Wiaith of one that I know,  
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,  
A cry for a brother's blood  
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die

## II

Is it gone? my pulses beat—  
What was it? a lying trick of the brain?  
Yet I thought I saw her stand,  
A shadow there at my feet,  
High over the shadowy land  
It is gone, and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,  
When they should burst and drown with deluging storms  
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,  
The little hearts that know not how to forgive

Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,  
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,  
That sting each other here in the dust,  
We are not worthy to live

## II

## I

See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure is a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so finely well  
With delicate spine and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design!

## II

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same

## III

The tiny cell is foiloyn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it sit on the shore  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow full?  
Did he push, when he was uncil'd,  
A golden foot or a fury horn  
Thro' his dim water world?

## IV

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap  
Of my finger nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Fial, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three decker's oak'n spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Binton strand!

## V

Breton, not Briton, here  
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast  
Of ancient fable and few—

Plagued with a flitting to and fro,  
 A disease, a hard mechanic ghost  
 That never came from on high  
 Nor ever arose from below,  
 But only moves with the moving eye,  
 Flying along the land and the main—  
 Why should it look like Maud?  
 Am I to be overawed  
 By what I cannot but know  
 Is a joggle boin of the brain?

## VI

Back from the Bieton coast,  
 Sick of a nameless fev,  
 Back to the dark sea line  
 Looking, thinking of all I have lost,  
 An old song vexes my eai ,  
 But that of Lamech is mine

## VII

For yeas, a measureless ill,  
 For years, for ever, to part—  
 But she, she would love me still ,  
 And as long, O God, as she  
 Have a grain of love for me,  
 So long, no doubt, no doubt,  
 Shall I nurse in my dark heart,  
 However weaui, a spark of will  
 Not to be trampled out

## VIII

Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
 With a passion so intense  
 One would think that it well  
 Might drown all life in the eye,—  
 That it should, by being so overwrought,  
 Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
 For a shell, or a flower, little things  
 Which else would have been past by  
 And now I remember, I,  
 When he lay dying there,  
 I noticed one of his many rings  
 (For he had many, poor worm) and  
 thought  
 It is his mother's han

## IX

Who knows if he be dead?  
 Whether I need have fled?

Am I guilty of blood?  
 However this may be,  
 Comfort hei, comfort hei, all things  
 good,  
 While I am over the sea !  
 Let me and my passionate love go by,  
 But speak to her all things holy and  
 high,  
 Whatever happen to me !  
 Me and my humful love go by ,  
 But come to hei walking, fnd her sleep,  
 Powers of the height, Powers of the  
 deep,  
 And comfort hei tho' I die

## III

Courage, poor heart of stone !  
 I will not ask thee why  
 Thou canst not understand  
 That thou art left for evei alone  
 Courage, poor stupid heart of stone —  
 O! if I ask thee why,  
 Care not thou to reply  
 She is but dead, and the time is at hand  
 When thou shalt moie than die

## IV

## I

O that 'twere possible  
 After long grief and pain  
 To find the aims of my true love  
 Round me once again !

## II

When I was wont to meet her  
 In the silent woody places  
 By the home that gave me birth,  
 We stood tranced in long embraces  
 Mixt with kisses sweete! sweete!  
 Than anything on earth

## III

A shadow flits before me,  
 Not thou, but like to thee  
 Ah Chrst, that it were possible  
 For one short hour to see  
 The souls we lov'd, that they might tell us  
 Wh'nt and where they be

## IV

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels

## V

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of eulyn skies,  
In a wakelike doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies

## VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendour falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls,  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet,  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echoings,  
In a moment we shall meet,  
She is singing in the meadow  
And the ivyulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings

## VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate  
cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is roll'd,  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled,  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold

## VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about!  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That will show itself without

## IX

Then I rise, the evedrops fall,  
And the yellow vapours choke  
The great city sounding wide,  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrept in drifts of lund smoke  
On the misty river tide

## X

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted flame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,  
The shadow still the same,  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame

## XI

Ahs for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmeing thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets,  
Of the old manorial hall

## XII

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'  
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest'?

## XIII

But the broad light glues and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be,  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me

Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee

## V

## I

Dead, long dead,  
Long dead !  
And my heart is a handful of dust,  
And the wheels go over my head,  
And my bones are shaken with pain,  
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,  
Only a yard beneath the street,  
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,  
The hoofs of the horses beat,  
Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
With never an end to the stream of passing  
feet,  
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,  
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and  
clatter,  
And here beneath it is all as bad,  
For I thought the dead had peace, but it  
is not so,  
To have no peace in the grave, is that  
not sad ?  
But up and down and to and fro,  
Ever about me the dead men go,  
And then to hear a dead man chatter  
Is enough to drive one mad

## II

Wretchedest age, since Time began,  
They cannot even bury a man,  
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days  
that are gone,  
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was  
read,  
It is that which makes us loud in the  
world of the dead,  
There is none that does his work, not  
one,  
A touch of their office might have  
sufficed,  
But the churchmen fain would kill them  
church,  
As the churches have kill'd them Christ

## III

See, there is one of us sobbing,  
No limit to his distress,  
And another, a lord of all things, praying  
To his own great self, as I guess,  
And another, a statesman there, betraying  
His party secret, fool, to the press,  
And yonder a vile physician, babbling  
The case of his patient—all for what ?  
To tickle the maggot boin in an empty  
head,  
And wheedle a world that loves him not,  
For it is but a wold of the dead

## IV

Nothing but idiot gabble !  
For the prophecy given of old  
And then not understood,  
Has come to pass as foretold,  
Not let any man think for the public  
good,  
But babble, merely for babble  
For I never whisper'd a private affau  
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,  
No, not to myself in the closet alone,  
But I heard it shouted at once from the  
top of the house,  
Everything came to be known  
Who told *hug* we were there ?

## V

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not  
back  
From the wilderness, full of wolves, where  
he used to lie,  
He has gather'd the bones for his o'er-  
grown whelp to ciack,  
Crack them now for yourself, and howl,  
and die

## VI

Prophet, curse me the babbling lip,  
And curse me the British vermin, the rat,  
I know not whether he came in the  
Hanover ship,  
But I know that he lies and listens mute  
In an ancient mansion's crannies and  
holes

Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,  
Except that now we poison our babes,  
    poor souls !  
It is all used up for that

## VII.

Tell him now she is standing here at my  
head,  
Not beautiful now, not even kind,  
He may take her now, for she never  
speaks her mind,  
But is ever the one thing silent here  
She is not of us, as I divine,  
She comes from another stiller world of  
    the devil,  
Stiller, not fairer than mine

## VIII

But I know where a garden grows,  
Furc'd than aught in the world beside,  
All made up of the lily and rose  
That blow by night, when the season is  
good,  
To the sound of dancing music and flute,  
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,  
And I almost fear they are not roses, but  
blood,  
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,  
He linkt a dead man there to a special  
bird,  
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of  
    brutes,  
Would he have that hole in his side ?

## IX

But what will the old man say?  
He laid a cruel snare in a pit  
To catch a friend of mine one stormy  
    day,  
Yet now I could even weep to think  
of it,  
For what will the old man say  
When he comes to the second corpse in  
the pit?

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,  
Then to strike him and lay him low,  
I hat were a public merit, fai,  
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin,  
But the red life spilt for a private blow—  
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely even al in

## X

O me, why have they not buried me deep  
enough?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so  
rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?  
May be still I am but half dead,  
Then I cannot be wholly dumb,  
I will cry to the steps above my head  
And somebody, surely, some kind heart  
    will come  
To bury me, bury me  
Deep, over so little depth!

## PART III

## VI

## I

My list has crept so long on a broken wing  
I ha' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,  
that I come to be grateful at last for a little thing  
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of yore  
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,  
And the shining dash'd daisies, and the Chariot  
    And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,  
    that like a silent lightning under the stars  
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,

And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—  
 ‘ And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,  
 Knowing I tarry for thee,’ and pointed to Mars  
 As he glow’d like a ruddy shield on the Lion’s breast.

## II.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight—  
 To have look’d, tho’ but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,  
 That had been in weary world my one thing bright ;  
 And it was but a dream, yet it lighten’d my despair  
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the night,  
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,  
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,  
 Nor Britain’s one sole God be the millionaire :  
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace  
 Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,  
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon’s throat  
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

## III.

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,  
 ‘ It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,’ said I  
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),  
 ‘ It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,  
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die.’  
 And I stood on a giant deck and mix’d my breath  
 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,  
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly  
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

## IV.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims  
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,  
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,  
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;  
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll’d !  
 Tho’ many a light shall darken, and many shall weep  
 For those that are crush’d in the clash of jarring claims,  
 Yet God’s just wrath shall be wreak’d on a giant lie ;  
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,  
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire ;  
 For the peace, that I deem’d no peace, is over and done,  
 And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,  
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames  
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heat of fire.

## v.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,  
We haſe proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,  
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind ;  
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill ;  
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.